

J. Watts de Peyster:

LL. D.

MASTER OF ARTS, COLUMBIA COLLEGE, OF NEW YORK, 1872.
ROSE HILL, in the TOWNSHIP of RED HOOK, near TIVOLI P. O., DUCHESS Co
January, 1886.

JUDGE ADVOCATE, with the rank of MAJOR 1849.
COLONEL N. Y. S. I., 1846; assigned for "*Meritorious Conduct*," 1849;
BRIGADIER GENERAL for "*Important Service*" [first appointment—in N. Y. State—to that rank
elective] 1851, M. F. S. N. Y.

ADJUTANT GENERAL, S. N. Y., 1855.

BREVET MAJOR-GENERAL, S. N. Y., for "*Meritorious Services*,"
[first and only General officer receiving such an honor (the highest) from S. N. Y., and the only officer thus
brevetted (Major General) in the United States.]

by "*Special Act*," or "*Concurrent Resolution*," *New York State Legislature*, April, 1866.

(In the State Military Roster, "*Legislative Manual*," and "*Civil List*," as fifth Major-General, by Brevet, of the
five Major-Generals, S. N. Y.)

LAWS OF NEW YORK, Vol. 2.—89th Session, 1866, Page 2142.

*Concurrent Resolution requesting the Governor to Confer upon Brigadier-General J. WATTS DE PUYSTER
[de Peyster] the brevet rank of Major* [General] in the National Guard of New York.*

*Resolved (if the Senate concur), That, it being a grateful duty to acknowledge in a suitable manner the services
of a distinguished citizen of this State, rendered to the National Guard and to the United States prior to and dur-
ing the Rebellion, the Governor be and he is hereby authorized and requested to confer upon Brigadier General
J. WATTS DE PUYSTER [de Peyster] the brevet rank of Major-General in the National Guard of New York, for
meritorious services, which mark of honor shall be stated in the Commission conferred.*

STATE OF NEW YORK, in Assembly, April 9th, 1866.

The foregoing Resolution was duly passed.

By order of the Assembly,

J. B. CUSHMAN, Clerk.

STATE OF NEW YORK, in Senate, April 20th, 1866

By order of the Senate,

JAS. TERWILLIGER, Clerk.

The foregoing Resolution was duly passed.

* So in original.

MILITARY AGENT, S. N. Y. (in Europe), 1851-'53.

HONORARY MEMBER, SECOND CLASS, of the MILITARY ORDER of the LOYAL LEGION of the U. S.
FIRST HONORARY MEMBER Third (Army of the Potomac) Corps Union.

HONORARY MEMBER of the THIRD CORPS RE-UNION ASSOCIATION, and MEMBER of COMMITTEE
OF ARRANGEMENTS for the Grand Meeting of the Corps upon the Battlefield of Gettysburg.

HONORARY MEMBER of the CLARENDON HISTORICAL SOCIETY of Edinburgh, Scotland, and of the
NEW BRUNSWICK (Canada) HISTORICAL SOCIETY (of St. John).

ASSOCIATE MEMBER of the MILITARY SERVICE INSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES.

MEMBER—10th June, 1872, DIRECTOR—of the GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION,
and VICE-PRESIDENT of the SARATOGA [Battlefield] MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

MEMBER of the NETHERLANDISH LITERARY ASSOCIATION
[*Maatschappij der Nederlandsche Letterkunde*], at Leyden, Holland.

RECIPIENT, 1856, of Three Silver Medals from H. R. M. OSCAR, King of Sweden and Norway, &c., for a Military
Biography of LEONARD TORSTENSON, Field Marshal, Generalissimo; of a Gold Medal in
1852, from WASHINGTON HUNT [Governor S. N. Y.], for "Efforts to Improve
the Military System of New York," &c., &c. and Suggestions for a

Paid Fire Department with Steam Fire Engines, &c., &c.;

of a Gold Medal, only similar distinction ever ordered and conferred, by the supreme military au-
thority of the State of New York, by a Special Order, dated September 8th, 1851, of WASHINGTON

HUNT, Governor and Commander in Chief of the Military Forces (S. N. Y.), authorized

of a Gold Medal, in 1852, from the FIELD and STAFF OFFICERS of his Command, 9th Brig., 3d Div., N. Y. S.
Troops, "In testimony of their Esteem and Appreciation of his Efforts towards
the Establishment of an efficient Militia," &c.;

in 1870, of a Magnificent Badge, Medal and Clasp, voted at the Annual Meeting of the Third Corps (Army of the
Potomac) Union, held at Boston, Mass., Thursday, May 5th, 1870, when

A Resolution was adopted to present a Gold Medal, of the value of \$500, to Gen. J. WATTS DE PEYSTER, of
New York, as a testimonial of the appreciation by the Corps of his eminent services in placing upon record
the true history of its achievements, and in defending its commanders and their men from written abuse and
misrepresentation;

and of several other Badges, Medals, &c., for services in connection with the military service of New York State.

HONORARY MEMBER

of the NEW JERSEY and of the MINNESOTA and MONTANA HISTORICAL SOCIETIES, and of the PHRE-
NOKOSMIAN SOCIETY of PENNSYLVANIA COLLEGE, Gettysburg; of the PHILOSOPHIAN SO-
CIETY, Missionary Institute, Selkirk's Grove; of the DIAGNOHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

of Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster; of the EUTERPEAN SOCIETY, Muhl-

enburg College, Allentown, Penn., and of the GASMAN LITERARY and PHI-

LOLOGIAN SOCIETIES of Nebraska College, Nebraska City.

HONORARY MEMBER of the LYCEUM SOCIETY, Cazenovia, Madison Co., N. Y.; and HONORARY MEM-
BER FOR LIFE of the AMERICAN RIFLE ASSOCIATION, to whom Gen. DE PEYSTER

presented the most original, exquisite and unique Gold Badge and Clasp, to

be shot for at the Annual Tests of Marksmanship.

HONORARY MEMBER of the NEW YORK BURNS CLUB.

(BURNS was a member of the Dumfries Volunteers, of which Col. ARENT SCHUYLER DE PEYSTER, 8th or
King's Foot, B. A., was Colonel, to whom the "National Bard of Scotland" addressed

just before his death, in 1796, "POEM ON LIFE"), and

LIFE MEMBER of the ST. NICHOLAS CLUB OF NEW YORK

(of which city JOHANNES DE PEYSTER—first of the name in the New World—was Schepen, 1655; Alderman,
1666; Burgomaster, 1673; Deputy Mayor, 1677. Mayoralty offered and refused)

MEMBER

of the NEW YORK, of the RHODE ISLAND (Newport), and of the PENNSYLVANIA HISTORICAL SOCIE-
TIES; HOLLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK; AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION,

and of the MILITARY ASSOCIATION of the STATE of NEW YORK,

and of the CENTURY CLUB, New York City.

LIFE MEMBER

of the HISTORICAL SOCIETY of MICHIGAN, of the NEW YORK GALLERY OF FINE ARTS, of the ALUMNI
ASSOCIATION of COLUMBIA COLLEGE, in the City of New York, and Director of the NEW YORK

INSTITUTION for the INSTRUCTION of the DEAF and DUMB, AMERICAN NUMIS-

MATIC and ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY of NEW YORK, and of

the HUGUENOT SOCIETY of AMERICA, N. Y.

LIFE MEMBER or FELLOW of the AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY; of the ROYAL HU-
SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN; PATRON of the ASSOCIATION for the BENEFIT

of COLORED ORPHANS, and of the NEW YORK DISPENSARY;

LIFE DIRECTOR of the AMERICAN TRACT and LIFE MEMBER of the AMERICAN BIBLE SOCI-
CORRESPONDING MEMBER

of the STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETIES of MAINE, of VERMONT, of RHODE ISLAND (Provi-
CONNECTICUT, and of WISCONSIN; of the LONG ISLAND, of the BUFFALO, and of ONE

COUNTY [S. N. Y.] HISTORICAL SOCIETIES; of the NEW ENGLAND HISTORICO-

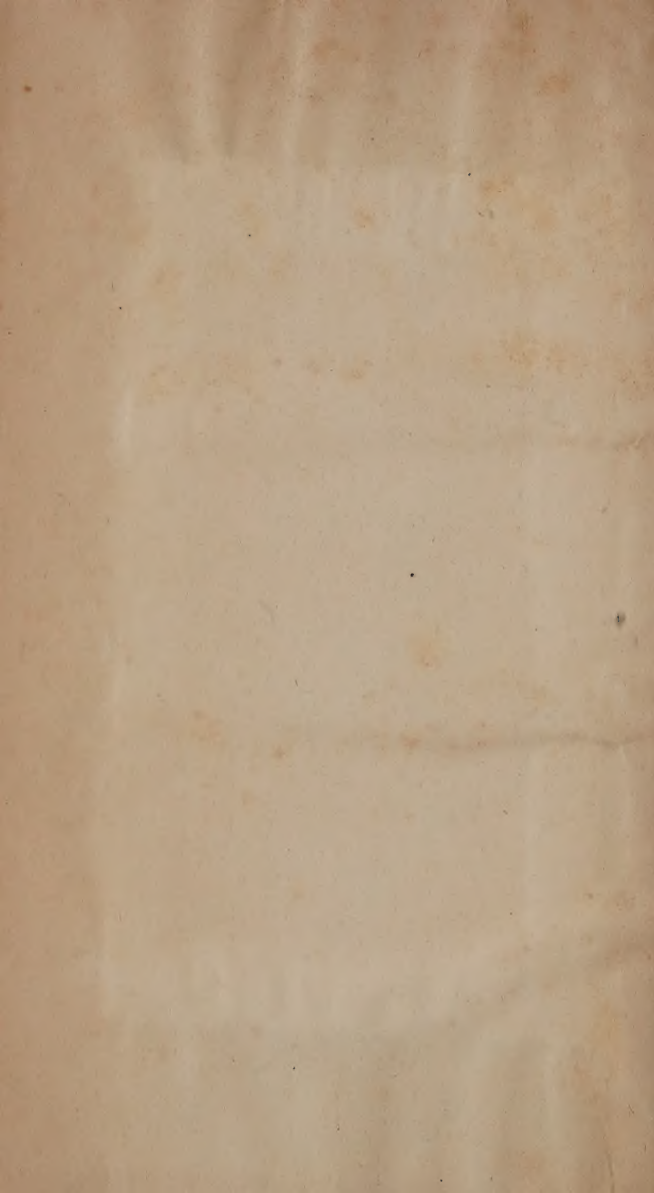
GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY; of the QUEBEC LITERARY and HISTORI-

CAL SOCIETY; of the NUMISMATIC and ANTIQUARIAN

SOCIETY, of PHILADELPHIA, Pennsylvania;

WITHDRAWN







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Winfield Scott.

THE
ROUGH AND READY
ANNUAL;

OR
MILITARY SOUVENIR.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY PORTRAITS AND PLATES

NEW-YORK:
D. APPLETON & CO., 200 BROADWAY.

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PREFACE.

THE progress of the present eventful contest with Mexico has been fruitful of romantic and thrilling incidents. For ages preceding there have occurred no events in our history of so striking and brilliant a character. Many of these are mere episodes—actions in which a few individuals only were concerned,—and some are of a touching, almost a domestic nature. The record of the less important incidents of a great national war is apt to perish. It is fugitive in its nature, and is speedily lost, if not seized at the moment, and placed in a permanent form.

To rescue many of these anecdotes, incidents and personal traits from oblivion, and give them a permanent form by uniting them with outline sketches of the great events and characters of the war, is the purpose of the American Gift Book.

The mention of the subject reminds us of the leading character of the time—the indomitable hero of Fort Harrison, Okee-chobee, Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista. To celebrate his actions, and portray his splendid traits, is glory enough for any volume. To him, if our book has any interest, the credit is due ; for he acts the history, and the romance too, which a thousand pens are emulous to write.

LONG LIVE OLD ROUGH AND READY !

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AMERICAN GIFT BOOK.



THE
AMERICAN GIFT BOOK.

GENERAL TAYLOR.

MAJOR-GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR was born on the 24th of November, 1784, in Orange County, Virginia. While he was but a child, his father, Richard Taylor, removed to Kentucky, at that time an uninterrupted wilderness. In this place, amid scenes of wild sublimity, daring adventure, and savage combat, young Zachary passed his early days. The territory was then called by the natives 'the dark and bloody ground,' and the tales of burnings, and scalpings, and murder, which belong to that period, show that it was not an undeserved title. Used to these occurrences, Zachary soon acquired a degree of activity and endurance, unknown to the young men of a more congenial soil. It is said that on one occasion he swam the Ohio River and back again, when it was swelled with the floods of March; and while at school he was the champion of all his associates.

When he had arrived at his twenty-fourth year, the news of the outrage on the Chesapeake roused the whole country into indignation. Burning for revenge, the hardy western men poured to the standard of their country, eager for the commencement of hostilities. Among the foremost of these was Taylor, who was received into the

army as first lieutenant of the 7th infantry, on the 3d of May, 1808. After the war commenced, and the surrender of Hull had endangered all the northwestern frontier, Taylor was ordered to the north, and entered the command of General Harrison. Here he so distinguished himself as to receive a commission of captaincy, and soon after was intrusted with the command of a separate post. This was Fort Harrison, a small stockade defence in the territory of Indiana, garrisoned by only fifteen men who were fit for duty; the remainder of the command being sick or disabled. Besides these, there were nine women and children.

Before daylight on the morning of the 5th of September, 1812, the Miamies attacked the fort in great force, firing a large block-house which formed part of the entrenchments; and while the flames were raging, commenced with their rifles on the garrison. The block-house was in flames before it was discovered, and the sight appalled every heart except that of the commander. It was well known that the fire was each moment opening a road for the savages; and this, with the certainty of death by a cruel foe, the remembrance of their late losses, and the effects of recent sickness, all heightened by the screams of women and children, and the yells of hundreds of Indians, made that night-scene awful to the handful of men, who constituted the garrison. Two leaped from the pickets and disappeared in the darkness, and the remainder were so paralyzed that they would scarcely listen to their commander. The gallant young captain, however, was equal to the emergency. His determination was, not to yield the fort whatever might

be the force of the enemy ; and he now ran from man to man, unfolding his plan of defence, and exhorting them to tear away the communications with the block-house, so that its flames would not communicate with the other buildings. By these exertions, he once more revived their hope, and they rushed to work with all the alacrity of renewed confidence. One party tore away every thing adjoining the burning house, while at the same time the remainder worked with almost incredible exertion to advance a breastwork in front of the falling building, so as to supply its place and thus defeat the aim of the Indians. Both were successful : the fort was saved, and the enraged enemy, after shooting the cattle and horses found in the neighborhood, sullenly retreated. The garrison had but three men killed, including one of the two who leaped the stockade in despair ; the other got back to the fort, badly wounded. Disheartened by this unlooked-for defence, the Indians made no further attempt upon the fort. The garrison, however, suffered extremely from scarcity of provisions, as all the raw corn had been taken by the savages, besides the cattle and horses. -

For the brave defence of Fort Harrison, Captain Taylor received the brevet rank of major, dated from the day of attack. This was the first brevet ever conferred in the American army. When the war closed, Taylor still remained in the army, improving himself not only in military tactics, but also in various branches of general knowledge. It is difficult, however, to trace his history in the interim between the English and Florida wars ; the life of a soldier is rarely conspicuous in time of peace.

The dangers and horrors of the Florida war are familiar to every American. It was a period of disappointment and mortification ; a field where the strong were made feeble, where numbers were almost useless, and the veteran of other fields had to learn war again. Perhaps no nation with the comparative strength of the United States, has ever fought another to so little advantage ; and her numerous sons, whose bones now moulder amid the swamps of that fatal region, bear mournful witness to the cost of the Seminole war.

Taylor, however, was more fortunate than his brother officers. Instead of being obliged to drag out a tedious campaign, whose every advantage was with the enemy, he succeeded in bringing them to a general engagement in which they were defeated. The battle was fought near a large lake called by the Indians Okee-Chobee. In a dense forest of swamp and undergrowth, they were posted near this lake, where they considered themselves so secure as to send a challenge to Colonel Taylor to fight them if he wished. On the 25th of December, in the afternoon, the Americans reached the opposite shore of the lake, after a most tiresome march, through marshes, swamps, rivers, and dense forests. The advance guard experienced much difficulty in crossing, and at the moment of landing received a galling fire from the Indians, under which the commander, Colonel Gentry, and several of his men, fell. The party broke in terror, and rushed through the water, as far as the baggage, which had been left a great distance in the rear. The Indians now poured from their thickets, confident of similar success against the main body. Two infantry

companies advanced to meet them, and the conflict was bloody and stubborn. Of five companies of the 6th infantry, only one officer escaped unhurt, and one of these companies had but four members uninjured. The fierce charges of the Indians were, however, successfully resisted; they were repulsed again and again, and finally driven in confusion through the woods, and along the borders of the Okeechobee. The loss on both sides was heavy, and altogether this may be considered as one of the fiercest battles of the Florida war.

In speaking of this battle, Colonel Taylor said: "I trust I may be permitted to say that I experienced one of the most trying scenes of my life, and he who could have looked on it with indifference, his nerves must have been very differently organized from my own. Besides the killed, there lay one hundred and twelve wounded officers and soldiers, who had accompanied me one hundred and forty-five miles, most of the way through an unexplored wilderness, without guides; who had so gallantly beaten the enemy, under my orders, in his strongest position; and who had to be conveyed back through swamps and hammocks, from whence we set out, without any apparent means of doing so. This service, however, was encountered and overcome, and they have been conveyed thus far, and proceeded on to Tampa Bay on rude litters constructed by the axe and knife alone, with poles and dry hides—the latter being found in great abundance at the encampment of the hostiles. The litters were conveyed on the backs of our weak and tottering horses, aided by the residue of the command, with more ease and comfort to the sufferers than I could

have supposed possible ; and with as much as they could have been in ambulances of the most improved and modern construction."

The bravery of Colonel Taylor was not unrewarded. The brevet rank of brigadier-general was immediately conferred upon him, and he was highly commended in the annual report of the Secretary of War to Congress. Soon after, he was intrusted with the chief command in Florida, and established his head-quarters near Tampa Bay. But the nature of his duties prevented his participating in any other battle with the Indians, and in 1840 he was relieved from his arduous station by General Armistead. General Taylor was ordered to take command of the southern division of the army, with which he remained until the annexation of Texas to the United States, when the relations with Mexico assuming a belligerent aspect, he was placed in command of the "Army of Possession," which was destined to defend the newly acquired territory against expected invasion. His actions subsequent to this, it is scarcely necessary to relate. They are familiar to every one, and Palo Alto, Monterey and Buena Vista are now household words, whose very essence is praise and admiration to General Taylor.

In manners and address General Taylor is perfectly frank and easy, and greatly enjoys the society of intelligent friends. He is noted for his plainness, and want of all affectation, and this quality endears him to both officers and soldiers. Numerous incidents are related of him in this respect ; his departure from Point Isabel *en route* for Fort Brown was in a *Jersey wagon*, of ponderous materials and questionable shape ; and the talk-loving deputies

of Mexico, have learned to preserve proper taciturnity in his presence. This remarkable trait in a great military man, must be carefully distinguished from the carelessness, which is merely its caricature, and by which many individuals, with more enthusiasm than sound sense, have absolutely slandered, although unwittingly, the man whom they were laboring to praise. There never was a more silly, childish sentiment, than that put into the General's mouth at Buena Vista, concerning his white horse. "Some officer," says report, "remarked that old Whitey was rather too conspicuous an object for the General to ride." "Oh!" replied Taylor, "the old fellow missed the fun at Monterey, on account of a sore foot, and I am determined that he shall have his share this time."

General Taylor is above such nonsense at any time ; but amid the horrors of that battle-field, when death was stalking among his bosom friends, as they lay panting at his feet, his soul was attending to other interests than the situation of his white horse.

While on this part of our subject we would refer to the kindness of heart which has ever been a trait in the General's character. The extract we have given from his report of Okee-Chobee, is an excellent illustration. It is not often that a military man will acknowledge to his government, that his heart is moved by the scenes of a recent victorious battle field ; yet Taylor does so with a deep and solemn pathos. His letter to Henry Clay, announcing the death of young Clay, is another illustration ; and anecdotes from private sources furnish numerous others. It is evident that he takes no delight in war ; but that, if duty permitted, he would willingly

resign his command, as did General Washington, and retire to the substantial enjoyments of private life. It is pleasing to contemplate the character of General Taylor. Amid the bustle and wrestling and intriguing, the low resorts and disgusting rejoicings of the politicians that infest every public station of our country, the unruffled, unambitious course of one man, forms a most refreshing and wholesome relief. Entitled to all honor, he asks none; worthy of the highest post that can be conferred, he does not seek it; almost idolized by an entire people, his only ambition is to perform his duty. Although the most distinguished man in the army, his personal appearance is that of the poorest soldier; and although the theme of observation and remark to every beholder, he appears not to know it.

GENERAL TAYLOR AT FORT HARRISON.

THE defence of Fort Harrison is interesting not only on account of its display of military abilities, but as being the first event of any importance in which Gen. Taylor had an opportunity to display the qualities which have since rendered him so conspicuous. It was an emergency in which the young soldier carves out, in a great degree, his future prospects; either by unfolding talents which will one day make him illustrious, or by exhibiting a barrenness which will for ever bar his advance, except by other means than those of merit.



Defence of Fort Harrison.

Fort Harrison was a small stockade-work situated in Indiana, which was at that time an unknown wilderness. Its fortifications were an upper and a lower block-house, and a main fort with two bastions. These, with a sufficient garrison, would have been ample to resist any force of the Indians ; but sickness had so reduced the soldiers, that at the arrival of Captain Taylor at the fort, he found only fifteen men fit for service.

On the evening of the 3d of September, 1812, the reports of four guns were heard at a short distance from the fort. This was in the direction of a field where two young men, citizens of the place, were making hay ; but notwithstanding the apprehensions of the commander for their safety, he did not think prudent to investigate the matter that evening. Early on the following morning a small party was despatched for that purpose, who soon ascertained that their suspicions were but too true. Each of the young men had been shot with two balls, and afterwards shot and scalped in a dreadful manner. They were buried in the fort.

In the evening of the same day, about forty Indians presented themselves to the garrison, and gave so unsatisfactory an account of the object of their visit, that Captain Taylor was convinced that they were but spies. Accordingly he examined the men's arms, completed their cartridges, and increased his guard. He then cautioned the soldiers to be vigilant, and appointed an overseer over the whole. Having made these arrangements, he was obliged to retire to rest, as he was extremely debilitated by a recent severe attack of fever.

About 11 o'clock the guns of one of the sentries broke

4th of September. This was the first brevet ever conferred in the American army.

BATTLE OF OKEE-CHOBEE.

THIS battle was fought on the 25th of December, 1837, between the Americans, under Colonel Taylor, and the Seminoles and Mickasukies, commanded by their chiefs, Alligator and Sam Jones. The United States army had now been in the Florida service for two years, and the colonel commanded the first brigade, stationed at Fort Gardner, south of the Withlacoochee. On the 19th of December he received a communication from Major-General Jesup, informing him that all hopes of bringing the war to a close by negotiation, through the interference or mediation of the Cherokee delegation, were at an end, and that Sam Jones, with the Mickasukies, had determined to "fight to the last." It also directed him to proceed with the least possible delay, against any portion of the enemy he might hear of, and to destroy or capture them.

The next morning after receiving this communication, the colonel left an adequate force under two officers to protect the depot, and marched with the remainder of his command, having with him but twelve days' rations, his means of transportation not enabling him to carry more. His force was composed of Captain Morris's company of the fourth artillery, consisting of thirty-five

men; the first infantry, under Colonel Davenport, one hundred and ninety-seven strong; the fourth infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Foster, two hundred and seventy-four; the Missouri volunteers, one hundred and eighty; Morgan's spies, forty-seven; and thirty pioneers, thirteen pontoniers, and seventy Delaware Indians; making in all, exclusive of officers, one thousand and thirty-two men. The greater part of the Shawnees had been detached, and the remainder refused to accompany him, under pretext that many of them were sick, and the rest without moccasins.

The army moved down the west side of the Kissimmee, in a southern course, towards Lake Istopoga. The colonel was induced to take this route for several reasons. He had learned that a portion of the enemy were in that direction, and imagined that if General Jesup should fall in with the Mickasukies, and drive them before him, they might attempt to escape by crossing the Kissimmee, from the east to the west side of the peninsula, between Fort Gardner and its entrance into Okee-Chobee, in which case he might be near at hand to intercept them. He also wished to overawe such of the Indians as had been making propositions to give themselves up, but had been slow to fulfil their promise; to erect block-houses and a small picket-work on the Kissimmee, forty or fifty miles below the fort, for a third depot. By this means he hoped to obtain a knowledge of the country, as he had no guide to rely on, and also to open a communication with Colonel Smith, who was operating by his orders, up the Caloosehatchee or Sanybel river.

In the evening of his first day's march, Colonel Tay-

lor met the Indian chief Jumper, with his family and a part of his band, consisting of fifteen men, some of them with families and a few negroes, on his way to deliver himself up, in conformity to a previous arrangement with the colonel. The whole consisted of sixty-three persons, and were conducted by Captain Parks, a half-breed at the head of the friendly Indians, both Shawnees and Delawares. The army encamped that night near the spot, and the next morning, having sent on Jumper and his party to Fort Frazer, the colonel continued his march, at the same time sending forward three Seminoles to gain intelligence concerning the position of the enemy. About noon of the same day he sent forward one battalion of Gentry's regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Price, who was ordered "to pick up any stragglers that might fall in his way ; to encamp two or three miles in advance of the main force ; to act with great circumspection, and to communicate promptly any occurrence of importance that might take place in his vicinity."

About ten o'clock in the morning, Taylor received a note from Colonel Price, stating that the three Seminoles sent forward in the morning had returned ; that they had been near where Alligator had encamped, twelve or fifteen miles in advance of his present position ; that Alligator had left there with a part of his family four days before, under pretext of separating his friends and relatives from the Mickasukies, preparatory to his surrendering with them ; that there were several families remaining at the camp referred to, who wished to give themselves up, and would remain there until Colonel Taylor took

possession of them, but who were in great danger of being carried away that night by the Mickasukies, who were encamped at no great distance from them.

In consequence of this intelligence Colonel Taylor put himself at the head of his mounted men a little after midnight, and after directing Lieutenant-Colonel Davenport to follow him early in the morning, he commenced his march, joined Price, crossed Istopoga outlet, and soon after daylight took position at the encampment referred to, and had the satisfaction to find that the inmates, amounting in all to twenty-two individuals, had not been disturbed. One of their number informed him that Alligator was anxious to deliver himself up; and this individual, who was an old man, was subsequently employed on a mission to inform the chief that, if sincere in his professions, he should have a conference next day at a place designated on the Kissimmee.

Upon the arrival of Colonel Davenport with the infantry, Colonel Taylor moved on to the place of meeting with Alligator, near which, as he reached it late in the evening, he encamped. At eleven o'clock the old Indian returned, bringing a very equivocal message from Alligator, whom, according to his report, he met accidentally. He also stated that the Mickasukies were still encamped on the opposite side of the river, where they had remained for some days, with a determination to fight the United States troops. In this humor the colonel determined to indulge them as soon as possible. Accordingly, the next morning he took the old Indian for his guide, crossed the Kissimmee, and reached Alligator's encampment, which was situated on the edge of "Cabbage-Tree Hammock,"

in the midst of a large prairie. From the appearance of this and other encampments in the vicinity, together with the many evidences of slaughtered cattle, it was evident that the population must have numbered several hundreds.

Before Taylor commenced this march he had laid out a small stockade fort for the protection of a future depot, and left the pioneers, pontoniers, eighty-five sick and disabled infantry, and a portion of the friendly Indians, together with all his artillery and heavy baggage, under the protection of Captain Monroe. This enabled him to move much faster than if encumbered by wounded and baggage, and brought him nearly on a level with his wary enemy.

• Soon after the arrival, the spies surprised another encampment situated at a small distance from the first, in the midst of a swamp. It contained a small party of young men, one old one, and some women and children, who raised a white flag, and were taken prisoners. They were Seminoles, and informed Colonel Taylor that the Mickasukies, headed by A-vi-a-ka (Sam Jones) were at the distance of about twelve miles, securely encamped in a swamp, and prepared to fight. Upon receiving this information the commander dismissed the old man, and after making provision for those who came in, moved forward under guidance of the Seminoles, toward the camp of the Mickasukies.

Between the hours of two and three in the afternoon, the army reached a very dense cypress swamp, through which they passed with great difficulty, and under continual apprehension of an attack from a concealed foe.

The necessary dispositions for battle were arranged at the same time ; but the soldiers crossed without gaining sight of the enemy, and encamped for the night on the opposite side. During the passage of the rear, Captain Parks, who was in advance with a few friendly Indians, encountered two of the enemy's spies, and succeeded in capturing one of them who was on foot. He was a young warrior of great activity, armed with an excellent rifle, fifty balls in his pouch, and an adequate proportion of powder. This Indian confirmed the information previously received from other prisoners, and in addition, stated that a large body of Seminoles, headed by John Cohua, Coacoochee, Alligator, and other chiefs, was encamped five or six miles from the Americans, near the Mickasukies, the latter being separated by a cypress swamp and a dense hammock.

The army moved forward at daylight the next morning, and after marching five or six miles reached another cypress swamp, on the borders of which was a deserted camp of the Seminoles. It had evidently contained several hundred persons, and exhibited very plain manifestations of having been abandoned in a hurry, as several fires were still burning, and quantities of beef lying on the ground unconsumed.

Upon reaching this encampment the troops were again arranged in order of battle, and again disappointed in their expectation of seeing an enemy. After remaining for some time, they crossed the swamp and entered a large prairie in their front, on which two or three hundred cattle and a number of Indian ponies were grazing. Here was captured another young warrior,

armed and equipped like the former. He pointed to a dense hammock on the right, about a mile distant, in which he said the Indians were situated, and waiting to give battle.

In this place the final disposition was made for an attack. The army was drawn up in two lines; Morgan's spies and the volunteers under Gentry, in extended order, formed the first line, with instructions to enter the hammock, and if attacked and hard pressed, to fall back in the rear of the regular troops, out of reach of the enemy's fire; the second line was composed of the fourth and sixth infantry, who were instructed to sustain the volunteers. The first infantry was held in reserve.

These arrangements being completed, the whole force moved on in the direction of the hammock, and after proceeding about a quarter of a mile reached the swamp, on the opposite side of which the enemy were stationed. This was three-quarters of a mile wide, extending on the left as far as the eye could reach, and on the right to a part of the swamp and hammock they had just crossed, through which ran a deep creek. It consisted of an oozy mass of mud and water nearly two feet deep, over which waved a thick growth of coarse "saw-grass," as tall as a man, and was utterly impassable to cavalry, and nearly so to foot. In consequence of this, all the men were dismounted at the edge of the swamp, and the horses and baggage left under a suitable guard. At the same time Captain Allen was detached with the two companies of mounted infantry to examine the swamp and hammock to the right; and in case of not finding



Battle of Okeechobee.

the enemy in that direction, to return to the baggage ; but in either case, if he heard a heavy firing, immediately to join Colonel Taylor.

These arrangements being satisfactorily completed, the army crossed the swamp in order of battle. The volunteers and spies had scarcely reached the borders of the swamp, when a heavy fire was opened upon them by a large body of Indians. This was returned for a short time with considerable spirit, but they soon lost their gallant commander, Colonel Gentry, who fell mortally wounded. After this misfortune they fled in disorder, and instead of forming in the rear of the regulars, as had been directed, they retired across the swamp, to their baggage and horses ; nor would they again enter into action as a body, although efforts were made by Colonel Taylor's staff to induce them to do so. At this success, the Indians rushed forward upon the second line, at the same time discharging a heavy fire of musketry. They were, however, coolly met and driven back by the fourth and sixth infantry. The heat of battle was principally borne by five companies of the latter ; yet they not only sustained it firmly, but continued to advance until their commander, Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, and his adjutant, Lieutenant Center, were killed ; they were then obliged to retire for a short distance, and re-form. So great had been the loss of these companies, that every officer, with a single exception, together with most of the non-commissioned, including the sergeant-major and four of the orderly sergeants, was killed or wounded ; and one of them had but *four* members uninjured.

Lieutenant-Colonel Foster, with six companies, amounting in all to one hundred and sixty men, gained the hammock in good order, where he was joined by Captain Noel, with the two remaining companies of the sixth infantry, and Captain Gillam, of Gentry's volunteers, with a few additional men. These, by a change of front, succeeded in separating the enemy's line, and continued to drive them until they reached the Lake Okee-Chobee, which was in the rear of the enemy's position, and bordered their encampment for nearly a mile. As soon as Colonel Taylor was informed that Captain Allen was advancing, he ordered the first infantry to move to the left, gain the enemy's right flank, and turn it. This order was executed with promptness and effect; as soon as the regiment got into position the Indians gave one fire and retreated, being pursued by the first, fourth, and sixth, and some few volunteers, until near night. This chase was a most fatiguing one, as the enemy scattered in all directions, and the troops were obliged to follow over a swampy and rugged surface.

This action was long and severe, continuing from half-past twelve until about three, P. M. The Indians had selected the strongest position of the swamp, and were covered in front by a small stream, whose quicksands rendered it almost impassable. In addition to this, their front was concealed and partly protected by a growth of thickly interwoven hammock, and their flanks were secured by impassable swamps. They numbered about seven hundred warriors, and were led by Alligator, Coacoochee, and Sam Jones.

Colonel Taylor's force amounted to about five hun-

dred men, only part of whom were regulars. In passing the stream they sunk to the middle in mire, and were continually exposed to the fire of the enemy ; and for a while during the battle, both parties fought hand to hand. The Americans lost twenty-six killed, and one hundred and twelve wounded. Among the slain were Colonels Gentry and Thompson, Captain Van Swearingen, and Lieutenants Carter and Brook, all of whom fell at the head of their respective commands. The loss of the Indians was never ascertained ; they left ten bodies on the field, and doubtless carried away a large number, according to their invariable practice. During the whole engagement the colonel was on horseback, passing from point to point, and cheering his men, though he himself was exposed to the complete range of the Indian rifles.

As soon as the enemy were thoroughly broken, Colonel Taylor turned his attention to the wounded. He had previously ordered an encampment to be formed near his baggage ; and to facilitate his operations, he directed Captain Taylor to cross to that spot, and employ every individual whom he might find there, in constructing a small footway across the swamp. By great exertions this was completed a short time after dark, when all the dead and wounded, with the exception of the body of a private, which could not be found, were carried across in litters.

In speaking of this disastrous though successful action, Colonel Taylor, in his official communication to the department, says :—"I trust that I may be permitted to say, that I experienced one of the most trying scenes of my life, and he who could have looked on it with indif-

ference, his nerves must have been very differently organized from my own. Besides the killed there lay one hundred and twelve wounded, officers and soldiers, who had accompanied me one hundred and forty-five miles, most of the way through an unexplored wilderness, without guides, who had so gallantly beat the enemy, under my orders, in his strongest position, and who had to be conveyed back through swamps and hammocks, from whence we set out, without any apparent means of doing it. This service, however, was encountered and overcome, and they have been conveyed thus far, and proceeded on to Tampa Bay, on rude litters, constructed with the axe and knife alone, with poles and dry hides; the latter being found in great abundance at the encampment of the hostiles. The litters were conveyed on the backs of our weak and tottering horses, aided by the residue of the command, with more ease and comfort to the sufferers than I could have supposed; and with as much as they could have been in ambulances of the most improved and modern construction."

The day after the battle Colonel Taylor and his command remained at their encampment, occupied in taking care of the wounded, and in the sad office of interring the dead. They also prepared litters for the removal of the wounded, and detached a portion of the mounted men to collect the horses and cattle which had been left by the enemy. Of the former they found about a hundred, many of which were saddled, and three hundred oxen.

On the morning of the 27th, Colonel Taylor left the encampment, and at about noon next day reached the post on the Kissimmee, where he had left his heavy baggage.

Finding the stockade which he had ordered Captain Monroe to construct, nearly in a state of completion, he left two companies and a few Indians to garrison it, and proceeded towards Fort Gardner. Arriving here, he sent on the wounded to Tampa Bay, with the fourth and sixth infantry; the former to halt at Fort Frazer. He himself remained at Fort Gardner with the first, in order to make preparations to retake the field, designing to do so as soon as his horses could be recruited, and his supplies in a sufficient state of forwardness to justify that measure.

In his despatch, the colonel speaks in high terms of the behavior of the regulars, especially of the sixth infantry, and designates particular actions of the following officers, most of whom had been engaged with him in the campaigns of Florida, and some have since been known in a more conspicuous theatre of action—Lieutenant-Colonel Davenport, Colonel Foster, Major Graham, Captain Allen, Lieutenant Hooper, Captain Noel, Lieutenant Wood, Captain Andrews, Lieutenant Walker, Colonel Gentry, Captain Gillam, Lieutenant Blakely, Captain Childs, Lieutenants Rogers, Flanagan, Hase, Gorden, Hill, Griffin, Harrison, McClure, Major Sconce, Captain Taylor, Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson, Captain Swearingen, Adjutant Center, Lieutenant Brook, Major Brant, and Lieutenant Babbitt. His remarks upon Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson deserve remembrance, as displaying a tenderness of heart and warmth of friendship, which enhances the merit of all his military performances:

“It is due to his rank and talents, as well as to his long and important services, that I particularly mention

Lieutenant-Colonel A. R. Thompson, of the sixth infantry, who fell in the discharge of his duty at the head of his regiment. He was in feeble health, brought on by exposure to this climate during the past summer, refusing to leave the country while his regiment continued in it. Although he received two balls from the fire of the enemy early in the action, which wounded him severely, yet he appeared to disregard them, and continued to give his orders with the same coolness that he would have done had his regiment been under review, or on any parade duty. Advancing, he received a third ball, which at once deprived him of life; his last words were—‘Keep steady, men, charge the hammock—remember the regiment to which you belong.’ I had known Colonel Thompson personally only for a short time, and the more I knew of him, the more I wished to know; and had his life been spared, our acquaintance, no doubt, would have ripened into the closest friendship. Under such circumstances, there are few, if any other than his bereaved wife, mother and sisters, who more deeply and sincerely lament his loss, or who will longer cherish his memory, than myself.”

The battle of Okee-Chobee had a very beneficial influence upon the efforts to subdue the Indians of Florida. An officer writing from Fort Bassinger subsequent to it, says: “The Indian prisoners now admit that they lost twenty killed on the ground, and a great many wounded, in the fight with Colonel Taylor. They had a strong position and fought well, but were terribly whipped, and have never returned near the ground since. Jumper, Alligator, and other warriors afterwards came

in, and were subsequently employed by the colonel in inducing their hostile companions to surrender themselves; by this means large numbers delivered themselves to the Americans. Indeed the general policy pursued by Colonel Taylor while in Florida, together with his industry and perseverance, and the hardy constitution he possessed, rendered his services immensely valuable to the government in subduing the savages and giving peace and safety to the southern frontier. The country was not insensible of his value, and the department at Washington conferred on him the rank of Brigadier-General, by brevet, to take date from the battle of Okee-Chobee.

GALLANT ACTION OF CAPTAIN THORNTON ON THE RIO GRANDE.

WHEN General Taylor was encamped opposite Matamoras, it was reported that the Mexicans were crossing the river to surround him. This made frequent and active reconnoissances necessary.

In consequence of the rumored intentions of the enemy, Captain Thornton was despatched on the 24th of April, 1846, to the crossing, above the fort, and Captain Ker below. Accompanying Thornton were Captain Hardee, Lieutenants Mason and Kane, and sixty-one men. After proceeding about twenty-six miles, they encountered a Mexican, who reported that at a short distance, the enemy were stationed to the number of two

thousand, under General Torrejon. Partly from the cowardice of their Mexican guide, and partly from ignorance of the country, they were led into a plantation surrounded by a thick chapparal fence, round which was concealed an ambush of more than ten times their number. Thornton, followed by his command, crossed the plantation to the house, where he commenced conversation with one of the residents. While thus engaged, the enemy took possession of the gate, and now for the first time, the party perceived that the chapparal was crowded with infantry, supported by cavalry, who were preparing for a charge. This was met with gallantry and success; but in the struggle Lieutenant Kane was unhorsed, and the captain became separated from his command. The whole Mexican force now poured in a destructive fire upon the few men under Captain Hardee, who, notwithstanding, rallied and endeavored to retreat by way of the river. This he was unable to accomplish, and after having eleven men killed, including a sergeant and two other officers, he consented to surrender, on condition of his men being treated as prisoners of war, declaring that if this were refused, they would continue the battle at all hazards. This was acceded to, and the captain and twenty-five men were carried into Matamoras.

The bravery of Captain Thornton deserves notice. As we have stated, he met the charge of the cavalry with success, but was unable to break the crowded lines of the infantry by whom they were supported. The chapparal was at this time in one wide blaze of fire, and in rushing toward it, the horse of the captain



Gallant Action of Captain Thornton.

made a tremendous leap, completely clearing the whole enclosure, and alighted in the midst of the enemy. This feat, however, was not performed with impunity; the animal received a severe wound at the very moment of its accomplishment, and was subsequently obliged to carry his intrepid rider through a host of armed men. The captain escaped unwounded, and though both horse and rider subsequently encountered a severe fall, he succeeded in approaching within about five miles of the American camp. But at this place he was intercepted by an advance guard of the enemy, and conveyed prisoner to Matamoras.

Lieutenant Mason was killed before the chapparal, and Kane shared the fate of Thornton.

Notwithstanding the disadvantages against which the Americans contended, this affair was a source of unbounded exultation to the enemy. Besides public rejoicing in Matamoras, Arista wrote to General Torrejon in terms of congratulation, which would have been considered extravagant in General Taylor after the battle of Palo Alto.

THE BATTLE OF PALO ALTO,

DESCRIBED BY GENERAL TAYLOR.

THE main body of the "Army of Occupation" marched under my immediate orders from Point Isabel, on the evening of the 7th of May, and bivouacked seven miles from that place.

Our march was resumed the following morning. About noon, when our advance of cavalry had reached the water-pole of "Palo Alto," the Mexican troops were reported in our front, and were soon discovered occupying the road in force. I ordered a halt upon reaching the water, with a view to rest and refresh the men and form deliberately our line of battle. The Mexican line was now plainly visible across the prairie, and about three-quarters of a mile distant. Their left, which was composed of a heavy force of cavalry, occupied the road resting upon a thicket of chapparal, while masses of infantry were discovered in succession on the right, greatly outnumbering our own force.

Our line of battle was now formed in the following order, commanded on the right: 5th infantry, commanded by Lieut. Col. McIntosh; Major Ringgold's artillery; 3d infantry, commanded by Captain L. N. Morris; two eighteen pounders, commanded by Lieut. Churchill, 3d artillery; 4th infantry, commanded by G. W. Allen; the 3d and 4th regiments composed the 3d brigade, under command of Lieut. Col. Garland, and all the above corps, together with two squadrons of dragoons, under Captains Ker and May, composed the right wing, under the orders of Col. Twiggs. The left was formed by the battalion of artillery, commanded by Lieut. Col. Childs, Captain Duncan's light artillery, and the 8th infantry, under Captain Montgomery—all forming the 1st brigade, under command of Lieut. Col. Belknap. The train was packed near the water, under direction of Captains Crosman and Myers, and protected by Captain Ker's squadron.

At 2 o'clock, we took up our march by heads of

columns in the direction of the enemy—the eighteen pounder battery following the road. While the columns were advancing, Lieut. Blake, of the topographical engineers, volunteered a reconnoissance of the enemy's line, which was handsomely performed, and resulted in the discovery of at least two batteries of artillery in the intervals of their cavalry and infantry. These batteries were soon opened upon us; when I ordered the columns halted and deployed into line, and the fire to be returned by all our artillery. The 8th infantry, on our extreme left, was thrown back to secure that flank. The first fires did little execution, while our eighteen pounders and Major Ringgold's artillery soon dispersed the cavalry, which formed his left. Captain Duncan's battery, thrown forward in advance of the line, was doing good execution at this time. Capt. May's squadron was now detached to support that battery, and the left of our position. The Mexican cavalry and two pieces of artillery were now reported to be moving through the chapparal to our right, to threaten our flank, or make a demonstration against the train. The 5th infantry was immediately detached to check this movement, and, supported by Lieut. Ridgely, with a section of Major Ringgold's battery and Capt. Walker's company of volunteers, effectually repulsed the enemy—the 5th infantry repelling a charge of lancers, and the artillery doing great execution in their ranks. The 3d infantry was now detached to the right as a still further security to that flank threatened by the enemy. Major Ringgold, with the remaining section, kept up his fire from an advanced position, and was supported by the 4th infantry.

The grass of the prairie had been accidentally fired by our artillery, and the volumes of smoke now partially concealed the armies from each other. As the enemy's left had been driven back, and left the road free, as the cannonade had been suspended, I ordered forward the eighteen pounders on the road nearly to the position first occupied by the Mexican cavalry, and caused the 1st brigade to take up a new position still on the left of the eighteen pounder battery. The 5th was advanced from its former position, and occupied a point on the extreme right of the new line. The enemy made a change of position corresponding to our own, and after a suspension of nearly an hour the action was resumed.

The fire of artillery was now most destructive—openings were constantly made through the enemy's ranks by our fire, and the constancy with which the Mexican infantry sustained this severe cannonade was a theme of universal remark and admiration. Capt. May's squadron was detached to make a demonstration on the left of the enemy's position, and suffered severely from the fire of artillery to which it was for some time exposed. The 4th infantry, which had been ordered to support the eighteen pounder battery, was exposed to a most galling fire of artillery, by which several men were killed, and Capt. Page dangerously wounded. The enemy's fire was directed against our eighteen pounder battery and the guns of Major Ringgold in its vicinity. The Major himself, while coolly directing the fire of his pieces, was struck by a cannon ball and mortally wounded.

In the mean time the battalion of artillery, Lieut. Col. Childs, had been brought up to support the artillery

on our right. A strong demonstration of cavalry was now made by the enemy against this part of our line, and the column continued to advance under a severe fire from the eighteen pounders. The battalion was instantly formed in square and held ready to receive the charge of cavalry, but when the advancing squadrons were within close range, a deadly fire of cannister from the eighteen-pounders soon dispersed them. A brisk fire of small arms was now opened upon the square, by which one officer, Lieut. Luther, 2d artillery, was slightly wounded, but a well directed fire from the front of the square silenced all further firing from the enemy in this quarter. It was now nearly dark, and the action was closed on the right of our line, the enemy having been completely driven back from his position, and foiled in his attempt against our line.

“ While the above was going forward on our right and under my own eye, the enemy had made a serious attempt against the left of our line. Capt. Duncan instantly perceived the movement, and by the bold and brilliant manœuvring of his battery, completely repulsed several successive efforts of the enemy to advance in force upon our left flank. Supported in succession by the 8th infantry and by Captain Ker’s squadron of dragoons, he gallantly held the enemy at bay, and finally drove him, with immense loss, from the field. The action here, and along the whole line, continued until dark, when the enemy retired into the chapparal in the rear of his position. Our army bivouacked on the ground it occupied. During the afternoon the train had been moved forward about half a mile, and was packed in rear of the new position.

“ Our loss, this day, was nine killed, forty-four wounded, and two missing. Among the wounded were Major Ringgold, who has since died, and Captain Page dangerously wounded; Lieut. Luther slightly so. I annex a tabular statement of the casualties of the day.

“ Our own force engaged is shown by the field report to have been 177 officers and 2111 men—aggregate 2288. The Mexican force, according to the statements of their own officers, taken prisoners in the affair of the 9th, was not less than 6000 regular troops, with ten pieces of artillery, and probably exceeded that number; the irregular force not known. Their loss was not less than 200 killed and 400 wounded—probably greater. This number is very moderate, and formed upon the number actually counted upon the field, and upon the reports of their own officers.

“ The conduct of our officers and men was every thing that could be desired. Exposed for hours to the severest trial—a cannonade of artillery—our troops displayed a coolness and constancy, which gave me, throughout, the assurance of victory.”

The tabular statement alluded to in the above letter represents that nine non-commissioned officers and privates were killed in the battle, and forty-four wounded, including three commissioned officers.

THE BATTLE OF RESACA DE LA PALMA,

DESCRIBED BY GEN. TAYLOR.

“Early in the morning of the 9th, the enemy, who had encamped near the field of battle of the day previous, was discovered moving by his left flank, evidently in retreat, and, perhaps, at the same time to gain a new position on the road to Matamoras, and there again resist our advance.

“I ordered the supply train to be strongly packed at its position, and left with it four pieces of artillery—the two eighteen-pounders which had done such good service on the previous day, and two twelve-pounders which had not been in the action. The wounded officers and men were at the same time sent back to Point Isabel. I then moved forward with the columns to the edge of the chaparral, or forest, which extends to the Rio Grande,—a distance of seven miles. The light companies of the first brigade, under Capt. C. F. Smith, 2d artillery, and a select detachment of light troops, the whole under the command of Capt. McCall, 4th infantry, were thrown forward into the chaparral, to feel the enemy and ascertain his position. About 3 o'clock, I received a report from the advance that the enemy was in position on the road, with at least two pieces of artillery. The command was immediately put in motion, and about 4 o'clock I came up with Capt. McCall, who reported the enemy in force in our front, occupying a ravine which intersects the road, and is skirted by thickets of dense chaparral. Ridgeley's battery, and the advance under Capt. McCall,

were at once thrown forward on the road, and into the chapparal, on either side, while the 5th infantry and one wing of the 4th was thrown into the forest on the left, and the 3d and other wing of the 4th, on the right of the road. These corps were employed as skirmishers to cover the battery, and engage the Mexican infantry. Capt. McCall's command became at once engaged with the enemy, while the light artillery, though in a very exposed position, did great execution. The enemy had at least eight pieces of artillery, and maintained an incessant fire on our advance.

"The action now became general, and although the enemy's infantry gave way before the steady fire and resistless progress of our own, yet his artillery was still in position to check our advance—several pieces occupying the pass across the ravine, which he had chosen for his position. Perceiving that no decisive advantage could be gained until this artillery was silenced, I ordered Captain May to charge the batteries with his squadron of dragoons. This was gallantly and effectually executed; the enemy was driven from his guns, and General La Vega, who remained alone at one of the batteries, was taken prisoner. The squadron, which suffered much in this charge, not being immediately supported by infantry, could not retain possession of the artillery, but it was completely silenced. In the mean time, the 8th infantry had been ordered up, and had become warmly engaged on the right of the road. This regiment, and a part of the 5th, were now ordered to charge the batteries; which was handsomely done, and the enemy entirely driven from his artillery and his position on the left of the road.



General Taylor ordering Captain May to charge the Mexican Battery.

“The light companies of the first brigade, and the 3d and 4th regiments of infantry had been deployed on the right of the road, where, at various points, they became briskly engaged with the enemy. A small party, under Captain Buchanan and Lieutenants Wood and Hays, 4th infantry, composed chiefly of men of that regiment, drove the enemy from a breastwork which he occupied, and captured a piece of artillery. An attempt to recover this piece was repelled by Capt. Barbour’s 3d infantry. The enemy was at last completely driven from his position on the right of the road, and retreated precipitately, leaving baggage of every description. The 4th infantry took possession of a camp where the headquarters of the Mexican General-in-chief were established. All his official correspondence was captured at this point.

“The artillery battalion (excepting the flank companies) had been ordered to guard the baggage train, which was packed some distance in the rear. That battalion was now ordered up to pursue the enemy, and, with the 3d infantry, Captain Ker’s dragoons, and Captain Duncan’s battery, followed him rapidly to the river, making a number of prisoners. Great numbers of the enemy were drowned in attempting to cross the river, near the town. The corps last mentioned encamped near the river—the remainder of the army on the field of battle.

“The strength of our marching force on this day was 173 officers, and 2049 men—aggregate 2222. The actual number engaged with the enemy did not exceed 1700. Our loss was three officers killed, and twelve

wounded ; thirty-six men killed, and seventy-one wounded. Among the officers killed, I have to regret the loss of Lieut. Inge, 2d dragoons, who fell at the head of his platoon, while gallantly charging the enemy's battery ; of Lieut. Chadbourne, of the 8th infantry, and Lieut. Cochrane, of the 4th, who likewise met their death in the thickest of the fight. The wounded officers were—Lieut. Col. Payne, Inspector-General ; Lieut. Dobbins, 3d infantry, serving with the light infantry advance, slightly ; Lieut. Col. McIntosh, 5th infantry, severely (twice) ; Lieut. Fowler, 5th infantry, slightly ; Capt. Montgomery, 8th infantry, slightly ; Lieuts. Gates and Jordan, 8th infantry, severely (each twice) ; Lieuts. Selden, Maclay, Burbank and Morris, 8th infantry, slightly.

“ I have no accurate data from which to estimate the enemy's force on this day. He was known to have been reinforced after the action of the 8th, both by cavalry and infantry, and no doubt to an extent at least equal to his loss on that day. It is probable that 6000 men were opposed to us, and in a position chosen by themselves, and strongly defended with artillery. The enemy's loss was very great. Nearly 200 of his dead were buried by us on the day succeeding the battle. His loss in killed, wounded and missing, in the two affairs of the 8th and 9th, is, I think, moderately estimated at 1000 men.

“ Our victory has been decisive. A small force has overcome immense odds of the best troops that Mexico can furnish,—veteran regiments, perfectly equipped and appointed. Eight pieces of artillery, several colors and

standards, a great number of prisoners (including fourteen officers), and a large amount of baggage and public property, fell into our hands.

“The causes of our victory are doubtless to be found in the superior quality of our officers and men.”

EFFECTS OF THE BATTLES OF PALO ALTO AND RESACA DE LA PALMA.

It is difficult to speak with moderation on these two brilliant actions. The excitement, which the first promulgation of the news created throughout the Union, may be imagined but not described. It created a feeling of excitement and enthusiasm—an impulse towards military adventures, throughout the length and breadth of the land. Preparations were made in every direction for calling forth volunteers,—increasing the regular army,—fitting out vessels of war,—for the display of a land and sea force, unprecedented this side of the Atlantic.

In less than two weeks, the United States, throughout their length and breadth, were converted, as it were, into a camp. From the most northern part of Maine to the orange groves of Florida—from the Atlantic to the Pacific—nothing was heard of but the din of military preparations; the proclamations of Governors; the mustering of forces, and the shouts of volunteers, produced by a nation's leaping at once to arms. In fact, the transition of this vast confederacy into one magnificent camp, from the first call to arms, was as rapid and as quick as the masterly evolutions and admirable discipline which gave victory to the American arms in both the battles on the Rio Grande.

How can this sudden military transition—this sublime spectacle of military preparation—be accounted for? It arose only from the perfect freedom of our institutions, the equality of our laws, and from the determined spirit of the American character. The insults of a quarter of a century, repeated injuries and spoliations of the property of American citizens, had aroused a peaceful and quiet people, and changed them, as it were, into a nation of soldiers, determined to avenge themselves, and to chastise the insolence of the Republic of Mexico.

MATAMORAS,

ON THE NIGHT OF THE NINTH OF MAY, 1846.

WHILE the battle was raging at Resaca de la Palma, thousands of people lined the shores of the Rio Grande, listening to each burst of artillery with breathless suspense. News of victory had reached them the preceding day, but no conquerors had returned in triumph to the city. And now the dread roar of cannon, swelling louder, and fiercer, and nearer—what did it portend? The fire of the city was abandoned, and the cheering suppressed; and pale, anxious faces, gazed in racking silence in the direction of battle. Soon the dread reality was disclosed; infantry and cavalry burst madly from the thicket, dashing aside garment and weapon, as they swept toward the river. Then a cry—one of anguish

and horror—went up from that living mass ; and its hollow tones told tales of poverty and wretchedness for the future. Crowd on crowd of terrified soldiers now came from the chapparal, and rushed toward the city. Soon dense masses filled to sinking the little flat provided for their conveyance. The next moment they were hurled into the river by the reckless cavalry, who in their turn were swept away. Mules loaded with wounded and dying were plunged in, and numbers were precipitated from the shore. It was an awful scene. Horse trampled over horse, crushing their riders to earth, and trailing their bridles and furniture along the ground ; the river was foaming with life, while plunge after plunge announced the sad fate of numbers more ; the shouts of officers, curses of soldiery, yells of the wounded, and shrieks of the drowning, were appalling. Wretched beings grasped the flat in agony, only to be murdered by those upon it ; and scores of mules, and hundreds of soldiers, clenched in each other's embrace, sunk to a watery grave.

Yet dreadful as was this scene, it was but the shadow of what Matamoras witnessed during the night. Mules were continually entering the city, laden with wounded, whose piercing shrieks, as their wounds poured afresh at each step, rose above the din and hurry of trampling armies. All discipline or order was at an end, and thousands of infuriated soldiers poured along the streets for rapine and plunder. Women fled to the ball-rooms where preparations for victory had been made, and tore the wreaths and ornaments from the walls. Scarcely had they done so, when hordes of lawless rancheros burst

upon them, in the hurry of uncontrolled passion. Crime and debauchery revelled that night in the halls of Matamoras.

Most of the inhabitants expected an assault by General Taylor, and therefore seized a few of their most valuable things and fled into the country. But the evil spirit was there also ; and the unfortunate exiles were robbed and murdered in the plains, or passes of the mountains. Matamoras suffered more that day from her own citizens than from the sword of the enemy.

Such were the scenes in Matamoras on the 9th of May. What a comment upon war ! American soldiers had gained a victory. But where was their advantage ? Were they morally, physically, or intellectually better, or was their country and its rulers richer or happier ? They had won the title of invincible ; and glory, military renown, was theirs. But *what is glory ?* Who of all that lay down weary and wounded that night, could have defined the advantages of *glory* ? And another class—those over whom the wolves and eagles were batten- ing—how were they enriched by glory ? But when we turn from them to the scenes we have been attempting to describe—when we hear the wailings of the widowed mother, the groans of the mangled, the shrieks of injured innocence, and the shouts of unbridled passion,—then comes a solemn whisper, *Is THIS glory ?* A field after battle is dreadful ; where death arbitrates between man and man, and unites foes in silent harmony. But war—its advantages and glories—must be learned at the soldier's home.

PALO ALTO AND RESACA.

A NEW SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1846.

The following, which we find in the Southern Patriot, will be recognized by its excellence as the work of no hand unaccustomed to the chords. It will be sung on the day for which it was written from one end of the Union to the other :

Now while our cups are flowing
With memories born to bloom,
And filial hands are throwing
Their wreaths o'er valor's tomb ;
While lips exulting shout the praise
Of heroes of the past, that stood
Triumphant 'mid old Bunker's blaze,
And proud in Eutaw's field of blood ;—
Do not forget the gallant train,
That lifts your name in Mexic war—
One cup for Palo Alto drain,
One mighty cheer for Resaca !

For Taylor—" Rough and Ready,"
True son of truest sires ;—
For May, who swift and steady,
Trode down La Vega's fires ;
For all who in that day of strife,
Maintain'd in pride the stripes and stars—
The dead, who won immortal life,
And they who live for other wars—
For these, who with their victory,
New wreaths to grace our laurel bring—
A health that drains a goblet dry,
A cheer that makes the welkin ring !

Nor, though even now we falter
With thoughts of those who died,
And at our festive altar,
Grow silent in our pride,
Yet in the heart's most holy deep,
Fond memory shrine the happy brave,
Who in the arms of battle sleep
By Palo's wood and Bravo's wave ;
Nor in our future deeds forgot,
Shall silent thought forbear to bring,
Her tribute to that sacred spot,
Where Ringgold's gallant soul took wing.

Fill to our country's glory
Where'er her flag is borne ;
Nor, in her failing story,
Let future ages mourn !
Nor let the envious foreign foe,
Rejoice that faction checks her speed,
Arrests her in the indignant blow,
And saddens o'er the avenging deed !
Fill high, though from the crystal wave,
Your cup, and from the grape be mine ;
The marriage rites, that link the brave
To fame, will turn each draft to wine.

COLONEL MAY.

OF the early life of May, and even his military career previous to the Mexican war, very little is known. He is a son of Dr. May of Washington City, in which place



C. P. May
Bot. Lib. Col. D. D. May

the colonel was born. All we know of his youth is, that he was active and healthy, but of the precocious feats which are generally chronicled of military scions we are of him told nothing. During the Seminole war he entered the army as lieutenant of the 2d regiment of dragoons, and was immediately ordered to Florida. Here he passed through some of the most trying scenes of that distressing war, and on one occasion, succeeded in capturing Philip, an Indian chief.

It has been reserved for the present war to develop the talents of May, and place him in the rank of an energetic and able officer. In the march from Corpus Christi, he performed efficient service, in scouring the country with his dragoons, and preparing the road for the main army. While Taylor remained at Point Isabel, during the bombardment of Fort Brown, May was sent to escort Captain Walker in his effort to open a communication between the two places. This he performed on the night of the 3d of May, but not being able to effect a re- junction with Walker, he returned toward Point Isabel, galloping round the army of the enemy, by way of reconnaissance.

About twelve miles from the American position, he was opposed by more than one hundred lancers, whom he charged, broke, and drove three miles. His horses were so worn down by long exposure that he found it impossible to keep up with the enemy, or he might have completed his victory by the capture of many. Fearing therefore that his useless labor might only terminate in his being surprised, he returned to Point Isabel.

At Palo Alto, the nature of the movements in both

armies deprived May of any opportunity to signalize himself. Just before the fall of Ringgold, he was ordered to advance his squadron for the purpose of diverting the heavy fire of the enemy from the American infantry, and, if possible, to charge the Mexican cavalry. The enemy were in such force, however, that the latter operation was impracticable; and during the remainder of the day, May remained but a passive spectator.

When the obstinate resistance of the enemy at Resaca de la Palma, made it evident that a charge must be made, before the victory would be complete, General Taylor ordered May to capture the Mexican batteries. This was the opportunity which that brave officer had been anxiously looking for, and riding to the front of his horsemen, he called out to them to *follow*. The next moment they were sweeping toward the enemy. Before being perceived by them, May was stopped by Lieutenant-colonel Ridgeley, who was just on the point of firing, in order to draw the shot of the enemy. When this was done, May again dashed forward, and in a few minutes, was by the muzzles of the cannon. Suddenly, a tremendous discharge poured forth along the ranks of the intrepid horsemen, and horses and men rolled headlong on the ground. But nothing could stop the survivors. They leaped over the cannon, and drove the artillerists from their positions, at the point of the sword. The fiercest struggle of that day, was the resistance to this charge. The Mexican batteries were defended by the celebrated regiment of Tampico Veterans, who were regarded as invincible. They threw themselves furiously between their guns, and with their

swords and bayonets, fought hand to hand with the cavalry. One by one they sunk beneath the weapons of their adversaries, and even when their regiment was broken and crushed, one of them endeavored to sustain its honor by wrapping its flag about him in order to bear it away. Had their last discharge been aimed a little lower, they would have swept the entire command of Colonel May.

In this charge, General la Vega was captured, and safely conveyed to the American camp. The distinguished prisoner received much attention from both officers and men, and when subsequently conducted through different parts of our country, he was every where treated as a gallant soldier and a gentleman. When captured, he was in the act of applying an ignited match to one of the pieces; Captain May charged forward and commanded him to surrender. The general asked, "Are you an officer?" and being answered in the affirmative, he delivered his sword, with the remark: "General la Vega is a prisoner."

After the battle May's troops were pushed forward in pursuit of the Mexicans, and succeeded in capturing many prisoners.

This has been the most brilliant military feat in the career of Colonel May. He was at Monterey, and was serviceable in reconnoitering the positions of the enemy, and keeping in check their dragoon parties. He remained with Taylor, after the reduction of his army by order of General Scott, and at Buena Vista he supported Shaw's artillery during a charge of the Mexicans, and covered by turns, almost every battery on the field. His

dragoons are the most excellently disciplined of any in the army.

May's personal appearance is somewhat whimsical. His hair reaches down to his shoulders, and his beard is of equal length, so that when riding at the head of his command, his *hair* is the most conspicuous object about his person. He is tall in stature, of powerful frame, and his charges are irresistible. In battle, he is perfectly cool, and his only fault appears to be, that his bravery too often approaches to recklessness. This is a national censure upon almost all the officers of the present war, and presents a spectacle unknown to European warfare.

Colonel May has lately visited different sections of the United States, and was every where received with the honor and enthusiasm due his distinguished merit.

THE DEATH OF MAJOR RINGGOLD.

BY MRS. J. A. BEVERIDGE.

HE died, as brave men still should die,
A soldier's calmness in his eye ;
He breathed the Patriot's latest vow,
With Victory's laurel on his brow.

A grateful country mourns his fall,
Who, foremost stood at Honor's call,
Upheld her cause, in battle's strife,
And for her glory, perilled life.



Death of Major Ringgold.

His word was onward : on the day
When warriors met in stern array,
And brave men followed, where he led,
Secure in valor's path to tread.

Wo to the direst of his foes,
Who dared the hero's arm oppose,
Where mid the thickest of the fight,
His sabre flash'd its deadly light !

But Death still " loves a shining mark,"
And mid the din of conflict, hark !
The cannon deals the mighty blow
That lays the dauntless soldier low !

He fell !—but the fair hand of Fame,
On her high altar graved his name,
And Liberty's bright genius, wept,
Above the bier, where Ringgold slept !



REFLECTIONS ON MEXICO.

MEXICO is full of objects calculated to inspire serious speculation in the contemplative mind. Her future, it is true, is dark and repulsive ; but the past abounds with lessons worthy the study of every nation. An acquaintance with the history of Aztec as it was at the invasion of Cortez, compared with a view of her condition subsequent to that period, must convince every one, of the humbling truth, that she has gained nothing from Eu-

ropean civilization. It is true that under the native kings, the subjection of the people was perfect : and their religious, and even festive rites, were bloody and revolting. But were not the people happier, more intelligent, and more refined under the Montezumas, than they have ever been since the conquest ? And was the amount of suffering entailed by their religion, equal to that perpetrated through anarchy, misrule, civil war, and ecclesiastical bigotry ? Has not the curse of the Aztecan, his last sad throb for his country, fallen on it like that of the Moor on Spain, and withered the energies of the conquerors ?

The fact is, the hue and cry of liberty, and the rights of man, and freedom from crowned power, is the most absurd delusion that ever misled a nation, when the people are destitute of the qualifications necessary to support their nationality. Remove the intellectual slave from bodily degradation, give him a government the best that ever existed or can exist, and surround him with every thing that man calls desirable, leaving the mind untouched, and he will be a slave still. Place the Mexican under Montezuma, stopping his ears to the din of freedom, and he will be exactly what the Indian is now. Let Mexico be under what government she may, it never will, never can deliver her from wretchedness and frequent insurrection, until an influence higher than corporeal action begins its work upon her. He is mistaken who supposes liberty to be merely an exemption from hereditary governors and military oppression, and that to obtain it, the only requisition is a successful revolution. It is more—it is a study, that demands for its mastery the laborious

training of a patient and well-balanced mind. The heroes of the American revolution were no enthusiasts—no Placidos madly rushing down the path of anized destruction. Even when the storm had subsided, and peace revealed their plans, they felt that they had but crossed the threshold of the sacred shrine—had they *remained* there, where would have been American liberty?

Perhaps the most interesting objects in Mexico are the extensive ruins scattered more or less throughout the whole country. Until very lately these have received but little attention from travellers, and consequently our knowledge of them is at present but imperfect. While the pyramids of Egypt and the antiquities of Greece and Asia have been described and connected, their names in school geographies, the immense portions of an unknown world are left to moulder in silent darkness, unnoticed and unknown. Once in many years, a solitary Stephens works in upon their antiquities, and "writes a book" of "all he saw;" but a few years, and the description shows the face of his prototype, and American antiquities again become a wilderness.

By moonlight one of these ruined cities is an impressive spectacle. Then the gaps and irregularities caused by time are invisible, and the long rows of massive stone buildings, heavy with the richest architecture, crowned and surmounted by trees of two hundred years' growth, all apparently fresh from the tool of the architect, burst upon the astonished traveller like the regions of Arabian geon. Few have ever gazed upon them under these circumstances, without involuntarily bending forward to view the inhabitants. But they—the ones for whose

revels these piles were built—where are they? Egypt, great as is her antiquity, can define the race that erected her wonders; but no memorial—written or traditional—may ever tell of the builders of Aztec. Ages after ages, her cities have mouldered in the forest, while the crowds who once thronged their streets are mingled together in undistinguishable dust. While man was battling with man in other worlds, an unknown race were doing the same here; and the busy hammer, the plying oar, and wild song of the hunter, echoed here, as they did in Africa or Asia. How the mind strains and wrestles for but one glimpse of these scenes! but

“Oblivion laughs, and says, The prey is mine.”

The bloody tale of tragedy, or the softer one of a princess's love, breathed forth under the waving woods of Aztec, had no historian to transmit them to the future.

Before the stripping of churches by the different revolutionary parties, the stranger was surprised by a view of the immense wealth of the city of Mexico. Most of the ornaments in the cathedrals, and in the houses of the rich, were of solid silver, while immense quantities of that metal, as well as of gold, formed personal ornaments of the ladies and grandees. Yet great as was the amount of these precious substances, it was a mere trifle compared to their abundance in the days of Montezuma. The death of this monarch and subversion of his empire, form one of those events in history, on which the mind dwells with a painful, indefinite sensation. The fancied child of the sun, nations rose and fell at his nod, and the wealth of his treasures would have bought a continent.

The mind dwells on his splendor as on a fairy tale. The very materials of his palaces were silver; and with the gardens and other appendages, covered space enough for a large city. The utmost order reigned in his vast dominions, and capital crimes were almost unknown.

In contemplating the palaces of the city, one can almost fancy that he beholds their illustrious inmate, reposing in solitary majesty during the heat of a noonday sun. Perhaps he is seated at dinner—how still and awe-like is the room! Those few nobles standing together scarcely seem to breathe; and the antechamber, though filled with grandees and royal guards, is quiet as the grave. Four young girls wait upon him—the dark-eyed favorites from his seraglio—but their tread is muffled, and their lips sealed. Men are crouching before a fellow man, as before Deity itself. Now evening arrives, and he issues forth to enjoy recreation, or to amuse himself with the objects of his whimsical fancy—the maimed and monstrous. A group of these are brought before him; some with but one arm, some with four, one without ears, others with four thumbs, and among these the monarch unbends from royalty, and sports and smiles as an infant.

These were scenes of pleasure or recreation; but when national interests were at stake—when a great crime had been perpetrated, or the nation invaded, then Montezuma was again a *monarch*. The people crowded under his banners, and his presence was sufficient to inspire them with the wildest enthusiasm. In the darkest hurrying of battle, the name of Montezuma drove them on to the most desperate undertakings. The system of government was complete. The people were oppressed, it is true, and

the king was the oppressor. But mutual confidence was unshaken, and none desired nor thought of a change of condition.

The empire of New Spain was founded in blood—not the blood of true patriots resisting foreign oppression, but of a harmless invaded people, who were either murdered or torn from their ancestral homes to perish among the mines and high-roads of their taskmasters. But they did not yield without a struggle, and but for the superior weapons of their adversaries, they would have swept the Spaniards from the country. On the memorable night denominated by Cortez *Noche Tristi* (desolate night), they poured in determined thousands upon the little band of adventurers, who in vain endeavored to resist the onset. Man after man was captured by them, until Cortez and his few remaining followers fled from the city. Then deeds, horrible beyond description, were enacted by the infuriated multitude. Revenge loosened her bloody hand, and descended upon the prisoners. Maddened by their former losses, the populace rushed upon them, tore the heart from the bosom, and, while yet quivering with pulsation, threw it with dreadful shouts at the feet of their idol. Then the heads were wrenched from the shoulders, and used as balls by the people, while the bodies were precipitated to the rocks below. Fear, for the first time, brooded over the desolate Spaniards, and they wept like children for home.

The political history of Mexico since the emancipation from the mother-country, is a sad jumble of murders, robberies, and revolutions. It is not wonderful that anarchy has struck its baneful roots far into her soil ; but

that, as one government, she has existed at all. The rulers have rioted in spoil and carnage, while the people have been robbed of almost every thing worth possessing. The churches have shared a similar fate, and even the cloak of the prelate has often been no defence from the stiletto of the bandit. All confidence or credit is lost, and, politically considered, the inhabitants are no longer a nation.

Still, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, Mexico, under an efficient leader, might become a powerful nation. Her sons have proven their courage in the present war with the United States, and were there but a Xantippus to organize them, or a Hannibal to lead them, they might give us as much trouble as Carthage gave to Rome. No country affords better resources for either offensive or defensive warfare. A handful of brave men, thrown among the passes of their mountains, could repel the united efforts of any army; and how well her plains are adapted to cut up a large force, and thus overcome the advantages of numbers, the battle of Buena Vista is ample testimony. We must look then upon this country as possessing the most abundant resources, and yet unable to use them; as possessing the elements of a mighty nation, and yet unable to combine or modify them; in fine, as a nonentity on the national chronicle, open to the insult and abuse of every enemy, whether domestic or foreign.

During the trying scenes of the republic, much of the original Spanish character has been lost. They are still vain, cruel, and revengeful, like their trans-atlantic brethren; but the stately demeanor, reserved courtesy,

and pride of ancestry, are in a great measure gone ; a circumstance, to which the abolition of grades of rank has mainly contributed. This renders the people much more talkative and agreeable than the Spaniards, and perhaps less hidden in their principles. The loquacious traveller is sure to set in action a responsive train, and in less than five minutes the groups of half naked men, women and children, that have ranged themselves around him, with open ears and mouths, make him feel, if not in his native country, at least "*at home.*" But, on the other hand, the change of manners is undoubtedly unfavorable to modesty and decorum. The pleasing timidity, so graceful in the female sex, is unknown to Mexico ; and the countenances of the handsomest women betray a tinge of coarse vulgarity, or perhaps familiarity, repelling to a foreigner. Beside this, their dress is scant and slovenly, their feet bare, and their whole appearance strongly impresses the beholder as a personification of laziness and immodesty. Groups of both sexes are often seen rolling over the same floor, many of them strangers to each other—Indians, negroes, rancheros, and soldiers. The children are never clothed until they arrive at the age of nine or ten years, and many of the boys are allowed to go two or three years beyond that period.

The eyes of all nations are now bent upon this country, with intense interest ; for her future prospects are wrapped in an impenetrable obscurity. Should she continue in a state of war, her very nationality may be taken from her, and the manes of Montezuma terribly avenged ; and let peace accrue sooner or later, it must deprive her of some of the richest of her territories.

She has declined European mediation, and would perhaps treat with the same contempt similar offers from an American power. Yet every day is depriving her of new possessions, and every battle of her bravest defenders. Her commerce is ruined, her fields devastated, her cities captured, and her capital threatened by a victorious army. Who may tell her fate, define her future boundaries, or compute her chances of national existence? Will she spring aloft from the destroyer, happier and wiser from experience, and renovate her manners and government? or will her sad people collect in groups upon every sierra, and weep over the triumph of their enemy? In fine, shall the nation of which so much has been anticipated, still exist as a nation, or must she remove from her high position, lower the flag of her independence, and remain only as a mournful example that deliverance from foreign control can never render a people wise or powerful, unless they have among them the elements of self-government?

RESACA DE LA PALMA.

COME and listen, while I tell of the battle that befel

On the frontiers of our country, one pleasant morn in May :
When the Mexicans came forth o'er the " River of the North,"

Filled with hopes of easy conquest, filled with ardor for the
fray.

We had marched, with measured tramp, from our sadly furnished camp,

Through a wild and broken country to our Fort at Isabel ;
For our food was failing fast, and our powder would not last,
And, to silence Matamoras, were in want of shot and shell.

Having loaded our supplies, word was brought us by our spies,
That the Mexicans were waiting us, with twice three thousand men ;

So we knew we had to fight, but we heard it with delight,
Though we numbered with the enemy as scarcely four to ten.

Soon we came to where they stood, flanked by water and by wood,

And their cannon swept the road—but we saw it undismayed ;
Though our General, at the best, was indifferently dressed,
In a dingy green frock-coat and in pants of cottonade,

And a broken old straw hat ; but we did not care for that—

For calm resolve was on his brow and fire within his eye,
As he turned to Captain May, and we heard him coldly say,
“ Yonder cannon must be ours ; you must take them, sir,
or die !”

Quickly then he to us rode, while his heart with daring glowed—

The high heroic heart of the gallant Captain May—
And we saw his beard and hair, streaming back upon the air,
As, passing on, he shouted—“ Charge !” and boldly led the way.

Oh ! they heard us from afar, ringing out our wild hurrah,
And they looked on one another, and their swarthy cheeks
were pale ;

For they felt that, if we came, though they vomited out flame,
Nor cannon balls, nor musketry, nor courage could avail.

First, we broke into a trot, till we felt the foemen's shot,
Then, like resistless torrent, or a storm-wind in its wrath,
Onward, onward we went dashing—o'er the breastwork we
went crashing,
And, through and through the Mexicans, we cut our bloody
path.

Hand to hand, with the brand, wherever they would stand,
We cut, and we thrust, and we galloped to and fro—
Till they scattered were pell-mell, like the bursting of a shell,
And we thought it all unmanly to strike a flying foe.

Honor to "Rough and Ready," with his mien so calm and
steady,
And honor to brave Captain May, and honor to the slain—
Worthy subject of old Runes were the onslaught of dragoons,
Who fought the fight, and won the fight, upon our Texian
plain !

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WORTH.

WILLIAM J. WORTH was born in the state of New York, and when a boy, was engaged in a store in Albany. When quite young, the disputes between France and England seemed likely to draw our country into a war with one of the great powers ; and when these fears were realized, Worth was one of the first to apply for a

commission in the army. His request was granted, and he received the appointment of 1st lieutenant in the 23d infantry, on the 19th of March, 1813.

In the battle of Chippewa plains, Worth acted as aid to General Scott, and when the nature of that officer's duties are remembered, it will be acknowledged that this was a dangerous and responsible station. Yet he won the admiration of his superior by his excellent conduct, and was noticed by General Brown in complimentary terms. He was further rewarded by a commission as captain, dated August 19th, 1814.

In the sanguinary battle of Niagara, Worth had a further opportunity of proving his military talents. In order to appreciate his services, it will be necessary to remember that General Scott performed most of the active services of that battle ; and his aids were required to be in every part of the field, often between the fires of both armies. Worth's escape from death seems almost miraculous, though with most of the commanding officers, including Brown and Scott, he was severely wounded. For some time after the capture of the enemy's battery by Colonel Miller, the two armies were within a few yards of each other, and some of the officers for a short time even commanded sections of their antagonists. When evening arrived, both armies were so completely satiated with slaughter, as to be unable to make further effort.

Captain Worth was rewarded for his bravery in this action, by the thanks of his superior officers, and the rank of major. Although he performed good service during the remainder of the war, yet he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself. At its close he was honored by

an appointment to superintend the West Point Academy, in which responsible station he won the esteem and confidence of all concerned. He was brevetted lieutenant-colonel on the 25th of July, 1824; appointed major of ordnance, in 1832, and colonel of the 8th infantry regiment, July 7th, 1838.

In Florida, Colonel Worth was enabled to act a rather more conspicuous part, than most of the officers in that unfortunate war. The precision that characterizes all his movements was of the utmost service during the campaigns of 1841 and 42, when he compelled several parties of the Indians to surrender. He was brevetted brigadier-general on the 1st of March, 1842. On the 19th of April, he fought the battle of Palaklakhaha, in which a large body of Seminoles were entirely defeated, and several of their chieftains subsequently obliged to surrender.

When General Taylor marched from Corpus Christi to make war upon Mexico, Worth was the second in command, and led the main army to the Rio Grande, while the commander moved towards Point Isabel. Worth planted the flag of his country on the Rio Grande, with his own hand. Soon after, Colonel Twiggs arrived, and claimed the command of Worth's division, on account of priority of commission. His claim being substantiated by the proper documents, Taylor was obliged to confirm it, and Worth, considering himself aggrieved, left the army, reached Washington, and tendered his resignation. In doing so, however, he displayed all the delicacy and reluctance which such a step was calculated to inspire, and expressed his hope that should actual

hostilities take place he might be permitted to resume the command, and declared his entire approbation of the conduct of the commanding general. While at Washington, the aspect at the seat of war changed. News arrived of the danger of Taylor at Fort Brown, and soon after of the march to Point Isabel, and the battles of the 8th and 9th of May. Worth immediately applied for his commission ; it was granted, and he hurried on to Texas. He was received by General Taylor with open arms ; and conducted the negotiations attending the capitulation of Matamoras.

But another and nobler field was now offered to him at Monterey. General Taylor, with the generosity of a true soldier, intrusted him with the attack upon the Bishop's palace ; an almost impregnable fortress, commanding a steep and rocky height, and the key of the road to the interior. This was considered by the whole army as an almost desperate undertaking, and none who saw the division of the general march from camp toward the palace, expected to see half of them return. The peculiar situation of Worth favored this belief ; as it was supposed that, in order to atone for his lost opportunities, and stop the voice of calumny, he would rush headlong into danger, and recover his reputation at every hazard. Worth acted differently. He felt his duty to the soldiers, and allowed no personal feeling to hinder its execution. Where the Americans expected the heaviest loss, and perhaps total failure, they were scarcely injured. During the whole time, the troops labored in range of the enemy's guns, crossing ravines, climbing rocks and ledges, wading through water, and carrying

their cannon up precipitous cliffs. Worth was all the time on horseback, riding from post to post, and using every effort to cheer his men in their laborious duties. His conduct is mentioned by the commander in terms of the warmest approbation.

Worth was one of the commissioners at the negotiations for the capitulation, and performed efficient service during the evacuation of the city. He was subsequently detached to Saltillo, where he remained until January, at which time he marched for the Gulf coast to join General Scott.

At Vera Cruz, General Worth was the first officer that formed his troops in line after their landing. His services in the siege were valuable; and he was the head of the American deputation to arrange the terms of capitulation. When the Mexicans had left the city, Worth was appointed governor, and occupied it with his brigade. His prompt and exact measures soon resuscitated the trade and commerce of the city, and repressed the disorders which had long disgraced it.

On the same day that the battle of Sierra Gordo was fought, Worth took unresisted possession of the town and fortress of Perote, in which were found immense stores of ammunition, cannon, mortars, and small arms. This is one of the strongest castles in Mexico. Here he remained for some time, principally engaged in perfecting the discipline of his army. The movements of Santa Anna called him from his retirement, and after the battle of Sierra Gordo he was very active in cutting off supplies from the Mexican camp. Early in May he advanced toward Puebla, and on the 14th he was met by

Santa Anna with a detachment of about three thousand men, most of them cavalry. A skirmish ensued, several Mexicans were unhorsed, and the whole force returned to the city. The next morning, before daylight, Santa Anna left for the interior, and at 10 o'clock the Americans obtained quiet possession. The city of Puebla is well built, ornamented with numerous public buildings, and contains eighty thousand inhabitants.

This has proved the last military achievement of General Worth. The same inaction which a paucity of troops imposes on all the other officers of the Mexican war, is shared by him; and until this is obviated, we have little reason to suppose that we will have occasion to crown him with *fresh* laurels.

General Worth possesses a tall, commanding figure, a full front, and is said to be the best horseman, and handsomest man in the army. In discipline he is very rigid, but is a universal favorite with the soldiers, by whom his appearance is always cheered. His great attachment to General Taylor has been the subject of frequent remark; and when the commander was called to part with so many of his officers, prior to the battle of Buena Vista, with no one was he more loth to part than with Worth. The General never appears with his troops except on horseback, and he seems perfectly conscious of his skill in riding. On such occasions he forms a most singular contrast to his brother officer, who is one of the most awkward equestrians in Mexico.

Worth possesses fine talents other than military. He seems to be one of those who are born to distinguish themselves in any occupation into which fortune may



General Worth at the Siege of Monterey—Bishop's Palace in the distance.

throw them. He is a firm friend, an agreeable companion, and possesses a sort of chivalric frankness and kindness of heart, which, notwithstanding his strict discipline, endear him to the whole army.

GENERAL WORTH AT MONTEREY.

FEW who saw General Worth march toward the Bishop's Palace, on the morning of the 20th, ever expected to see him return. He had missed Palo Alto and Resaca Palma; and his feelings were known to be sad and chafed at the late unfortunate differences between himself and government. It was well understood that General Taylor had given him the responsibility of a separate command mainly out of delicacy to his misfortunes; and all supposed that he would establish his reputation as a general, by pushing forward, through uproar, confusion, and death, to the cannon's mouth. As the brave fellows filed by their comrades, many a pitying glance was cast upon them, and many a brave heart ached as it sighed forth an involuntary farewell. The General was silent. He appreciated the magnanimity of his brother veteran, and burned to prove that it was not misplaced; but no doubt thoughts were then crowding upon his mind which were never permitted to pass the lips, and he knew and felt that something dearer than life was resting upon the possibility of capturing a seemingly impregnable fortress.

The division marched to a hill, and passed the night almost within range of the Palace guns. Long before daylight the rolling of drums and the loud shouting of the sentinels roused the soldiers to arms, and they soon recommenced their toilsome march. After winding in silence up the steep ascent, they arrived at a ridge, dimly seen through the twilight, projecting over their heads. They turned it, and directly in front were the muzzles of the enemy, frowning with seeming impatience upon them. But it was too late to pause. On they went, sweeping up the rocky path, their artillery echoing from hill to hill, as the horses galloped over the hard ledge. Suddenly the enemy burst forth, and ere the thundering discharge had rolled away in the distance, storms of iron hail came battering over the rocks, and scattering broken bushes and flinty stones in all directions. Still the troops bore on, winding along a deep gorge, till they reached another ridge about three-quarters of a mile from the first, and under the summit of a high hill. Upon reaching this, they beheld in advance a body of cavalry, splendidly mounted and caparisoned, with their lances sparkling in the early sunbeams, and preparing for a charge. Immediately Captain Gillespie galloped along the flank of his Texan rangers, ordering them to dismount and place themselves in ambush. They obeyed, and the next moment the enemy swept within a few yards of them. All at once the rangers poured forth their fire, and man and horse plunged headlong over the rocks. McCullock's troops now dashed into their broken ranks, and closely following came the 8th infantry, led by the gallant Longstreet. The enemy fought furiously, and

hand to hand the fierce cavalry charged each other, rolling backward and forward upon the rocky height.

Meanwhile Colonel Duncan had been preparing his battery, and soon its heavy discharges, and the rushing of the terrified horses, announced that the conflict was about to terminate. The enemy fled up the hill, in wild confusion, followed by the infantry of the Americans, who, as they moved, fired volleys of musketry at their foe. The Mexicans lost thirty men killed; among them a captain, who fell under three wounds, while fighting with the most determined bravery.

About noon, Captain C. F. Smith, with two companies of the artillery battalion and four of Texan rangers, was ordered to storm the second height. The undertaking was a fearful one. Five hundred yards intervened between them and the foot of the hill, their way lying over perpendicular rocks, heaps of loosened stones, and thorn bushes; while on every peak and thicket above were glittering rows of Mexican infantry, prepared to pour upon them showers of musket balls. The party, however, did not for one moment dream of danger. Under their gallant leader, they were prepared for any service and any danger; and after the command to march was given, they were soon out of sight, behind a ridge of rocks. Their companions watched, with beating hearts, for their re-appearance; till at length, fearful for their safety, Captain Miles with the 7th infantry, was detached to their support. Instead of taking the same route as the first party, they moved rapidly toward the hill in the very breast of the redoubt, until they arrived at the shores of the San Juan, which winds along a

ledge. They paused a moment; and the next were wading across the swift current, which was plunging and foaming with the showers of balls that incessantly ploughed its surface. They landed, marched to the hill, and detached Lieutenant Gantt, to arrest the attention of the enemy, and if possible discover Captain Smith's party. They pushed up the hill, while shells and round shot flew in all directions, tearing up the shrubs and stones, and filling the air with showers of dust and gravel; and overhead, the sharp crack of musketry, echoing from cliff to cliff, announced that the infantry were not idle. Suddenly, the quivering bayonets of the first party glittering in the sunbeams, broke upon their sight. They arrived, rushed up the hill, and the next moment were sweeping the Mexicans from the summit.

The enthusiasm of the troops now became irresistible. Company after company marched up the rocky ascent, cheering and shouting until their voices arose above the roar of cannon, and confusion of battle. The Mexicans, unable to resist the fierce shock, deserted their works, and fled, to the number of a thousand, down the steep ascent towards their second fort. As they passed the rear gate, the Americans entered in front; and in a moment the national flag was playing in graceful folds over the breastworks, while the guns found in the fort commenced thundering away at the Bishop's Palace.

Thus was this important post taken, almost without loss on the part of the Americans; but it was only the commencement of the drama—the *Palace* was still

before the soldiers, with its massive frowning walls that seemed to bid haughty defiance to the utmost effort of any army. Rows of cannon and files of musketry bristled along its ramparts, and its very height was fearful to look upon. Yet the man who led the assailants was not to be deterred by difficulty. He had determined to accomplish, what he had marched for—to take the palace.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 21st, Colone Childs left the camp, with three companies, on his way to the palace. Their road lay over steep rocks, covered with loose fragments, or hedges of chapparal. They marched rapidly, but with muffled tread, until at day-break they found themselves within one hundred yards of a Mexican breastwork of sand-bags. Here, being discovered, they paused to await reinforcements. Three privates, however, had advanced ahead of their comrades, and were surprised by a party of Mexicans, to whom they surrendered. They were shot with their own muskets. Major Scott and Colonel Staniford now advanced to the support of Childs, toiling up the steep ascent, and obliged to carry a heavy howitzer upon their shoulders. When these reached the summit, the loud bursts of the howitzer, and the renewed firing of the palace, announced that the conflict had begun in earnest. All at once the Mexican force collected, and poured toward the howitzer in full gallop. The brave Rowland saw them coming, and prepared for the encounter. Another leap, and their horses would almost have touched the Americans, when a loud burst rang upon the air, and the dense mass rolled backward as though struck by

an earthquake. Then followed a peal of musketry, and the broken cavalry fled in terror from the unequal contest. In a little while the Americans followed them, rushed upon the palace, and entered it by a small aperture in the wall. The Mexicans were soon driven from the works, the guns secured, the star-spangled banner hoisted, and the Bishop's palace was our own.

On the 23d, General Worth entered Monterey with his whole division, and was soon involved in the stirring events attending its assault. As he rode from post to post, amid the shots that were flying thick and fast around him, his fine form seemed to grow with the danger, and the sadness of a previous day was entirely absorbed in the excitement of action and flush of victory. Here he remained in the very heart of the city, until news reached him that terms of capitulation were about to be offered, when he ceased all further operations.

No event in the life of General Worth has ever added more to his reputation as a general than this fine assault. It was conducted under peculiar circumstances—those which in some measure would have excused or palliated rashness. But he forgot self. The safety of his men was more dear to him than his personal fame; and with a feeling allied to that of the martyr, he determined to perform nothing but his duty, totally regardless of consequences. His disinterestedness was rewarded; and the post where all thought that slaughter would be wildest, was scarcely stained with American blood. How gratifying must have been the feelings of the general, as he reflected on the magnitude of his services, his little loss, and complete success!

MONTEREY.

WE were not many—we who stood
Before the iron sleet that day—
Yet many a gallant spirit would
Give half his years if he but could
Have been with us at Monterey.

Now here, now there, the shot, it hailed
In deadly drifts of fiery spray,
Yet not a single soldier quailed
When wounded comrades round them wailed
Their dying shout at Monterey.

And on, still on, our column kept,
Through walls of flame its withering way ;
Where fell the dead, the living stept,
Still charging on the guns that swept
The slippery streets of Monterey.

The foe himself recoiled aghast,
When, striking where he strongest lay,
We swooped his flanking batteries fast,
And braving full their murderous blast,
Stormed home the towers of Monterey.

Our banners on those turrets wave,
And there our evening bugles play ;
Where orange boughs above their grave
Keep green the memory of the brave
Who fought and fell at Monterey.

We are not many—we who press'd
Beside the brave who fell that day ;
But who of us has not confessed
He'd rather share their warrior rest,
Than not have been at Monterey ?

FALL OF COLONEL WATSON,

AT THE STORMING OF MONTEREY.

IN order to obtain a correct idea of the fierce assault on Monterey, we must withdraw ourselves from the pomp and formality attending the operations of the main armies, and follow individual companies, as they advance to the attack. Of these none were more conspicuous than that led by the gallant Colonel Wilson, who marched through the city during the hottest part of the conflict.

On the night of the 20th of September, his troops lay on their arms, and arose early in the morning, wet with heavy rains, and exhausted by fatigue and fasting. In this condition they advanced to the attack. Directly across their road was a field of corn, and as the men passed between the bending stalks, they knew not but that at each step they would hear the burst of the enemy's cannon, or a roar of musketry from thousands of concealed riflemen. For an hour they toiled through weeds and brambles, until emerging from the field, each soldier involuntarily started to see before him a huge battery frowning with artillery, and lined with thousands

of infantry. Its guns opened at once, and the blood of the youthful volunteers rushed thrilling through their veins, as they heard the whistling of balls, and felt that, for the first time, they were standing in the march of death. All was confusion and uncertainty, some were advancing to assault the redoubt, others were marching a different way to the city. Suddenly a single horseman swept across the field, and with a voice that arose above the peals of artillery, called the assailants from their line. It was Colonel Watson. He dismounted, and the next moment his noble steed reared high in air, and fell dead. "Men, shelter yourselves," shouted the colonel, and as though by one impulse, each one fell flat upon the ground, while around and behind them balls were falling like showers of hail. It was a moment of terror. The man is brave who can face an opposing army, even when he has the hurry of march and resistance to excite him ; but to lay inactive while thousands of balls from a sheltered foe are ploughing the ground around you, is something *more* than brave.

In a little while the fire of the enemy slackened ; and taking advantage of it, the colonel leaped from the ground, and called to his men to follow him. They hurried into the city, and entered a lane, apparently secure from the artillery. They had advanced a little distance, when a roar of cannon, succeeded by another and another, awakened them to a knowledge of their fearful situation. Three full batteries glared upon them from the distance of but one hundred yards, raking the street from one end to the other, while two twelve-pounders, opened upon them from the castle in front, and every

house, and every wall was bristling with rows of musketry. All at once this tremendous train opened. Then there was a pause, and as the echo rolled fainter and fainter in the distance, it was succeeded by the startling tones of command, the shrieks of the wounded, and the deep moans of the dying. On the devoted line marched, when a second discharge scattered their ranks like a whirlwind, and men and horse leaped in the air, and fell writhing beneath the hurrying feet of their companions. The earth shook under this heavy cannonade, and the strong old walls of Monterey toppled as though in an earthquake.

Over the space of two hundred yards the soldiers were exposed to this awful fire, without the possibility of resisting it. At length they halted at a cross street, and turned to survey the line of march. It was a sickening spectacle. Their track was traced with blood; and here and there groups of man and horse, dead and wounded, told of the points where they had received the discharges of artillery. Some were calling piteously to their companions, others raving in the agonies of death, and their last thrilling appeals, rendered more awful than battle itself the interval of death. Then the artillery re-commenced, sweeping the whole street, and crossing and re-crossing at every corner. Each man fled to a place of safety. Some leaped into ditches, others fell flat upon the ground, a few concealed themselves behind an old wall, and a large number sat down with their backs against the houses. On came the iron showers, rattling and crashing like hail, and sweeping soldier after soldier before it. The dead and wounded were lying at every spot. The

wretch who once fell, had no hope ; ball after ball would riddle him, until he was torn to pieces. Now a cannon-ball would strike one, and scatter the bleeding fragments in every direction ; and the next moment another would start from his bloody couch, utter a piercing shriek, and fall back dead. None that witnessed that terrible scene ever expected to escape unhurt. How they did is unaccountable. Balls were continually pouring around, above and beneath them ; under the arms, through the locks and clothing, and falling at their feet after striking the walls above. Thus the troops remained for a quarter of an hour, and then arose and formed, preparatory to making an attack upon the fort.

In the march, Colonel Watson became separated from his men, and soon after joined another column. The battle was still raging, but he rode from rank to rank, cheering and encouraging his men as calmly as though in a parade. Animated by his example, they forgot danger and weariness, and pressed on with alacrity. A flush of excitement—proud and patriotic—passed over his cheeks, as bending forward, he spurred his steed toward the head of the column. A moment after, the same steed was coursing wildly through the street, and his intrepid rider lay cold in death. He was shot in the neck by a musket ball.

Thus fell the pride and idol of the Baltimore volunteers, no less distinguished for his generosity and goodness of heart, than for his bravery and chivalry. Amid the well deserved praises bestowed upon the generals of that assault, little mention is made of his brave battalion, who with himself enacted so conspicuous a part ; but

were the complete history of their chivalric struggle on that day written, posterity would be proud to award them a share of glory not inferior to any corps who were battling with them.

ARMY SCENES IN MEXICO.

THE name of Mexico has long been associated with nothing but scenes of bloodshed and misery. Now and then, a passing remark is made, on the beauty of her scenery, or the splendor of her climate ; but this is soon forgotten, or, perhaps, overlooked in the eager appetite after the news of battle. But, to the contemplative mind, the one that is glad to remove from the sickening din where man is spilling the life-blood which may never be gathered, Mexico is replete with wonder and instruction. Like Spain, she is the country of romantic associations, and her history is a tale of mournful interest.

In the mother-country, the marbled fountains, and deep-tangled gardens of the Alhambra, tell of a high-spirited and enlightened people, who have passed away from the places that will never know them again ; and in Mexico, the same sad mementoes, the same lonely and deserted structures, guard in stately grandeur the tombs of a race, better than their conquerors. The once haughty Spaniard is now degraded and pusillanimous ; while the poor Indian, whose empire he wrested in the hurry for wealth, although moving as a slave among the

palaces of his ancestors, is his superior in every thing but rank ; and, as the Moors still fondly dream of recapturing their terrestrial Eden, so do the descendants of Montezuma ; and, under a skilful leader, who would dare affirm that they could not burst their fetters, and revel once more in the halls of Aztec ?

A prospect on one of the plains of Mexico, is a sublime and subduing sight. Often the ground is as level as a floor for many miles, and covered with high grass, which waves backward and forward like the undulations of the ocean. Far in the distance, high trees vary the scene, and farther still the mountains seem to rear their round heavy summits into the clouds—and, over all, the sun beams with that yellow, mellowed softness, so peculiar in southern regions. Buffaloes, jackals, and prairie-dogs infest the plains, and add a strange, *unhuman* appearance to the landscape. But that which particularly arrests the attention of the traveller, and assures him that he is far from home, is the innumerable variety of birds and insects, glittering with every tinge of beauty, and filling the air with their ceaseless humming. No country is richer in natural history than Mexico, and among her specimens are thousands unknown to other portions of the world.

There are some ruins in Mexico of buildings established by the Spaniards, which are rarely mentioned.—Of these are the stations of the Jesuit priests, soon after the conquest, which are scattered, in different numbers, through every State of the Republic. Several are on the Rio del Norte, and were subjects of frequent remark among the American soldiers, whenever observed.—

There is something sad connected with the sight of their mouldering domes and battlements, half concealed by coarse grass and chapparal. On them the missionaries bestowed their wealth and labor, fondly hoping that the rude and scattered tribes would flock to them as to a home. They adorned the walls with the most expensive sculpture, and painted the figure of a weeping virgin—their motto in every undertaking—upon the high battlements which overlooked the inland. Inside were spacious apartments, adorned with paintings and statues, and resounding with the sweet chantings of pious nuns; while surrounding every building were blooming gardens, traversed by paths and canals, and variegated with all that could rivet the attention, or charm the senses. Here the preacher erected his cross, and day after day taught the wondering Indian of another and better land, where the groves were even greener, and the streams clearer than in Aztec. Little did they imagine that in less than two centuries the descendants of their pupils would return to their degraded state, and that the romantic buildings, which towered like stars in the wilderness, and to establish which they had left home and relatives, and crossed an unknown ocean, would be mouldering in unvisited solitudes, and hear no sound save the batten of the jackal and vulture!

The most extensive of these settlements on the Rio Grande, is the one called St. Joseph's. Its grand court is about two hundred yards square, and the principal chapel is one hundred and five feet long, and thirty feet wide. The wing, containing the cells for the nuns, is about one hundred and fifty feet long, by fifty-seven in

width : the height of the principal dome is eighty feet. The court is surrounded by old buildings, sufficient for the accommodation of one hundred families, while the base of the wings is divided into small cells, built with great strength. All the battlements and towers are covered with the prickly pear, growing to the height of six feet above the walls, and with grass and mosquito wood, the common growth of the country, among which the bells lay scattered and broken, some in the court-yard and others in the cupola.

The main front of the building, opposite what was once the grand entrance, is adorned with a richness of statuary and architecture, so far superior to any thing of its class among the religious edifices of our country, that it strikes an American with awe and admiration. Besides many marble statues of full size, representing Christ, the Saints, and the Virgin, there are also plaster images of small dimensions, in an arch round the entrance, illustrating remarkable events in the history of Christ and the Apostles, and arranged in groups, each of which is surrounded by well preserved wreaths of *fleur de lis*. The entire exterior of these vast buildings, as well as the roofs, domes and parapets, have been painted in imitation of mosaic work, portions of which are not yet defaced. In a small chapel in the basement, which is still locked, are three statues, in a standing position, well preserved, and under the direct superintendence of the present keepers of the property. One of these represents the Saviour, with his side bleeding, hands and feet pierced, and crowned with thorns ; one is the Virgin, and the third the representation of some Saint.

The principal material of these edifices is rock and a kind of cement, which in its mouldering condition has the appearance of old lava. The sills of the doorways and the caps of many of the pillars, are of ponderous dimensions, and like the door-posts are of marble.

A strong evidence of most extensive labor in the establishment of these missions, is to be found in the canals which have been dug to irrigate, with the waters of the San Antonio river, large tracts of country, extending over leagues of land. In some places this plan of irrigation seems to indicate that in former years the drought rendered agriculture and horticulture unavailable without much artificial aid, and it proves too, as well as does the completion of such vast edifices, that the labor of large numbers of the aborigines must have been employed by the missionary priests and their associates in the work.

The dates of the completion of these edifices range along from the beginning to the middle of the last century, which makes some of them more and some less than one hundred years old ; so that although they are not of a very remote antiquity, yet the desolations of frequent war, and the corrosive nature of the climate, together with the rapid growth of wood and vegetation peculiar to the soil, gives to them the appearance of very ancient ruins. To say the least they are much older in appearance than any buildings of the United States, excepting, perhaps, the old Spanish cathedral at New Orleans, and the old Scandinavian fort at Newport, R. I.

Many of these stations of the interior have been destroyed by the Indian tribes, or during the long wars which have desolated Mexico ; others are completely

overgrown by rank vegetation ; but enough remain to attest their former splendor, as well as the labor and zeal of the men who could muster courage to leave their own country, and found a home for themselves and their fellow men, in the boundless wilderness.

Besides these Jesuit buildings, there are on the San Antonio river ruins of the little town of Goliad, which, like Moscow, was fired by the retreating inhabitants, when attacked by the revolutionists in the Texan war. Unlike the missions, no grass waves above its battlements ; the walls are bare and black, and on the ground charred fragments are heaped upon each other in wild confusion. The history of the city is a sad one, and as the wandering antiquary beholds for the first time its relics, he can scarcely realize that it was once the abode of song and happiness and merriment. On that dark and terrible night when a thrilling voice rolled along its sleeping streets, that the *avengers were coming*, each rushed from his couch, fled to the church, tore the gold and silver from the altars, flung burning torches among the draperies, and departed for ever. All night the flames tossed, and foamed, and roared, until the country beneath their lurid glare shone as brightly as day ; and when the sun arose upon the scene, Goliad was a mass of smouldering ruins.

Humorous scenes often take place among the American soldiers in Mexico, who are not accustomed to the climate and productions. The greatest enemy they have, not even excepting the Mexicans, seems to be *mosquitoes*. Not the frail, merry little nonentity of the north, that lulls us to sleep with his midsummer night's

song, and around whose feathered head, and web-like limbs, even children gather with admiration. No. Compared to the southern article, "these are but as *grasshoppers*." At the noise of *his* trumpet-like coming man and beast fly in terror, and the conquerors of Mexico relax from their haughty bearing, The diseases of the climate, brain fever, miasma, every foe to hygiene, compared to this vampire, are harmless. During the day, while the sun is withering nature, he basks in the ooze and bushes of the rivers, gathering strength; and when evening arrives, and men rush from their smothered retreat to enjoy the mountain breeze, he rouses to meet them. On comes the troop, their name being legion, sweeping in whizzing clouds like the African simoom; but woe to the wretch who would consider them as such, and fall upon his face. The cattle rush to the water at their approach, and the wild animals sink into the depths of the forest. All night long the *pseudo-sleeper* tosses and writhes beneath his shield-like covering, while his brain throbs with heat and suppressed breathing; but he dare not remove it. Above him are the mosquitoes, marching and countermarching with lean figures, and drawn weapons, ready at the slightest opportunity for the charge; and as the dense columns of reinforcements pour through every aperture, he can console himself only by picturing to his imagination the cool breezes and refreshing waters without, and by fixing his memory on *home*.

An officer in the American army has given so excellent a description of the pleasures of soldiering, that we cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing it, with such little alterations as style or subject may require.

‘ This country is distinguished above all other particulars, by its myriads of crawling, flying, stinging, and biting things. Every object has a spider on it. We are killing them all day in our tents. We never dare to draw on a boot, nor put on a hat or garment, without narrowly searching for some poisonous reptile or insect crouching in the folds ; and it is wonderful that we are not stung twenty times a day. Yesterday morning, while standing up at breakfast, (we never sit at meals in consequence of wanting the wherewithal to make a seat,) I felt some strange thing crawling up my leg about the knee. It did not take me long to seize it with my hand, and to disrobe. Looking into the leg of my drawers, I beheld a villanous-looking black and yellow creature, with a long bony tail. I called my mess to look at it, when Dr. Hoxey, who has been before in this reptile country, pronounced it a Mexican scorpion ; and told me, for my comfort, that it was as poisonous as a rattlesnake. No doubt when I clinched him with my hand, he struck *out* at my clothes, instead of *in* at my flesh. Thinks I to myself, there’s an escape. Besides these, we have musquitoes, centipedes, hordes of flies, and every thing else that crawls, flies, bites, or makes a noise. A gang of locusts have domiciled themselves in our camp, keeping up a clatter all night ; which is seconded by the music of frogs, and the barking of prairie-dogs. A few nights since, a panther came smelling up to the lines of our sentries. All these small nuisances are universally pronounced in camp as death to one’s patriotic emotions ; and a hard fight with the enemy, followed by a riddance of this pestilent country,

would be hailed by the whole regiment as a consummation of almost too much happiness. But here we are to stay, fighting insects and vermin, without any prospect of finding their masters, for whose special and appropriate use Nature seems to have formed them. Some few of our officers profess to be enamoured of this country. The air near the sea-coast is certainly fine, and one is at a loss to account for the sickness; but aside from that, I would willingly forego the possession of all the rich acres that I have seen, to get back from this land of half-breed Indians, and full-breed bugs.'

A predominant feature in the Mexican character is superstition, that invariable accompaniment of ignorance and bigotry. This throws a kind of solemnity around their demeanor, which on some occasions, and especially in certain localities, amounts to gloom or sadness. The Mexican regards his priest with an awe amounting to idolatry; and believes him capable of working miracles, raising the dead, and arranging the destinies of the departed. Round every church and every monastery and every mouldering building, a halo is thrown, which, like a contagion, withers and enslaves the mind. Amid all the antiquities of his country, the venerable pyramids, sculptured palaces, and extended lines of massive walls and battlements, crumbling in the darkness and solitude of the forests, he feels nothing but a gloomy dread of devils or wandering spirits, the same which prompted his ancestors to destroy the noble monuments of Aztecian science. Talk to him of the past, or draw an inference from it to apply to his own condition, and he shakes his head in ignorance and displeasure—such thoughts are

above his comprehension. Even the common occurrences and most necessary operations of life—such as planting, journeying, &c., are made the subject of religious instruction and anxiety; and the soul that moves all society, to which all others are but automatons, is the priesthood.

The religious orders have ever fostered this feeling, and used every exertion to maintain their unhallowed supremacy. Along every road, and upon the sides and tops of mountains, the traveller beholds small crosses, before which every Mexican must bow in passing; and it is no uncommon sight to observe groups of men, women, and children, on their knees before one of these crucifixes. Sometimes a solitary penitent is there, with long black tresses floating on the wind, and eyes capable of witching the astonished beholder; and yet she inspires sadness, for we feel that the part enclosed in that beautiful frame, and which might sparkle with glorious effulgence, is a subdued and broken thing, condemned to perpetual slavery. The effects of this superstition pervade every condition of life, and render the Mexicans indolent, servile, and dependent; so that the country, which, under able and enlightened influences, might become what Old Spain once was, is now a national albino, an infant credulous and cowering under the unprincipled management of her nursery-like rulers.

Another characteristic of the Mexican is dishonesty. This is so prevalent among the lower classes, that they have made a virtue of necessity, and consider thieving as an honorable employment. No ranchero ever permitted a proper opportunity to escape him. Travellers

who have no money nor jewels, are eased of their superabundant clothing, and ladies very frequently receive the same kind civilities. Even the foreign consuls when officially engaged are obliged to be continually on the alert; and the happy merchant, as he trudges across the valley with his silver-laden mules, is frequently disburdened, in an unaccountably short space of time, from the anxieties of riches. The civil wars of Mexico have afforded rich harvests for these transactions; and government itself, anxious to monopolize so lucrative an employment, has swept estate and fortune from many of the grandees, at the same time administering the healing reflection, that a true patriot delights to benefit his country.

A group of Mexican Indians, released from daily toil, and enjoying the pleasures of gossip in the refreshing evening breeze, is a sight grotesque and relieving. The great dread of these beings is hard work; and once loosened from this, they fling aside all care, and riot in uncontrolled enjoyment. The appearance of a laboring Indian is a great preventive of seriousness. His mouth is wide, his hair long and uncombed, and his dress open both for addition and variation. On the countenance there is a peculiar leer, between a grin and a laugh, which, with his other accomplishments, tends powerfully to throw a reflective cast on the countenance of the beholder. And when, with all these advantages in full play, he rises to thrum on a broken guitar, the star of every evening assembly, the beholder has before him a concentration of every thing ludicrous and ridiculous.

The dance of these people is however graceful, and

their inexhaustible humor makes these nightly frolics a source of passionate pleasure. The Indian is a far happier being than his master; he never reflects; never thinks of the future; never hopes for a change of lot. His father was a slave—so is he; his child will be one. Hence he is not troubled with the choice of a profession. Freedom to him means having a lighter skin and constantly fighting; and its real character, its power to renovate and ennoble him, is as incomprehensible as is the idea of Deity to an Australian. He is a mournful comment on oppression—the blasted relic of a powerful empire.

The Mexican cavalry, either in parade or on the field of battle, present a stirring spectacle. One of their most singular weapons is the long lance, similar to that used by the knights of romance; and indeed, their whole appearance is not unlike those famous warriors. Their horses are gayly caparisoned, spirited, and under perfect control; and when five or six thousand are sweeping along in one dense wave, with helmets and lances glittering in the sun, and the whole enveloped in thick volumes of dust, the display is grand. In the civil and revolutionary wars, the cavalry has always been the arm most relied upon; and the most obstinate fighting at Buena Vista, performed by the Mexicans, was by the lancers.

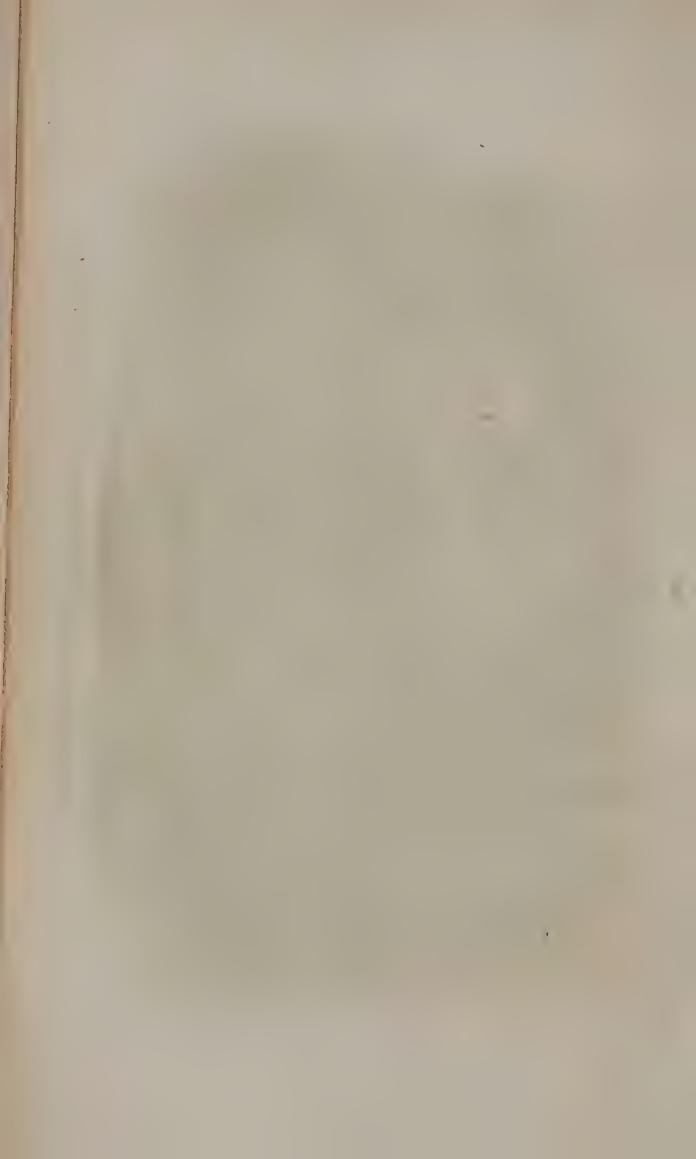
Altogether, Mexico presents a singular spectacle. She is a nation without government; she exists without the qualifications to do so; and is at present in open war with a power against whom she has never been able to stand in battle, and who, but for the climate, could in one

campaign annihilate her; yet against all these difficulties she perseveres with a courage worthy of success, and that courage may give the historian abundance of future labor. Mexico is not yet conquered; but even should she be, it seems difficult to suppose that her people would submit with tameness to the dominion of foreigners.

THE CITY OF MONTEREY.

MONTEREY is one of the strongest cities of the Western continent. This distinction it owes not so much to the nature of its position, as to the extent and construction of its walls and other defences. The walls are of immense thickness, and constructed of a species of stone very difficult to split; and it has eight large redoubts, mounting many guns, and provided with loop-holes for musketry. There are also large stone buildings, built expressly for defence, and each dwelling house is surmounted in front with a parapet, which in case of assault forms a breastwork of about three feet high. From this soldier or citizen can severely annoy an assailing army, with perfect security to themselves. During the siege by General Taylor, each house was also bored for musketry, so that the American troops were not only exposed to direct and cross fires from the batteries at every corner, but also to a galling range of musketry, which raked their flanks throughout every street.







Monterey, from the Bishop's Palace.

The houses of Monterey are built of white stone, are square in shape, and in height rarely exceed two stories. The walls are very thick, and altogether, the aspect of the city is strange to an inhabitant of the North. The architecture is strictly Moorish, and many of the houses are crumbling with age. The city covers a large area, but it is destitute of the compactness of those in the sister republics. In the centre is a large square called La Plaza, and round this the houses are large, numerous, and regular. This is the business quarter; the stores of Spaniards, Englishmen, Americans, Germans, Dutchmen, and Frenchmen, are here ranged side by side; and during the business hours of the day a Babel of dialects bewilders the wondering uninitiated. As we recede from this place the buildings are smaller in size and separated from each other; until toward the walls, the whole presents the appearance of a widely scattered village. The houses have dwindled into small huts, surrounded by extensive fields, and connected with the *municipal* region by small lanes. This has one great advantage—it renders the city healthy—the greatest of all blessings in a Mexican city. Many of the gardens are also beautiful; and amid the long hedges and tall chapparal, Monterey has her scenes of evening enjoyment, equal to any in the villages of Mexico.

The inhabitants of Monterey present the usual Mexican character, except that they seem to be less sprightly than those of the other cities. They are sociable to strangers, and generally very hospitable; but indolent in habits, and filthy in appearance. Both men and women are fond of dancing, and this, with conversation,

forms their chief amusement. Throughout the day the time is generally spent in sleeping or lounging ; but in the evening parties meet together for dance and song, according to the immemorial custom of all Spaniards. These parties are often made the occasions of great festivity, especially on important holidays.

GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

BY AN EYEWITNESS.*

Camp at Buena Vista, Feb. 24, 1847.

MESSRS. EDITORS :—On the morning of the 22d, intelligence reached General Taylor, at his camp on the hill overlooking Saltillo from the south, that Santa Anna, whose presence in our vicinity had been reported for several days, was advancing upon our main body, stationed near the rancho Sancho Juan de Buena Vista, about seven miles from Saltillo. The general immediately moved forward with May's squadron of dragoons, Sherman's and Bragg's batteries of artillery, and the Mississippi regiment of riflemen, under Colonel Davis, and arrived at the position which he had selected for awaiting the attack of the enemy, about eleven o'clock. The time and the place, the hour and the man, seemed to promise a glorious celebration of the day. It was the

* A correspondent of the New Orleans Tropic.

22d of February, the anniversary of that day on which the God of battles gave to freedom its noblest champion, to patriotism its purest model, to America a preserver, and to the world the nearest realization of human perfection—for panegyric sinks before the name of Washington.

The morning was bright and beautiful. Not a cloud floated athwart the firmament, or dimmed the azure of the sky, and the flood of golden radiance, which gilded the mountain tops and poured over the valleys, wrought light and shade into a thousand fantastic forms. A soft breeze swept down from the mountains, rolling into graceful undulation the banner of the Republic, which was proudly streaming from the flag-staff of the fort, and from the towers and battlements of Saltillo. The omens were all in our favor.

In the choice of his position, General Taylor had exhibited the same comprehensive sagacity and masterly *coup d'œil* which characterized his dispositions at Resaca de la Palma, and which crowned triumphantly all his operations amid the blazing lines of Monterey. The mountains rise on either side of an irregular and broken valley, about three miles in width, dotted over with hills and ridges, and scarred with broad and winding ravines. The main road lies along the course of an arroyo, the bed of which is now so deep as to form an almost impassable barrier, while the other side is bounded by precipitous elevations, stretching perpendicularly towards the mountains, and separated by broad gullies, until they mingle into one at the base of the principal range. On the right of the narrowest point of the roadway, a battalion of the

1st Illinois regiment, under Lieut. Colonel Weatherford, was stationed in a small trench, extending to the natural ravine, while, on the opposite height, the main body of the regiment, under Colonel Hardin, was posted, with a single piece of artillery from Captain Washington's battery. The post of honor on the extreme right was assigned to Bragg's artillery, his left supported by the 2d regiment of Kentucky foot, under Colonel McKee, the left flank of which rested upon the arroyo. Washington's battery occupied a position immediately in front of the narrow point of the roadway, in the rear of which and somewhat to the left, on another height, the 2d Illinois regiment, under Colonel Bissell, was posted. Next on the left, the Indiana brigade, under General Lane, was deployed, while on the extreme left the Kentucky cavalry, under Colonel Marshall, occupied a position directly under the frowning summits of the mountains. The two squadrons of the 1st and 2d dragoons, and the Arkansas cavalry, under Colonel Yell, were posted in the rear, ready for any service which the exigencies of the day might require.

These dispositions had been made for some time, when the enemy was seen advancing in the distance, and the clouds of dust which rolled up before him gave satisfactory evidence that his numbers were not unworthy the trial of strength upon which we were about to enter. He arrived upon his position in immense numbers, and with force sufficiently numerous to have commenced his attack at once, had he been as confident of success as it subsequently appeared he was solicitous for our safety. The first evidence directly afforded us of the presence

of Santa Anna was a white flag, which was dimly seen fluttering in the breeze, and anon Surgeon-General Lindenberg, of the Mexican army, arrived, bearing a beautiful emblem of benevolent bravado and Christian charity. It was a missive from Santa Anna, suggested by considerations for our personal comfort, which has placed us under lasting obligations, proposing to General Taylor terms of unconditional surrender ; promising good treatment, assuring us his force amounted to upwards of 20,000 men, that our defeat was inevitable, and that, to spare the effusion of blood, his proposition should be complied with. Strange to say, the American General showed the greatest ingratitude, evinced no appreciation whatever of Santa Anna's kindness, and informed him that whether his force amounted to 20,000 or 50,000, it was equally a matter of indifference ; the terms of adjustment must be arranged by gunpowder.

The messenger returned to his employer, and we watched in silence to hear the roar of his artillery. Hours rolled by without any movement on his part ; and it appeared that the Mexican commander, grieved at our stubbornness, was almost disposed to retrace his steps, as if determined to have no further intercourse with such ungrateful audacity. At length he mustered resolution to open a fire from a mortar, throwing several shells into our camp, without execution. While this was going on, Captain Steen, of the 1st dragoons, with a single man, started toward a hill, on which the Mexican General seemed to be stationed, with his staff, but before he completed the ascent the party vanished, and when he reached the top he discovered that two regiments had thrown themselves into squares to resist the charge. The Cap-

tain's gravity was overcome by this opposition, and he returned.

Just before dark, a number of Santa Anna's infantry had succeeded in getting a position high up the mountains on our left, from which they could make a noise without exposing themselves to much danger, and at a distance of three hundred yards, opened a most tremendous fire upon Col. Marshall's regiment. This was returned by two of his companies, which were dismounted and detached for the purpose, as soon as they could arrive within a neighborly range. The skirmishing continued till after dark, with no result to us, save the wounding of three men very slightly.

During the night, a Mexican prisoner was taken, who reported Santa Anna's force as consisting of fifteen pieces of artillery, including some twenty-four-pounders, six thousand cavalry, and fifteen thousand infantry—thus confirming the statement of his superior.

The firing on our extreme left, which ceased soon after sunset on the 22d, was renewed on the morning of the 23d, at an early hour. This was also accompanied by quick discharges of artillery from the same quarter, the Mexicans having established, during the night, a twelve-pounder, on a point at the base of the mountain, which commanded any position which could be taken by us. To counteract the effect of this piece, Lieut. O'Brien, 4th artillery, was detached with three pieces of Washington's battery, having with him Lieut. Bryan, of the topographical engineers, who, having planted a few shells in the midst of the enemy's gunners, for the first time effectually silenced his fire.

From the movements soon perceptible along the left

of our line, it became evident that the enemy was attempting to turn that flank, and for that purpose had concentrated a large body of cavalry and infantry on his right. The base of the mountain around which these troops were wending their way, seemed girdled with a belt of steel, as their glittering sabres and polished lances flashed back the beams of the morning sun. Sherman's and Bragg's batteries were immediately ordered to the left; Col. Bissell's regiment occupied a position between them, while Col. McKee's Kentuckians were transferred from the right of our line, so as to hold a position near the centre.

The second Indiana regiment, under Col. Bowles, was placed on our extreme left, nearly perpendicular to the direction of our line, so as to oppose, by a direct fire, the flank movement of the enemy. These dispositions having been promptly effected, the artillery of both armies opened its fires, and simultaneously the Mexican infantry commenced a rapid and extended discharge upon our line, from the left to McKee's regiment. Our artillery belched forth its thunders with tremendous effect, while the Kentuckians returned the fire of the Mexican infantry with great steadiness and success; their field officers, McKee, Clay, and Fry, passing along their line, animating and encouraging the men by precept and example.

The second Illinois regiment also received the enemy's fire with great firmness, and returned an ample equivalent. While this fierce conflict was going on, the main body of Col. Hardin's regiment moved to the right of the Kentuckians, and the representatives of each State seemed to vie with each other in the honorable ambition of doing the best service for their country. Both regiments gal-

lantly sustained their positions, and won unfading laurels. The veterans of Austerlitz could not have exhibited more courage, coolness and devotion.

In the mean time the enemy's cavalry had been stealthily pursuing its way along the mountain, and though our artillery had wrought great havoc among its numbers, the leading squadrons had passed the extreme points of danger, and were almost in position to attack our rear. At this critical moment, * * * * * Several officers of Gen. Taylor's staff immediately dashed off, to arrest, if possible, the retreating regiment. * * Major Dix, of the pay department, formerly of the 7th infantry, * * and seizing the colors of the regiment, appealed to the men to know whether they had determined to desert them. He was answered by three cheers, showing that * * * * * they were not unmindful of an act of distinguished gallantry on the part of another. A portion of the regiment immediately rallied around him, and was re-formed by the officers. Dix, in person, then led them towards the enemy, until one of the men volunteered to take the flag. The party returned to the field. * * * * *

While the day, however, by this disgraceful panic, was fast going against us, the artillery was advanced, its front extended, and different sections and pieces under Sherman, Bragg, O'Brien, Thomas, Reynolds, Kilburn, French, and Bryan, were working such carnage in the ranks of the enemy as to make his columns roll to and fro, like ships upon the billows. His triumph, at the Indiana retreat, was but a moment, and his shouts of joy were soon followed by groans of anguish, and shrieks of expiring hundreds.

Washington's battery on the right had now opened its fire, and driven back a large party of lancers, advancing in that direction. Along the entire line the battle raged with great fury. Twenty-one thousand of the victims of Mexican oppression and the myrmidons of Mexican despotism were arrayed against five thousand Americans, sent forth to conquer a peace. The discharges of the infantry followed each other more rapidly than the sounds of the Swiss Bell-Ringers in the fierce fervor of a *finale*, and the volleys of artillery reverberated through the mountains, like the thunders of an Alpine storm.

The myriads of Mexican cavalry still pressed forward on our left, and threatened a charge upon the Mississippi rifles, under Colonel Davis, who had been ordered to support the Indiana regiment. * * *

* * * * * Colonel Davis immediately threw his command into the form of a V, the opening towards the enemy, and awaited his advance. On he came, dashing with all the speed of Mexican horses; but when he arrived at that point from which could be seen the whites of his eyes, both lines poured forth a sheet of lead that scattered him like chaff, felling many a gallant steed to the earth, and sending scores of riders to the sleep that knows no waking.

While the dispersed Mexican cavalry were rallying, the 3d Indiana regiment, under Colonel Lane, was ordered to join Colonel Davis, supported by a considerable body of horse. About this time, from some unknown reason, our wagon-train displayed its length along the Saltillo road, and offered a conspicuous prize for the

Mexican lancers, which they seemed not unwilling to appropriate. Fortunately, Lieutenant Rucker, with a squadron of the first dragoons, (Captain Steen having been previously wounded and Captain Eustis confined to his bed by illness,) was present, and by order of General Taylor, dashed among them in a most brilliant style, dispersing them by his charge, as effectually as the previous fire of the Mississippi riflemen. May's dragoons, with a squadron of Arkansas cavalry, under Captain Pike, and supported by a single piece of artillery, under Lieutenant Reynolds, now claimed their share in the discussion; and when the Mexicans had again assembled, they had to encounter another shock from the two squadrons, besides a fierce fire of grape from Reynolds' six-pounder.

The lancers once more rallied, and, directing their course towards the Saltillo road, were met by the remainder of Colonel Yell's regiment and Marshall's Kentuckians, who drove them towards the mountains on the opposite side of the valley, where, from their appearance when last visible, it may be presumed they are still running. In this precipitate movement, they were compelled to pass through a rancho, in which many of our valiant comrades had previously taken refuge, who from this secure retreat, opened quite an effective fire upon them.

* * * * *

At this time the Mexican force was much divided, and the fortunes of the day were with us. Santa Anna saw the crisis, and by craft and cunning sought to avert it. He sent a white flag to Gen. Taylor, desiring to know "what he wanted." This was at once believed to be a

mere *ruse* to gain time and re-collect his men, but the American General thought fit to notice it, and General Wool was deputed to meet the representative of Santa Anna, and to say to him that we "wanted" peace. Before the interview could be had, the Mexicans themselves re-opened their fires, thus adding treachery of the highest order to the other barbarian practices which distinguish their mode of warfare. The flag, however, had accomplished the ends which its wily originator designed, for though our troops could have effectually prevented the remainder of the cavalry from joining the main body, it could only have been done by a fire, which, while the parley lasted, would have been an undoubted breach of faith. . Although a portion of the lancers during this interim had regained their original position, a formidable number still remained behind. Upon these the infantry opened a brisk fire, while Reynolds's artillery, beautifully served, hailed the grape and cannister upon them with terrible effect.

The craft of Santa Anna had restored his courage, and with his reinforcement of cavalry he determined to charge our line. Under cover of their artillery, horse and foot advanced upon our batteries. These, from the smallness of our infantry force, were but feebly supported, yet, by the most brilliant and daring efforts, nobly maintained their positions. Such was the rapidity of their transitions, that officers and pieces seemed empowered with ubiquity; and upon cavalry and infantry alike, wherever they appeared, they poured so destructive a fire as to silence the enemy's artillery, compel his whole line to fall back, and soon to assume a sort of

saue qui peut movement, indicating any thing but victory. Again our spirits rose. The Mexicans appeared thoroughly routed, and while their regiments and divisions were flying before us, nearly all our light troops were ordered forward, and followed them with a most deadly fire, mingled with shouts which rose above the roar of artillery.

While our men were driven through the ravines, at the extremities of which a body of Mexican lancers were stationed to pounce upon them like tigers, Brent and Whiting, of Washington's battery, gave them such a torrent of grape as put them to flight, and thus saved the remnants of those brave regiments which had long borne the hottest portion of the fight. On the other flank, while the Mexicans came rushing on like legions of fiends, the artillery was left unsupported, and capture by the enemy seemed inevitable. But Bragg and Thomas rose with the crisis, and eclipsed even the fame they won at Monterey; while Sherman, O'Brien, and Bryan, proved themselves worthy of the alliance. Every horse with O'Brien's battery was killed, and the enemy had advanced to within a range of grape, sweeping all before him. But here his progress was arrested, and before the showers of iron hail which assailed him, squadrons and battalions fell like leaves in the blasts of autumn. The Mexicans were once more driven back with great loss, though taking with them the three pieces of artillery which were without horses.

In this charge the 1st Illinois regiment and McKee's Kentuckians were foremost. The pursuit was too hot, and as it evinced too clearly our deficiency in numbers,



Battle of Buena Vista.

the Mexicans, with a suddenness which was almost magical, rallied and returned upon us. They came in myriads, and for a while the carnage was dreadful on both sides. We were but a handful to oppose the frightful masses which were hurled upon us, and could as easily have resisted an avalanche of thunderbolts. We were driven back, and the day seemed lost beyond redemption. Victory, which a moment before appeared within our grasp, was suddenly torn from our standard. There was but one hope; but that proved an anchor sure and steadfast.

Thus thrice during the day, when all seemed lost but honor, did the artillery, by the ability with which it was manœuvred, roll back the tide of success from the enemy, and give such overwhelming destructiveness to its effect, that the army was saved and the glory of the American arms maintained. At this moment, however, let it never be forgotten, that while every effective man was wanted on the field, hundreds of volunteers had collected in the rancho, with the wagon-train, whom no efforts or entreaties could induce to join their brethren, neighbors, and friends, then in the last struggle for victory.

The battle had now raged with variable success for nearly ten hours, and by a sort of mutual consent, after the last carnage wrought among the Mexicans by the artillery, both parties seemed willing to pause upon the result. Night fell, and the American General, with his troops, slept upon the battle ground, prepared, if necessary, to resume operations on the morrow. But ere the sun rose again upon the scene, the Mexicans had disappeared, leaving behind them only the hundreds of their

dead and dying, whose bones are to whiten their native hills, and whose moans of anguish were to excite in their enemies that compassion which can have no existence in the bosoms of their friends.

THE MISSISSIPPIANS AT BUENA VISTA.

THE most trying scene for the Mississippi regiment was immediately after the retreat of Colonel Bowles' Indianians. At that time the battle was raging with a violence that shook earth and air for miles around. Cannon pealed after cannon, and thousands of muskets and small arms mingled together in one uninterrupted roar, while the neighboring mountains broke and rolled back the heavy sound as it leaped from crag to crag. Colonel Davis was ordered to advance and support the Indiana regiment. Before him were the cavalry with loosened reins and panting steeds, shouting from rank to rank, as they swept down upon the retreating regiments; while on either side, columns of infantry were marching and countermarching and raking the field with their rifles. But, cool and intrepid, the colonel rode to the front of his regiment and ordered them into line. They formed, and he galloped by the long-extended ranks, his eye ranging along every movement until they had formed into two lines which met in the form of a V, the opening toward the enemy. Nearer and nearer drew the Mexican steeds, until each rifleman trembled with excitement

and impatience. Colonel Davis was silent. Now their dresses could be distinguished, and the next moment their faces and features. High hopes and unbreathed fears were centered upon that little volunteer band, and the stern eye of the commanding General hung over them with an almost agonized intensity. All around them was clamor, and uproar, and the gushing of blood, and shrieks of mangled soldiers. Colonel Davis was silent. Would he retreat like the Indianians, or permit the enemy to crush him without resistance? Not long was the suspense. Sure of victory, each Mexican grasped his lance and heaved forward for the charge, when "Fire!" rang along the volunteers; a roar like thunder followed, and man after man sunk down in bloody heaps to the ground. Struck with dismay, the lacerated columns heaved back, and in mad confusion horse trod down horse, crushing wounded and dying beneath their hoofs, in the reckless rushings of retreat. It was a horrible moment; and when the pageant had passed away, heaps of mutilated beings were stretched along the ground, writhing in the extremities of agony. But a moment before they had been strong in life and hope; now they were torn and trampled into the earth, while the blood was pouring from a dozen wounds, and the heart hurrying on to its last throb.

GENERAL WOOL.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WOOL may be termed a self-made soldier. No undeserved favor of superiors has enabled him to rise to the high post he now occupies in the army; all is owing to his own industry, his own merit.

John E. Wool was born in Orange county, in the state of New-York. Of his childhood we are told little, except that at a very early age he lost his father, and removed to the country-seat of his grandfather, in Rensselaer county. He appears to have been a boy of good habits and enterprising disposition, but at first his talents leaned more toward commercial business than war. Accordingly, he was placed as clerk to an establishment in the city of Troy, where his fidelity and application were such as to secure him the esteem of his employers, and in due time was admitted to their number. Business prospered, and for a few years, he seemed to be in a fair way to acquire a wealthy independence. But these fair prospects were blasted by a fire which stripped him of every thing, and launched him upon the world, once more penniless. But a new field of enterprise now displayed itself; the difficulties between England and the United States concerning impressment were daily becoming more alarming; and in anticipation of war, numbers of young men flocked into the army. Among these was young Wool, who was commissioned as captain of the 13th infantry, on the 14th of April, 1812. In the fall of the same year he fought at Queenston Heights, and displayed



Arthur E. Wool

such courage and ability that he was rewarded with the rank of major of the 29th infantry. In 1814 he was with General Macomb at Plattsburg, where he led a separate command with efficiency and success. Before the main attack of the 11th, he fought the battle of Beekmantown road, with 250 men, mostly raw militia, against a very large force of the enemy. The struggle was long, and so bloody that more than 300 men were killed and wounded between Beekmantown and the Saranac river. The British were foiled in all their attempts to cross the river, and Wool remained master of the field. The victory was of great importance to the Americans, as it is more than probable that without it, a portion of the British troops, on the night of the 6th of September, would have slept within the American lines.

For this distinguished conduct Wool received the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel in his own regiment, and the thanks of Congress. He was subsequently in the unfortunate affair of La Cole Mill, in the battle of Adletown, and other smaller engagements, in all of which he displayed the same coolness and officer-like conduct, as he had displayed at Queenston. In 1816 he was appointed inspector-general, a situation of no little difficulty and hardship. In the performance of his duties he was obliged to journey through every part of the United States, often over mountains and prairies, through dense forests, and uninhabitable wilds, where no foot but the Indian's ever trod. In the territories of Indiana, Missouri, Illinois and Iowa, he was often in the woods for months, exposed to hunger, cold, and almost every hardship which man can endure, with only Indian guides, whose fidelity was ex-

tremely precarious. Yet his persevering mind overcame every obstacle, and he was uniformly cheerful and zealous, and always made it a point to sacrifice ease and pleasure to duty. His services were the theme of admiration to both civil and military officers, and he was not unrewarded by government. In 1826, he was brevetted brigadier-general in reward for ten years' faithful services as inspector-general ; and on the 25th of June, 1841, he received further promotion, as full brigadier-general, and intrusted with the command of the Eastern Division of the army, which had been vacated by the appointment of General Scott as commander-in-chief, on the death of General Macomb.

While inspector-general, Wool was engaged in some most important events not immediately connected with his office, but which rendered him for some time a conspicuous object to the army. The first of these was his commission to suppress the troubles on the Canada border. When the Canadians took up arms against the mother-country, numbers of individuals, prompted by sympathy and a kind of secret grudge against the old enemy, lent the insurgents their best wishes. Others went further. They transported supplies of provisions and military stores to them, and afterwards crossed the St. Lawrence to join their armies. These acts were considered by Great Britain as national assistance to treason, and, consequently her soldiers were not very lenient to the Americans who fell into their hands. Deeds of murder and robbery were given and retaliated, until the whole border was in a tumult of danger and excitement. The memory of these events is fresh to the

inhabitants of the United States. The whole country was oppressed with gloom and foreboding, and war with Great Britain was confidently expected. Had this been resorted to, it would have been far more terrible than any which has transpired since the days of Napoleon ; and it is probable that we were saved from it only by the genius of one man—that man was General Wool. By firmness and indefatigable exertion, he broke up the mob meetings, prevented the injury of British or American ‘bordermen,’ stopped all nightly parties whose object was plunder, and prevailed on the disaffected to surrender their arms and return home.

General Wool was appointed to superintend the Cherokee negotiation, during the arrangement for a treaty between them and the United States, prior to their removal west of the Mississippi. In this affair he acted with so much delicacy, as to win the acknowledgments of government, and the thanks of the Indians themselves.

A somewhat more pleasing event than those we have mentioned, was his military visit to Europe, whose object was to gather hints from the tactics and discipline of other countries, by which he might improve the army of the United States. He was cordially received in Europe. By invitation of Louis Philippe, he attended an anniversary celebration of the “Three Days,” at which he had the rare opportunity of seeing 70,000 men march before him, in all the exercises of review ; and he was subsequently a witness of the siege of Antwerp in Belgium.

On his return to the United States, Gen. Wool applied himself assiduously to the perfection of American tactics

as far as was consistent with his duties as inspector. In this he performed such efficient service, that on the breaking out of the present Mexican war, he was authorized by government to proceed to the West and organize for active duty the twelve-months volunteers of Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, Tennessee, and Mississippi. This was a task of no little difficulty. None of these men had been in battle, and under the mere impulse of the moment they had flocked to the national standard, strangers to discipline or subordination, and expecting to be led immediately into battle. At the least delay, they became impatient, and even commenced loud murmurs against their officers. They were without tents, baggage, or proper arms or ammunition. Besides this, a tedious correspondence was to be sustained, not only with the different departments of government, but also with the governors of six states, and many military authorities. Yet all this was satisfactorily accomplished in *six* weeks; in which short time General Wool raised, organized, and equipped, more than 12,000 men. In that short time, he passed and re-passed through almost all the western states, visiting depots, and barracks, and superintending the organization of each company at its arrival. Part of the troops were sent on to General Taylor, prior to the storming of Monterey; and the remainder were collected into a separate command, to be called the Central Division, and destined to act in New Mexico.

About the middle of August, 1846, Wool arrived at San Antonio. Here his army of about 3,000 men was concentrated, and one column in readiness to march.

By great exertions, the general was soon enabled to put half his men in motion ; leaving the remainder to be brought forward by Inspector-General Churchill, as soon as means of transportation and other indispensable supplies should arrive. In order to hasten the latter, he wrote for two hundred wagons and six hundred mules, to be shipped from New Orleans to Port Lavaca. On his arrival at that point, however, he found that nothing had been done for this purpose ; and it was only by rigid economy in the arrangement of his actual supplies, that he was not detained there a full month.

On the 8th of October, he arrived at the Rio Grande, and crossed into Chihuahua on the 10th. In his march he received many civilities from the inhabitants ; and the strict decorum of his army drew commendations even from the ill-disposed. On the 29th, he was at Monclovia, where he remained twenty-seven days, in consequence of the armistice subsequent to the capitulation of Monterey. On the 25th of November, after leaving two companies on the Rio Grande, and four to garrison Monclovia, he resumed his march toward the city of Chihuahua ; but on his way he received notice from General Taylor, that the expedition against that city had been abandoned, and that he might take up a position at Parras. This he did on the 5th of December.

While in this position, Wool received orders to collect all the grain and flour that could be obtained, and forward them to the army of occupation. He had just entered upon this service, when notice reached him from Brigadier-General Worth, that Santa Anna was marching on Saltillo with a large force, and entreated

Wool to join Worth with his column, as that officer had but 900 effective men. Wool received this notice on the afternoon of the 17th of December, and in two hours his force was in motion, with its heavy train of 350 wagons, containing the ammunition, hospital stores, and sixty days' rations for the entire command. In four days they reached Agua Nueva, twenty-one miles in advance of Saltillo, having marched in that time 120 miles. At the same time, General Worth called for General Butler and his command. Meanwhile, Taylor was on his way to Victoria; but upon receiving notice from Worth that Santa Anna was approaching, he returned to Monterey. This multiplicity of movements caused a clashing of commands; the result of which was, that General Wool was deprived of what he regarded as essential to his efficiency in the field—his principal staff-officers, and all his wagons, ammunition, hospital-stores, and provisions, leaving him only his baggage train—in short, reducing him to the command of a simple brigade. He protested against this and appealed to General Taylor; after which Butler was ordered to Monterey, and Wool placed in command of all the troops in and near Saltillo; and his authority continued even after the arrival of General Taylor, who merely retained a small company in Saltillo.

Thus the toilsome march of General Wool was brought to an honorable conclusion. It had the most beneficial effect upon all engaged, enuring the volunteers to fatigue, habituating them to the climate, and preparing the way for that endurance which they manifested at the pass of Angostura, and among the plains, gorges, and

ravines of Buena Vista. They had encountered barren plains, sandy ridges, cypress swamps, hog-wallow prairies, rapid torrents, mountain gorges, intense heat, and clouds of dust; yet they gallantly moved on day after day, and week after week, with an order, fortitude, and celerity, which gave promise of efficient assistance upon the battle field.

The honor of the choice of battle ground is said to belong to General Wool. Colonel Hardin first noticed the superior advantages of the field at Buena Vista, and pointed them out to Wool long before the battle was fought; and although General Taylor preferred Agua Nueva, he yielded his own judgment to that of his brother officer. So says report.

At Buena Vista Wool was the officer of the day, and a large share of the victory is justly his due. In the beginning of the battle he was ordered to advance in the very front of the enemy, which he did in fine order, and was soon engaged with immense masses of infantry and cavalry. He animated his men by the most extraordinary exertions of both voice and example, flying from rank to rank, wherever peril most showed itself, entirely heedless of the storm of bullets that was raining around him. He was in the middle of that terrible conflict, when the 2d regiment of Kentucky volunteers under Clay, Fry, and McKee, received the order to advance. In every one of those emergencies, when the day seemed lost, his shrill voice could be heard, piercing through the uproar of battle, and encouraging the troops to one more effort. His services are represented by General Taylor as invaluable.

The distinguishing feature of General Wool's character, is his attention to order and discipline. This makes him a most valuable auxiliary in such an army as that of the United States, composed in a great measure of volunteers, from every portion of our immense territory. In some respects, however, this is carried too far; and a common complaint against him is on account of a harsh, overbearing deportment to both officers and men. This deprives him of the popularity which would be inspired by a noble suavity like that of Worth, or such a disinterested frankness as characterizes Taylor. This is unfortunate; being merely the excessive exercise of those rare qualities which make General Wool one of the ablest officers in the American service.



THE KENTUCKIANS AT BUENA VISTA.

IN one of those dark moments, when the fortunes of Buena Vista seemed to be going against the Americans, McKee and Clay were detached with their Kentuckians, to resist the onset of the enemy. They sprung to the charge like eagles, marching over the most rugged and broken ground with the greatest celerity. They were watched by General Taylor with intense solicitude, for, should they retreat, the battle was lost. On they moved until they entered a valley broken up by masses of stone and deep ravines, and exposed to the fire of the enemy. All at once a strange commotion was observed

in their ranks. A hill concealed every thing but their heads from the general, and these were observed swaying hither and thither, and scattering as if in flight. The commander rose upon his horse and bent forward with deep excitement. A flight became more and more evident until he could no longer repress his emotion. Turning to his aid, Mr. Crittenden, who was standing near, he exclaimed with startling energy: "Is this conduct for Kentuckians?" The aid was silent, and the general again bent his anxious gaze upon the faithless regiment. Suddenly his features relaxed, and a flush of pleasure swept over his aged face—they had emerged from the valley in perfect order, each gallant leader in his place, and pushing onward to the battle. Silently and steadily they moved under the fire of the enemy, until within musket range, when one wide sheet of fire burst from their rifles, and the reeling ranks of Mexico announced that victory was once more with the Americans. At this sight the emotions of the general were too powerful to be controlled; and tears of exulting patriotism coursed down his cheeks.

But of those brave men that thus moved on to danger, under the deep determination to conquer, how many met death for the last time! The storm of that awful day passed by, and its thunder was hushed in the calmness of evening; but in every ledge, and by every stone, the mangled sons of Kentucky lay cold and stiff, in the dream that knows no waking. The young heart that had that morning bounded with patriotism at the sight of the enemy, was now spilling its blood where no friend would ever pause over its grave. In the last charge, man after

man fell before the Mexican cannon, until groups and masses lay piled upon each other over all the field. Colonel McKee fell pierced with a mortal wound, and was subsequently hacked and mutilated by the bayonets of the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Clay was wounded in the leg, and sat down to die. But his brave men rushed from their ranks, and bore him in their arms. The enemy saw it, and poured on, yelling like fiends. Unmindful of themselves, the sorrowing soldiers bore their beloved leader onward, until the road became so rugged that it was impossible for two to walk together. "Leave me, soldiers," exclaimed the dying youth, "and take care of yourselves." Still they bore on, until their burden lowered from their exhausted limbs, and with a gushing of deepest sorrow, they left him on the field. The next moment the Mexicans were by his side. But honor was yet too dear to him; raising himself on one arm he wielded his sword with a fury that for a moment held an army at bay. But at each motion the blood flowed faster from his wound, until he sunk exhausted. Then the enemy approached him, and a score of bayonets gritted together as they crossed in his lacerated frame.

BUENA VISTA.

BY CAPTAIN ALBERT PIKE.

From the Rio Grande's waters to the icy capes of Maine
Let all exult, for we have met the enemy again ;
Beneath their stern old mountains, we have met them in their
 pride,
And rolled from Buena Vista back the battle's bloody tide ;
When the enemy came surging, like the Mississippi's flood,
And the reaper, Death, was busy with his sickle red with blood.

Sant' Anna boasted loudly that before two hours were past,
His lancers through Saltillo should pursue us thick and fast ;
On came his solid infantry, line marching after line ;
Lo ! their great standards in the sun like sheets of silver shine !
With thousands after thousands, yea, with more than ten to one,
A forest of bright bayonets gleam fiercely in the sun.

Lo ! Guanaguato's regiment ! Lo ! Puebla's boasted corps,
And Guadalajara's chosen troops, all veterans tried before,
And galloping upon the sight, four thousand lances gleam,
Where, waving in the morning light, their blood-red pennons
 stream.

And there their stern artillery climbs up the broad plateau,
To-day they mean to strike at us an overwhelming blow.

Now, hold on strongly to the heights, for lo ! the mighty tide
Comes thundering like an avalanche, deep, terrible, and wide :
Now, Illinois, stand steady—Now, Kentucky, to their aid,
For a portion of our waving line is broken and dismay'd ;
A regiment of fugitives are fleeing from the field,
And the day is lost if Illinois and brave Kentucky yield !

One of O'Brien's guns is gone ! on, on ! their masses drift,
And their infantry and lancers now are passing to our left ;
Our troops are driven from the hills, and flee in wild dismay,
And round us gather thick and dark the Mexican array.
Sant' Anna thinks the day is gain'd, and, riding yet more near,
Minon's dark cloud of lancers sternly menace now our rear.

Now, Lincoln, gallant gentleman ! lies dead upon the field,
Who strove to stay those men that in the storm of bullets reeled ;
Now, Washington, fire fast and true ! fire, Sherman, fast and
far :
Lo ! Bragg comes thundering to the front to breast the adverse
war ;
Sant' Anna thinks the day is gain'd ; on, on, his masses crowd,
And the din of battle rises up more terrible and loud.

Not yet ! our brave old General comes—he will regain the day—
Kentucky, to the rescue ! Mississippi, to the fray !
Now, charge, brave Illinoisans ! and Davis drives the foe,
And back upon his rifles the red waves of lancers flow ;
Upon them, yet once more, my braves ! the avalanche is stay'd,
Back rolls the Mexique multitude, all broken and dismay'd.

Ho ! May ! to Buena Vista ! for the enemy is near,
And we have none there who can stop their vehement career.
Still swelling, downward comes the tide—Porter and Yell are
slain ;
Marshall before him drives a part, but still they charge in vain ;
And now, in wild confusion mixed, pursuers and pursued,
On to Saltillo wildly drift, a frantic multitude.

Upon them, with your squadrons, May !—out leaps the flaming
steel,
Before his serried columns, how the frightened lancers reel ;

They flee amain ! now to the left, to stay their triumph there,
Or else the day is surely lost in horror and despair ;
For their hosts are pouring swiftly on, like a river in the spring,
Our flank is turn'd, and on our left their cannon's thundering.

Now, brave artillery ! bold dragoons ! steady, my men, and calm,
Through rain, and hail, and thunder,* now nerve each gallant
arm ;

What though their shots fall round us here, still thicker than
the hail ?

We'll stand against them, as the rock stands firm against the
gale :

Lo ! their battery is silenced now ! our iron hail still showers—
They falter, halt, retreat ; Hurrah ! the glorious day is ours !

Now, charge again, Sant' Anna ! or the day is surely lost,
For back, like broken leaves, along our left your hordes are
toss'd—

Still louder roars his batteries, his strong reserve moves on ;
More work is there before you, men, ere the good fight is won ;
Now for your wives and children, men ! stand steady yet once
more !

Now for your lives, your honor, fight, as you never fought
before.

Ho ! Hardin breasts it bravely ! McKee and Bissell there
Stand firm, before the storm of balls that fill the astonish'd air—
The lancers are upon them too, the foe stands ten to one—
Hardin is slain ! McKee and Clay the last time see the sun ;
And many another gallant heart in that last desperate fray
Grows cold, its last thoughts turning towards its loved ones far
away.

* A portion of the day, during the battle, a hail storm swept over
the field, accompanied with thunder, lightning, and rain.

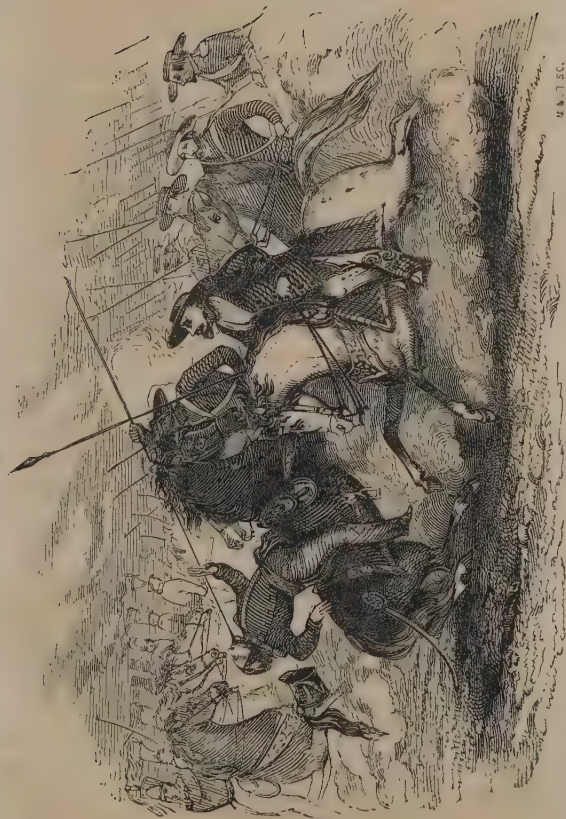
Still sullenly the cannon roar'd, but died away at last,
And o'er the dead and dying came the evening shadows fast ;
And then above the mountains, spread the cold moon's silvery
shield,
And patiently and pityingly look'd down upon the field ;
And careless of his wounded, and neglectful of his dead,
Despairingly and sullenly in the night the foeman fled.

And thus on Buena Vista's heights a long day's work was
done,
And there our brave old General another battle won :
And still our glorious banner waves, unstained by flight or
shame,
And the Mexicans, among their hills, still tremble at our name.
So honor unto those who stood ! Disgrace to those that fled !
And everlasting glory to the brave and gallant dead.



THE DEATH OF COLONEL YELL.

THE loss of the Americans in officers, at the battle of Buena Vista, is a subject of sorrow and astonishment. *One-eighth of the slain were officers.* Many of these were young men—in the full flush of hope and ambition, and endeared to their country by their valuable services during long marches, and by their heroism on the fatal battle-field. One of these was Colonel Yell. He had accompanied General Wool in his march through New Mexico, and commanded the regiment of Arkansas



Death of Colonel Yell.

mounted volunteers. Through the whole battle, he had behaved with the greatest bravery ; and when the Mexicans threatened an attack upon the wagon-train near Buena Vista, he was despatched to oppose them. The cavalry of the two armies met, and the short conflict was fierce and bloody. The Mexicans then divided, one part sweeping by the American depot, where they received a heavy fire from a force collected there ; and the other, passing on toward the main body. Colonel Yell was engaged with the latter ; and in the act of charging upon them, at the head of his regiment, he was killed with a lance, which entered his mouth, wrenched off his lower jaw, and crushed one side of his face. The Mexicans were repelled with heavy loss.

GENERAL TAYLOR AT BUENA VISTA.

THE most prominent event in the life of General Taylor—that which will forward his name to posterity, as one of the greatest of living Generals—is his conduct at Buena Vista. Palo Alto and Monterey had created his military fame ; but it belonged to a fiercer conflict, to a season of unparalleled hardship and danger, to establish it. Few men could have conquered at that battle, for it was one of those that baffle scientific skill, and whose emergencies cannot be foreseen, nor its incidents met, except at the moment of their development. The nature of the ground, the mixed character of the assailing army,

together with the disparity in numbers, rendered it by far the most remarkable military event ever enacted on this continent.

But it is in such emergencies as this that General Taylor is *at home*. Here, as difficulty after difficulty crowds upon him, his genius gathers its powers, and rises like a giant to meet them. While the detached cavalry of Santa Anna were scattering before the volleys of artillery, he sat quietly on his horse, with his telescope in his hand, and one foot over the pommel of the saddle ; but when from the roughness of the ground the Kentucky regiment, in whom lay all his hopes, appeared to be in disorder, his every nerve was alive with activity, and his face blackened with the intensity of excitement. Every manœuvre of the field was within his grasp, and every soldier felt that the eye of General Taylor was upon him. When he placed himself in the square of the Mississippians, they knew that victory was among them ; and no one of them would for a moment have thought of retreating while *he* was there.

A cardinal element of this victory was the mutual confidence of army and leader. Most of the soldiers had never fought under the General ; they knew him only as the hero of Resaca and Monterey, and as the companion of their hardships. But they had associated his name with victory, and during every peril of the battle, never dreamed of defeat. “ *They didn’t know when they were beaten.*” Perhaps no one idea was so prominent in the minds of those brave men during the whole conflict, as a desire to serve their commander—their reward was victory.



D. S. Wigg
1 Br. Gen U.S.A.

Such was General Taylor at Buena Vista. When the excitement ever attending a recent great event shall have subsided, and posterity will weigh the battle in the scale of history, Taylor will be assigned a place by Wellington, or Bonaparte himself. He may fight on other fields, and win for himself fresh laurels; but they cannot add to the zenith of his military renown.

GENERAL TWIGGS.

THE services of General Twiggs, prior to the Mexican war, were rather solid than showy. He entered the army as captain, March 12th, 1812, and served with ability until its close. A blank then intervenes in his history until May 14th, 1825, when he was promoted to the rank of major; after which we again hear little of him until he was made a colonel, on the 8th of June, 1836.

Like Worth, Colonel Twiggs marched with General Taylor from Corpus Christi, to take occupation of the department of Tamaulipas. When the army had crossed the Colorado, and were approaching Point Isabel, the commander was waited on by a delegation, protesting against his advance. While the conference was going on it was ascertained that Point Isabel had been fired, and immediately Colonel Twiggs was despatched to arrest the conflagration, and capture the perpetrators. Some of the houses were saved, and General Garcia with his Mexicans made a very narrow escape from being captured.

On the field of Palo Alto, Twiggs led the whole right wing of the army, and performed the most efficient service ; and on the following day, the greater part of the whole force was by turns under his eye. He commanded the van in crossing the Rio Grande ; and after the capitulation of Matamoros, was appointed governor of that city. For his valuable services in these trying scenes, government promoted him to the rank of brigadier-general.

The opportunity offered by the siege of Monterey, for the exercise of so much distinguished talent, was not lost to General Twiggs. He was ordered by the commander, to make a diversion to cover the attack of General Worth upon the Heights of Independence, and the execution of this duty brought him into close quarters with the batteries of the enemy. The conflict in the streets of the city was terrible, and no man behaved more bravely, or suffered greater loss, than did General Twiggs. Under his immediate direction, the troops of the 1st division fought heroically, and captured an advanced battery of the enemy, the guns of which were turned against them.

The good conduct of General Twiggs during the whole of this siege, is noticed by General Taylor in terms of high commendation ; and after the capitulation, he was honored with several posts of importance and responsibility. He continued to afford efficient aid to General Taylor, until the demand upon that officer for troops, when he was sent to the army of General Scott.

At Vera Cruz, Twiggs displayed the same coolness and bravery which had distinguished him at Monterey.


In taking the position allotted to him, he was obliged to march up a most difficult ridge, over a great part of which the cannon had to be lifted by the men. Having gained the height, he remained there until the surrender.

On the 3d of April, General Twiggs left Vera Cruz with 2500 troops, and marched toward the city of Jalapa. He was preceded by 500 men under Colonel Harney, and soon after starting, was followed by Colonel Bankhead with the 2d artillery regiment and a large train. On the 11th, the general reached the Plan del Rio, at which place the advance under Colonel Harney encountered and dispersed a body of Mexican lancers. On the following day he was joined by detachments under Generals Pillow and Shields. The same day he received notice that Major-General Patterson was sick, and the command of the whole thus devolved upon him. In the great battle of Sierra Gordo, his division performed as valuable service as any engaged. Colonel Harney was particularly distinguished. He pushed his command within full range of the enemy's guns, on the night of the 17th, and on the following day carried one of the strongest redoubts amid a heavy fire, and subsequently pursued the Mexicans to a considerable distance. At the same time Colonel Riley and General Shields crossed a deep ravine and took position on the Jalapa road, in order to cut off the retreat of the Mexicans. In this service Shields was severely wounded, and his command devolved upon Colonel Baker, who conducted it with ability for the remainder of the day.

On the 19th, Twiggs took undisputed possession of

the town of Jalapa, which was his last military achievement.

The subject of our sketch is a native of the state of Georgia. His excellent talents as a soldier and officer seem not to have been well understood, prior to the Mexican war; but he has now earned for himself an enviable reputation in military operations, and one which renders him worthy of the marks of distinction by which he has been honored from both public and private sources.



CAPTAINS O'BRIEN AND BRAGG,

AT BUENA VISTA.

THE artillery was the arm which won the battle of Buena Vista; and none distinguished themselves more in its management, than the two officers who form the subject of our sketch. They sustained, singly, the charge of the whole body of the enemy's lancers, a force numbering some thousands more than their own; and although each moment expecting that the crushing avalanche would sweep over guns and horses, yet they remained firm at their post, until victory was certain. The situation of O'Brien was peculiarly trying. A tremendous cross-fire of the enemy swept across the field, whistling and rattling on the stony surface, and driving back the small body of infantry which had been ordered to support him. At that moment he paused, and looking

behind, the danger of his situation burst upon him. Before him were the heavy columns of lancers, their trampling horses crowding upon each other, and the long rows of lances glittering and dancing in the sunshine; in the rear and flanks were the infantry, whose artillery had already driven away his only support. If he yielded, the day was lost; if he stood, he might be crushed to pieces. Two horses had fallen under him, and he had received a wound in the leg. Most of his cannoneers were dead or wounded, and some of the guns perfectly idle. He resolved to stand. Riding round and round his guns, he cheered his men for the terrible encounter, and exhorted them not to fire until the cavalry were within a few yards of the muzzles. On they came, shaking the earth under the gallop of their horses. Nearer and nearer they drew, until the raised hoof almost struck the cannon, when a roar like thunder burst forth, and scores of steeds and riders reeled back upon their startled companions. Then for a moment all was confusion, and the huge mass swayed to and fro in fearful uncertainty. But they again formed, and prepared for a decisive struggle. This was the fearful moment; hundreds of anxious eyes were bent intensely on the few devoted men, who were thus battling in the jaws of death. At this moment, the steadiness of the young cannoneers forsook them. They were unable to maintain their stations, and their captain grew pale with excitement, as he felt that victory was wrenched from his grasp. Slowly and sternly he left his guns, and retired to join the other artillery. But he was not unrewarded; he had remained long enough to

enable reinforcements to arrive; and to him, as much as to any man on the field, was the final victory owing.

Equally perilous was the service of Captain Bragg. All day his force was moving over the field, engaged at every point where it could be of any avail. When we remember that all his movements were across rocks and gullies where it was almost impossible to travel, we will have a better idea of their importance. Charge after charge was made upon him, and often he was forced to leave his heaviest artillery in some unprotected position, in order to arrive at a threatened position in time to be of service. He thus describes his last encounter with the enemy: "Knowing the importance of my presence, I left some of my heaviest carriages, and pushed on with such as could move most rapidly. Having gained a point from which my guns could be used, I put them in battery and loaded with canister. Now, for the first time, I felt the imminent peril in which we stood. Our infantry was routed, our advanced artillery captured, and the enemy in heavy force coming upon us at a run. Feeling that the day depended upon the successful stand of our artillery, I appealed to the commanding general, who was near, for support. None was to be had; and, under his instructions to maintain our position at every hazard, I returned to my battery, encouraged my men, and, when the enemy arrived within good range, poured forth the canister as rapidly as my guns could be loaded. At the first discharge I observed the enemy falter, and in a short time he was in full retreat. A very heavy loss must have been sustained by him, however, before he got beyond our range. My guns

were now advanced several hundred yards, and opened on a position held by the enemy, with a battery of heavier calibre than our own—the same from which our left flank had been driven in the afternoon. Under the support of the Mississippi regiment, I continued my fire until convinced that nothing could be effected—the enemy holding an eminence from which we could not dislodge him without a sacrifice which might compromise the success of the day. About sunset I withdrew my battery into the ravine in rear of our line, and took a position for the night from which I could readily move to any assailable point. Here I remained, officers and men on the alert, and horses in harness.”

Had the Mexicans managed their artillery with the same bravery as did these two intrepid officers, the American army must have been cut to pieces. Captain Bragg discharged *two hundred and fifty* rounds of ammunition from each of his guns; and during the whole battle, the ground seemed to reel with the incessant peals of heavy cannon. As the batteries poured forth their fiery showers, whole companies sunk shrieking to the ground; and in the morning, the masses of dead and dying, piled upon one another, told a fearful narrative of the artillery of the preceding day.

THE FIELD OF BUENA VISTA.

We find the annexed verses, by Don Jose Ho Ace de Saltillo, a Mexican poet, in a recent North American. It may be well to remark, for the information of our English and Canadian readers, that

the battle of Buena Vista is that in which General Taylor ("Old Zack") last defeated the Mexicans, and that the Mexican poet calls his own country Aztec, its ancient name, while he gives to the Americans the name of Alleghan or Alleghanian. The "sun" of Aztec and the "stars" of Alleghan are the banners of the respective combatants. The "patriot chief" is Santa Anna, the President of the Mexican Republic, and commander of the Mexican troops.

WE saw their watch-fires through the night,
Light up the far horizon's verge;
We heard at dawn the gathering fight,
Swell like the distant ocean surge—
The thunder-tramp of mounted hordes
From distance sweeps—a boding sound—
As Aztec's twenty thousand swords
And clanking chargers shake the ground.

A gun!—now all is hushed again—
How strange that lull before the storm!
That fearful silence o'er the plain—
Halt they their battle-line to form?
It booms again—again—again—
And through its thick and thunderous shock
The war-scream seems to pierce the brain,
As charging squadrons interlock.
Columbia's sons—of different race—
Proud Aztec and brave Alleghan,
Are grappled there in death-embrace,
To rend each other, man to man!

The storm-clouds lift, and through the haze,
Dissolving in the noontide light,
I see the sun of Aztec blaze
Upon her banner, broad and bright!

And on—still on, her ensigns wave,
 Flinging abroad each glorious fold :
While drooping round each sullen stave
 Cling Alleghan's but half unrolled.

But stay ! that shout has stirred the air !
 I see the stripes—I see the stars—
O God ! who leads the phalanx there,
 Beneath those fearful meteor-bars ?
“ OLD ZACK ”—“ OLD ZACK ”—the war-cry rattles
 Amid those men of iron tread,
As rung “ Old Fritz,” in Europe's battles,
 When thus his host great Frederick led !

And where, O where is Aztec ?—where,
 As now the rush of Alleghan
Resistless tramples to despair
 The ranks of our victorious van ?
Still charging onward ever—ever,
 They shatter now our central might,
Where half our bravest lances shiver,
 Still struggling to maintain the fight !

Still struggling, from the carnage dire
 To snatch our patriot chief away—
Who, crushed by famine, steel, and fire,
 Yet claims as his the desperate day ;
That day whose sinking light is shed
 O'er Buena Vista's field, to tell
Where round the sleeping and the dead,
 Stalks conquering TAYLOR's sentinel.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S VISIT TO ARISTA'S
HACIENDA.

THE present war is emphatically a war of chivalry. True it has its dark spots—retaliatory murders, killing of the wounded, and robbing the dead. But most of these may be considered atrocities on individual responsibility, rather than the general character of the whole warfare. After the battle is over, it is a well known fact that the soldiers, especially of the American army, spread themselves over the field, to afford assistance to the wounded and burial to the dead, both friend and foe, and it cannot be denied that the Mexicans have conducted themselves far more humanely toward the wounded and prisoners in this war, than they have ever been known to do before.

We have a refreshing instance of this feeling in a late visit paid by General Taylor to the plantation of General Arista. The *hacienda*, as it is called by the Mexicans, is very extensive, comprising more than forty square miles, and containing several large buildings of the old Spanish architecture. Many miles of it, however, are said to be waste and overgrown with thickets of chapparal, and the whole has that wilderness-like appearance, so usual among the plantations of Mexico. The estate is managed by an administrador, who has under him an overseer, and about ninety men and boys (*peons*), with as many females. The latter, with the *peons*, are nominally servants—actually slaves.

General Taylor set out for this place on the 7th of



Z. Taylor, Major, Genl, U.S. army

From an original Drawing by Major Vinton

July, attended by his staff. This voluntary *leave of absence*, for the purpose of recreation, is so unusual with the General, that it was regarded by the army as most remarkable, if not ominous. The party passed through several small villages, the sight of which seemed to afford the hero great pleasure, and arrived at Salinas in the afternoon. The alcaide of the town received his visitor with demonstrations of cordial respect, and before leaving, the party were revelling at a feast of the fat things of Salinas. These were figs and green water-melons.

Upon hearing of the approach of General Taylor the administrador of the estate began unheard-of preparations for his reception. Plans of feasts, balls and soirees, were projected *immediately*. Of the motives of the worthy deputy, we are not informed. Perhaps gratitude to the General for services to his master at Palo Alto, by which he himself had been in a measure *enfranchised*, was one. Perhaps, with a prophetic eye, he scanned the future, and determined to serve him best, to whom he might be one day indebted most. Perhaps he had a mind above the common grade, and, like the barons of romance, poured forth generosity equally to friend and foe.

Whatever may have been the feelings of the worthy representative, they were certainly praise-worthy, if we may gage them by his actions. He met the General at some distance from the plantation, offered him the hospitalities of the estate, and assisted in arranging the tents amid a delicious shade of pecan trees, about half a mile from the main building. These small favors were but a prelude to weightier subjects. When the General had adjusted himself, in true Rough and Ready style, a grand

talk was held, which, although not chronicled, was no doubt rife with "war's dread story" and camp anecdotes. All parties forgot that they were enemies—indeed they were not so. A more friendly circle rarely meets in Mexico.

In the evening the Americans were invited to a grand fandango (evening party) provided especially for their benefit. The invitation and Order of Exercises were presented to the General orally, it being somewhat difficult to find a scrivener in Mexico. They were somewhat novel to the commander. Orders from Washington, orders from *Arista*, general orders, marching orders, and some others he could understand; but orders to attend a Mexican fandango—what military code ever provided for such an emergency? By the help of the brother officers, however, the nature of the affair was gradually unfolded to him; and the happy Mexican was given to understand that in the evening his roof would cover General Taylor.

Evening came. General Taylor, "Whitey," and suite, repaired to the halls of *Arista*. In front of the house three rows of benches were arranged, forming three sides of a square, and leaving a large space between. Upon them were seated the male and female tenantry, the dancing-ground being lighted by two torches of split pine wood. We are not told of the General's reception, but he was doubtless the observed of all observers, the very *lion* of that social company. About sixty "ladies" were present, all of them extremely brown, extremely ugly, and extremely eager for action. The dance begun, notwithstanding, and each one seemed de-

terminated to make the rest happy. It was a gay time—a bright relief to war's black page. The orchestra consisted of two violins, two guitars, and a double chorus of men's bass, boys' alto, and shrill soprano. The music was various—an Indian chaunt, then a symphony, then a national air, then a quadrille, then a condensation of singing, chaunting, dancing, shrieking, and fiddling. The General was a looker-on.

There was something singular in this scene. It was wild and picturesque; and amid the grand sublimity of a Mexican prospect, filled the mind with emotions strange and powerful. The Genius of War was waving his bloody sword over that land, and the shock of mighty armies had scarcely ceased its echo from the distant mountains. Yet here was the favored one of that Genius, unbending his mind from the din of battle, to enjoy the festivities of those whom he had conquered. A little more than a year ago, while Arista was rusticating on this same hacienda, he received the notification of his being placed in command, and his very first order, on assuming his authority, was dated from Mamáleque. Now he is vanquished, disgraced, stripped of command and estate, and his vanquisher has penetrated to his secluded home, to be entertained and honored by his dependants.

The General remained at the hacienda during the night, and early on the morning of the 8th he was quietly trotting towards Monterey.

OLD TOM, COLONEL MAY'S WAR-HORSE.

AMONG the distinguished characters of the Mexican war, history must do "all honor" to "OLD TOM," whose scars, brought from many a "*well-trodden field*," attest the war-worn and aged veteran; although he has, in fact, but attained his sixteenth year.

It is not known that his hair has turned gray, indeed, at his years, the warrior seldom has much to boast of—on his chin, at least. Jet-black, long, and ample, however, was our hero's supply in his fifth year, when first we hear of him emerging from the *folds* of Kentucky, to join our *troop* in the Florida war. Arrived there, by *May*, his *cheval-ry* was first discovered and brought to light; and true it is, that since then, with every emergency of travel, flood, and battle-field, it hath ever *kept pace*, until now, when age and honorable wounds entitle him to repose on his laurels—though neither he nor other heroes can fatten on them entirely, however *graminivorous* they *May* be.

"Something too much of this."—The dignity of the subject requires, perhaps, a graver strain; not that it is here meant to impinge on the province of History, by entering into minute and learned detail, plentifully sprinkled with philosophical and political reflections, but rather to give some characteristic sketches and prominent incidents of the *Life of Lieutenant-Colonel May's war-horse*—which more appropriately belong to biography. (By the by, this ought to be *auto-biography*; but

let the critics concentrate their fire on this point, and they may have no powder or shot for the rest.)

Old Tom, as we have intimated, left his native fields of Kentucky some eleven years ago, among a herd of similar natives, designed to recruit the files of the dragoon troop, then in Florida. By way of a parenthesis, again, it must be said, that the Hon. Wm. Cost Johnson claims for *Old Tom* a Maryland origin—but it is now believed to be abundantly settled, that he was sired in “*old Kentucky*,” by the celebrated “*Whip*.” *May*’s eagle-eye quickly selected him from the mass—“*ignobile vulgus*.” Trained and tutored in the menage, *Tom*’s noble qualities spoke a blood and spirit far excelling his colleagues. The delight which the ambitious animal displayed in every feat of daring or activity, seemed only equal to his astonishing powers; and it happened, occasion sufficing, before the Florida war was over, that he had won, like his master, laurels which will endure beyond the natural lives of the two friends—for Colonel *May* loves well his gallant steed, and in all things does him full justice.

In Florida, *Old Tom*’s amazing leaps and unflinching spirit became notorious to officers and men. But one of his many achievements—THE CAPTURE OF KING PHILIP—particularly deserves historical notice.

The action of *Dunlawton* was still raging, and *Old Tom*’s vigor and ardor for the fight had carried the gallant *May* ahead of his troop in the midst of the *Seminoles*, when their daring leader sprung forth, with upraised rifle, to oppose horse and rider. *May*’s sabre quickly swept the air, but the agile Indian avoided the

blow as the fiery charger passed on. Instantly, however, did "*Old Tom*" turn on his haunches (as his master has said, with all the spirit and purpose of his rider), and rearing high, plunged both his front hoofs into the breast of the Indian warrior, knocking him full ten feet (as is well avouched) senseless, and thenceforth a captive.

Coa-co-chee, or *Wild Cat*, then became the "*head devil*" of the real "*Seminoles*," and swore vengeance on his father's captor. One of his attempts was as follows: May, in the habit of riding alone from his near post to St. Augustine, was returning over the sandy road, unsuspecting of danger, one very dark night, when he and *Old Tom* found themselves suddenly among a drove of horses. May's pistol was instantly cocked, for he then knew that "Indians were about;" and he determined to go ahead and get his men out of the fort. *Old Tom* made his way through, but the Indians did not fire, for fear of alarming the post. About half a mile from where they passed through the herd, was a wooden bridge which *Old Tom* always jumped; this, as usual, he did, when, a minute after, a horse's hoof was heard in the black darkness of the night to touch the boards. May then knew he was followed, and instantly reined up. The treacherous horseman came on to meet the discharge of the pistol. The Indian appeared to fall from his horse and escape, as May rode into his post with the horse following. In the morning, the captured animal was found to have on him the trappings known to be *Wild-Cat's*—with a ball through his neck, and "the worse kind" of a kick from *Old Tom's* heels.

The theatre of *Old Tom's* renown next shifts itself to

Mexico, where he quickly won the admiration of the "*rough and ready*" riders of our army, and the profound respect of the enemy. At first, the Texans were inclined to brag a little of their horses. On one such occasion, May, knowing there was nothing "*Old Tom*" would not "*try*," shouted to a mounted band—"Now follow me"—pointing at the same time to a ravine which no horse could possibly clear. *Old Tom* dashed on—but at the brink each Texan halted. His leap was unhesitatingly made, and all thought, for the moment, that horse and rider had been dashed to atoms; *Old Tom*, however, had fallen unhurt in the soft earth of the chasm.

At Resaca de la Palma, in the charge which took General La Vega, *Tom's* courage shone gloriously. The Mexican guns were not only advantageously posted, but had a breastwork thrown up, with a ditch in front of it—in fact an actual battery. So soon as General Taylor perceived it, he rode up to May and told him he must take it at any cost; and off he dashed at the head of the dragoons, going forward like a tornado. "*Old Tom*" went steady at the enemy, all the time making tremendous leaps, as he bounded over ditch, breastwork, and every-thing else that came in his way. In this charge, an escopette, or grape shot, struck *Old Tom* in the neck, and there it now remains; yet so steadily and unswervingly did "*he go the pace*" that it was not known till after the battle that he was wounded. Eighteen of the dragoons, among them the first lieutenant of May's troop, fell, or were dismounted by the fire of the battery, in this charge. The gallant *Inge's* fate has been much

attributed to the want of that steadiness and vigor in his charger which distinguished "*Old Tom*."

At Monterey, a spent grape shot keeled *Old Tom* over. May thought him dead—spoke to him in sorrow and in grief, but the old fellow in a few moments sprung up, shook himself heartily, and began to return his master's caresses as if "*nothing to speak about*" had occurred. All the "damage" was a large welt on his flank—perhaps the first time *Old Tom* had been "*out-flanked*."

This one of the heroes of all Taylor's battles in Mexico, fought his last fight at Buena Vista. He had been under the saddle for four days and nights, when on that bloody field this "creature of heroic blood" began to show a failing strength, which his devoted master and friend would not o'ertask. May had *Old Tom* withdrawn—much against *Old Tom's* free consent; and henceforth our hero is destined, by the interest and affection of his master, to pass down the vale of life through paths of peace and plenty. May they ever be strewn with flowers!

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE-FIELD.

DR. LINDEN, a Mexican physician, in his report of his operations at the battle of Cerro Gordo, relates the following:

"I continued attending to the various stages of the amputation, in the midst of balls and the cry of the enemy, and at last finished an operation which appeared to me

to have lasted an age. The serenity and resignation of my companions in this crisis were admirable, and is above description. All remained around the patient, attending to the part of the operation which fell to their share, in the midst of the whistling of balls and the cries of death; and when we rose, looking to Heaven with gratitude for our salvation, as we thought, a new peril came to dismay us. A number of volunteers presented themselves in front of our entry, and, seeing our uniform, cried—‘Death to the Mexican officers!’ and presented their guns to our breasts. I do not know what sentiments inspired me in the resolution which I took, but I rushed to the muzzle of their rifles—I showed them my hand, dripping with blood, and, holding a piece of the mutilated leg, cried—‘Respect humanity, or a hospital of blood—we are surgeons!’ My words produced a magic effect. In an instant, an officer, whose name I have since learned to be Pion, stepped between the volunteers and ourselves, raised their guns with his sword, and these men, animated by victory, thirsting to avenge the loss of their general, mortally wounded, as I have since learned, became from that moment our friends—our protectors.

“While these events were passing in my hut, which will never be erased from my memory, our firing had ceased; the troops in the redoubts, finding themselves cut off from the public road, surrendered or capitulated; those on the slope of the Cerro Gordo retired through the ravines, and the enemy remained master of all our positions, and of an immense *materiel*.

“The volunteers of the enemy commenced bringing

in, without distinction, their own and our wounded, and we dressed their wounds according to the dictates of humanity and our instructions. We performed various amputations on some real giants, which succeeded in gaining their good will to such an extent that they refused us nothing that could be useful to us or our wounded.

"Although two of their own surgeons had arrived, the body which I have the honor to command had the satisfaction that from their number was chosen one member to assist in some grave cases, even in that of General Shields, who had been traversed by a grape-shot."

The Picayune says that Colonel Baker, who was on the spot in command of Shields' brigade, was a spectator of the scene described, and confirms its accuracy, but is unable to conjecture what officer is intended by Captain Pion, as there is no such name among the officers in that brigade or in the army. From various sources we hear praise of the professional skill of Dr. Vander Linden, and we think none, after reading the above report, will question the other admirable qualifications he possesses as an army surgeon. On the 21st, three days after the battle, the doctor went from Cerro Gordo to Jalapa, to solicit in person of the commanding general permission to move the wounded Mexicans thither. He, of course, received the permission asked for, and was to commence the removal the following morning.

RIO BRAVO.

A Mexican Lament.

BY DON JOSE MARIA JOAQUIM DE HOAXCE DE SALTILLO.

AIR—*Roncesvalles.*

I.

RIO BRAVO! Rio Bravo! saw men ever such a sight
Since the field of Roncesvalles sealed the fate of many a knight?
Dark is Palo Alto's story—sad Resaca Palma's rout,
Ah me! upon those fields so gory how many a gallant life went
out!

There our best and bravest lances, shivered 'gainst the Northern
steel,

Left the valiant hearts that couch'd them 'neath the Northern
charger's heel.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! brave hearts ne'er mourned such a sight.
Since the noblest lost their life-blood in the Roncesvalles fight.

II.

There Arista, best and bravest—there Raguena, tried and true,
On the fatal field thou lavest, nobly did all men could do;

Vainly there those heroes rally, Castile on Montezuma's shore,
Vainly there shone Aztec valor brightly as it shone of yore.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! saw men ever such a sight
Since the dews of Roncesvalles wept for Paladin and knight?

III.

Heard ye not the wounded coursers shrieking on yon trampled
banks,

As the Northern wing'd artillery thundered on our shattered
ranks?

On they came—those Northern horsemen—on like eagles to-
ward the sun;
Followed then the Northern bayonet, and the field was lost and
won.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! minstrel ne'er sung such a fight,
Since the lay of Roncesvalles sang the fame of martyred knight.

IV.

Rio Bravo! fatal river! saw ye not while red with gore,
One cavalier all headless quiver, a headless trunk upon thy
shore!

Other champions not less noted, sleep beneath thy sullen wave,
Sullen water, thou has floated armies to an ocean grave.—

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! lady ne'er wept such a sight,
Since the moon of Roncesvalles kiss'd in death her own loved
knight.

V.

Weepest thou, lorn lady Inez, for thy lover 'mid the slain?
Brave La Vega's trenchant sabre cleft his slayer to the brain.
Brave La Vega, who all lonely, by a host of foes beset,
Yielded up his falchion only, when his equal there he met.
Oh! for Roland's horn to rally his Paladins by that sad shore!
Rio Bravo, Roncesvalles, ye are names linked ever more.

VI.

Sullen river! sullen river! vultures drink thy gory wave,
But they blur not those loved features, which not Love himself
could save.

Rio Bravo, thou wilt name not that lone corse upon thy shore,
But in prayer sad Inez names him, names him praying ever-
more.

Rio Bravo! Rio Bravo! lady ne'er mourned such a knight,
Since the fondest hearts were broken by the Roncesvalles fight.

KIT CARSON.

ONE of the most remarkable characters in Fremont's expedition is "Kit Carson," lately made a lieutenant by the President. The following description of him, though rather long, we insert, because it not only gives a very satisfactory view of the expedition itself, but may be considered a type of each of the hardy adventurers who conducted it.

"This singular man left Washington this morning, in company with Mrs. Fremont, for the West. On entering the War Office yesterday, we were asked: 'Have you seen Kit Carson? He has this moment left my room; and a singular and striking man he is! Modest as he is brave, with the fire of enterprise in his eye—with the bearing of an Indian, walking even with his toes turned in—I wish you could have seen him.' We were so unfortunate as to miss him, though our curiosity was greatly excited; but, in the course of two hours, a gentleman who had seen much of Carson, waited upon us and politely furnished us with the following description of this singular man. The portrait is admirably drawn, and it gives us great pleasure to lay it before our readers. It is the character of one of those bold and enterprising spirits of the West, whom the peculiar influences of the frontier settlements—between the white man and the red man—are so well calculated to produce. Carson, however, is a master spirit, whose habits we like to understand, and whose adventures we delight to hear.

"Kit Carson, within a few years, has become quite

familiar to the public, mainly through his connection with the expeditions of Fremont, one of the best of those noble and original characters that have from time to time sprung up on and beyond our frontier, retreating with it to the West, and drawing from association with uncultivated nature, not the rudeness and sensualism of the savage, but genuine simplicity and truthfulness of disposition, and generosity, bravery, and single-heartedness, to a degree rarely found in society. Although Kit has only become known to the reading people of 'the States' and of Europe through Fremont's reports, he was long ago famous in a world as extended, if not as populous; famous for excelling in all the qualities that life in the trackless and vast West requires and develops. He has been celebrated (though now aged only 37 years) as a hunter, trapper, guide or pilot of the prairies, and Indian fighter, uniting to the necessary characteristics of that adventurous and sturdy class, a kindness of heart and gentleness of manner that relieves it of any possible harshness or asperity. He is now in 'the States,' having recently arrived with despatches from California; and I have taken the opportunity to extract from him a few incidents of his eventful life. He is worthy of an honorable and more extended memoir; and were his adventures fully written out, they would possess an interest equal to any personal narrative whatever.

"Christopher Carson was born in Kentucky, in the year 1810, or 1811, his father having been one of the early settlers, and also a noted hunter and Indian fighter. In the year following Kit's birth, the family removed, for the sake of more elbow-room than the advancing popula-

tion of Kentucky left them, to the territory of Missouri. On this frontier, bred to border life, Kit remained to the age of fifteen, when he joined a trading party to Santa Fé. This was his introduction to those vast plains that stretch beyond the state of Missouri. Instead of return-home, Kit found his way, by various adventures, south, through New Mexico, to the copper mines of Chihuahua, where he was employed some months as a teamster.

“ When about seventeen years old, he made his first expedition as a trapper. This was with a party which had been induced, by favorable accounts of fresh trapping grounds on the Rio Colorado of California, to an adventure thither ; so that Kit’s first exploits were in the same remote and romantic region where, during the last year, he and all his comrades, with their commander, have earned imperishable honor. The enterprise was successful, and Kit relates many interesting anecdotes of the hardships of the wilderness, and of the encounters of his party with the Indians. The Mexican authorities and settlers in California were even at that time jealous of the Americans, and threatened to seize even this inoffensive and roving party of beaver-catchers. They made good their return, however, to Taos, in New Mexico ; whence, soon after, Kit joined a trapping party to the head-waters of the Arkansas (likewise a region embraced, since the last published expedition, in the surveys of Col. Fremont). Without recrossing the prairies, Kit went northward to the region of the Rocky Mountains that gives rise to the Missouri and Columbia rivers, and there remained near eight years, engaged in the then important occupation of trapping. The great demand for

the beaver, and the consequent high prices at that time paid for the peltries, gave an additional stimulus to the adventurous spirit of the young men of the West; and drew nearly all who preferred the excitements and hazards of life in the wilderness to quieter pursuits, into the recesses of the Rocky Mountains.

“Here a peculiar class was formed; the elements, the sturdy, enterprising, and uncurbed character of the frontier; the circumstances that influenced and formed it, nature in her wildest, roughest, and grandest aspects—savages, both as associates and foes, of every cast, from the wretched Root-diggers to the vindictive Black-feet, and the courageous and warlike Crows—and a vocation of constant labor, privation, and peril in every shape, yet of gains of a nature and degree to give it somewhat of the characteristics of gambling.* The decrease of the beaver before a pursuit of the poor animal so ruthless as was thus stimulated, and the substitution of other commodities for the beaver fur, have left trapping scarcely worth following as a vocation; and the race of trappers has nearly disappeared from the mountain gorges, where they built their rude lodges, where they set their traps for the wily beaver, and where were their frequent combats with the savages, and with wild beasts

* Six dollars was the price paid to the trapper, at that time, for a beaver skin—and a good backwoodsman would secure from four to seven beavers of a night; so that, notwithstanding the exorbitant charges of the companies for every necessary or luxury furnished to the trappers, (for example, twenty dollars for a blanket, two dollars for a tin-cup full of brown sugar, and the same for the same measure of coffee,) the trappers were still incited by the frequent receipt of such sums as gave additional zest and fascination to the pursuit.

not less formidable. In the school of men thus formed by hardship, exposure, peril, and temptation, our hero acquired all their virtues and escaped their vices. He became noted through the extent of the trapping-grounds, and on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, as a successful trapper, an unfailing shot, an unerring guide, and for bravery, sagacity, and steadiness in all circumstances. He was chosen to lead in almost all enterprises of unusual danger, and in all attacks on the Indians. At one time, with a party of twelve, he tracked a band of near sixty Crows, who had stolen some of the horses belonging to the trappers, cut loose the animals, which were tied within ten feet of the strong fort of logs in which the Indians had taken shelter, attacked them, and made good his retreat with the recovered horses; an Indian of another tribe, who was with the trappers, bringing away a Crow scalp as a trophy. In one combat with the Blackfeet, Carson received a rifle-ball in his left shoulder, breaking it. Save this, he has escaped the manifold dangers to which he has been exposed, without serious bodily injury. Of course, in so turbulent and unrestrained a life, there were not unfrequent personal encounters among the trappers themselves, nor could the most peaceably-disposed always avoid them. These were most frequent and savage at the periods when the trappers went into the 'rendezvous,' as were called the points where the companies kept their establishments for receiving the peltries and supplying the trappers. Here a few days of indulgence were commonly allowed himself by the trapper; and there was much drinking, and gambling, and consequently fighting. Feuds grow-

ing out of national feelings, would also naturally enough sometimes occur among the trappers—there being Canadians and Mexicans, as well as the Americans; all having pride of race and country. On one occasion, a Frenchman, who ranked as a bully, and had whipped a good many Canadians, began to insult the Americans, saying they were only worth being whipped with switches. At this Carson fired up and said, ‘He was the most trifling one among the Americans, and to begin with him.’ After some little more talk, each went off and armed himself—Carson with a pistol, the Frenchman with a rifle—and both mounted for the fight. Riding up until their horses’ heads touched, they fired almost at the same instant; Carson a little the quickest, and his ball passing through the Frenchman’s hand, made him jerk up his gun, and sent the ball which was intended for Carson’s heart grazing by his left eye and singeing his hair. This is the only serious personal quarrel of Carson’s life, as he is, like most very brave men, of a peaceable and gentle temper.

“Colonel Fremont owed his good fortune in procuring Carson’s services, to an accidental meeting on a steamboat above St. Louis—neither having ever before heard of the other. It was at the commencement of Fremont’s first expedition. Carson continued with it, until, in its return, it had recrossed the mountains. His courage, fidelity, and excellent character, so far conciliated the good will of the commander, that in his second expedition, he gladly availed himself again of Kit’s services, on meeting with him, as he chanced to do, on the confines of New Mexico. Kit again left the

party after its arrival this side of the mountains—not, however, until Fremont had obtained a promise from him to join the third expedition, in case one should be organized. Some incidents will be interesting, connected with this latter expedition, which was interrupted in its purely scientific character, by the treachery of the Mexican chief (Castro) compelling Fremont to change his peaceful employment, and which, owing to the continuance of the war with Mexico, is not yet completed.

“In the interim between Fremont’s second and third expeditions, Carson had settled himself near Taos, and had begun to farm, preparing to lead a quiet life, when he received a note from Fremont, written at Bent’s Fort, reminding him of his promise, and telling him he would wait there for him. On this occasion Carson showed his strong friendship for his old commander, and the generous and unselfish nature of his feelings. In four days from receiving the note, Carson had joined the party, having sold house and farm for less than half the sum he had just expended upon it, and put his family under the protection of his friend, the late Gov. Bent, until he should return from a certainly long and dangerous journey. This protection, unfortunately, was taken from them, in the late massacre at Taos, when Carson’s brother-in-law was also one of the victims to the fury of the Mexicans, against all connected with the Americans. Mrs. Carson saved her life by flight, leaving them to rob the house of every thing. Kendall, and all others who have written of their adventures in New Mexico, ascribe the highest character to the women of that country for modesty, generosity, quick sympathy, and all feminine virtues. To

this amiable class belongs the wife of Carson, who has paid so dearly for her affection for him.

“The route of the third expedition led the party to the southern and western side of the Great Salt Lake—a region entirely unexplored, and filled, according to the superstitions and tales current among the Indians and trappers of the mountains, with all imaginable horrors. A vast desert, void of vegetation and fresh water, abounding in quicksands and in brackish pools and rivers, with only subterranean outlets. This was the reputed character of the country, justifying at least the apprehension of lack of those indispensables to the voyageur of the wilderness—water and grass. In truth, the southern border of the lake was found to be skirted with a salt plain of about sixty miles in width. Over this, as elsewhere, Carson, in his capacity of scout, was always with the advance party, to search for water and convenient places for camp—the usual signal of the prairies, a fire, serving, by its column of smoke, to point out where the advance were halting.

“The neighborhood of the Rio Colorado and the Sierra Nevado, of California, is infested with Indian tribes of Hippophagi, or Horse-Eaters (as they well may be called), who keep the northern parts of California in alarm, by sweeping down into the settlements, and carrying off horses and mules, which they use for food. With these savages the expedition had several skirmishes; but, owing to the perpetual vigilance which was exercised, neither man nor animals fell into the hands of the savages.

“When Fremont’s party, in May, 1846 (not knowing of the existence of the war with Mexico), retired from

California, they proceeded north as far as the Tlamath lake, in Oregon, proposing to explore a new route into the Willhameth valley.

“A courier having overtaken Col. Fremont there, to say that Mr. Gillespie and five men were endeavoring to overtake him, he took ten men and returned sixty miles with the courier; making all haste, in order to reach them before night, and prevent any attack which the Indians might be tempted to make on a small party. These Tlamath Indians, by nature brave and warlike, have now a new source of power in the iron arrow-heads and axes furnished them by the British posts in that country. Their arrows can only be extracted from the flesh by the knife, as they are barbed, and of course are not to be drawn out. The events of that night and the days following illustrate so fully the nightly danger of an Indian country, and the treacherous nature of savages, that I will give them, and in Carson’s own words:—

“‘Mr. Gillespie had brought the Colonel letters from home—the first he had had since leaving the States the year before—and he was up, and kept a large fire burning until after midnight; the rest of us were tired out, and all went to sleep. This was the only night in all our travels, except the one night on the island in the Salt Lake, that we failed to keep guard; and as the men were so tired, and we expected no attack now that we had sixteen in the party, the Colonel didn’t like to ask it of them, but sat up late himself. Owens and I were sleeping together, and we were waked at the same time by the licks of the axe that killed our men. At first, I didn’t know it was that; but I called to Basil, who was

that side—‘What’s the matter there?—what’s that fuss about?’—he never answered, for he was dead then, poor fellow, and he never knew what killed him—his head had been cut in, in his sleep; the other groaned a little as he died. The Delawares (we had four with us) were sleeping at that fire, and they sprang up as the Tlamaths charged them. One of them caught up a gun, which was unloaded; but, although he could do no execution, he kept them at bay, fighting like a soldier, and did n’t give up until he was shot full of arrows—three entering his heart; he died bravely. As soon as I had called out, I saw it was Indians in the camp, and I and Owens together cried out ‘Indians.’ There were no orders given; things went on too fast, and the Colonel had men with him that didn’t need to be told their duty. The Colonel and I, Maxwell, Owens, Godey, and Stepp, jumped together, we six, and ran to the assistance of our Delawares. I don’t know who fired and who didn’t; but I think it was Stepp’s shot that killed the Tlamath chief; for it was at the crack of Stepp’s gun that he fell. He had an English half axe slung to his wrist by a cord, and there were forty arrows left in his quiver—the most beautiful and warlike arrows I ever saw. He must have been the bravest man among them, from the way he was armed, and judging by his cap. When the Tlamaths saw him fall, they ran; but we lay, every man with his rifle cocked, until daylight, expecting another attack.

“‘In the morning we found by the tracks that from fifteen to twenty of the Tlamaths had attacked us. They had killed three of our men, and wounded one of the Delawares, who scalped the chief, whom we left where

he fell. Our dead men we carried on mules; but, after going about ten miles, we found it impossible to get them any farther through the thick timber, and, finding, a secret place, we buried them under logs and chunks, having no way to dig a grave. It was only a few days before this fight that some of these same Indians had come into our camp; and, although we had only meat for two days, and felt sure that we should have to eat mules for ten or fifteen days to come, the Colonel divided with them, and even had a mule unpacked to give them some tobacco and knives.'

"The party then retraced its way into California, and two days after this rencontre they met a large village of Tlamaths—more than a hundred warriors. Carson was ahead with ten men, but one of them having been discovered, he could not follow his orders, which were to send back word and let Fremont come up with the rest in case they found Indians. But as they had been seen, it only remained to charge the village, which they did, killing many, and putting the rest to flight. The women and children, Carson says, we didn't interfere with; but they burnt the village, together with their canoes and fishing nets. In a subsequent encounter, the same day, Carson's life was imminently exposed. As they galloped up, he was rather in advance, when he observed an Indian fixing his arrow to let fly at him. Carson levelled his rifle, but it snapped, and in an instant the arrow would have pierced him, had not Fremont, seeing the danger, dashed his horse on the Indian and knocked him down. I owe my life to them two, says Carson—the Colonel and Sacramento saved me. Sacramento is

a noble Californian horse which Captain Sutter gave to Colonel Fremont, in 1844, and which has twice made the distance between Kentucky and his native valley, where he earned his name by swimming the river after which he is called, at the close of a long day's journey. Notwithstanding all his hardships, for he has travelled every where with his master, he is still the favorite horse of Colonel Fremont.

"The hostile and insulting course of Castro drew Fremont into retaliatory measures; and, aided by the American settlers, he pursued the Mexicans for some time; but, being unable to make them stand and fight, they always flying before him, the flag of independence was raised at Sonoma, on the 5th of July, 1846. Learning soon after of the existence of the war, the American flag was promptly substituted, and the party proceeded to Monterey, where they found the fleet under Commodore Sloat already in possession. Castro, with his forces, had retreated before Fremont, and, to prevent their escape into Sonora, Colonel Fremont with a hundred and sixty men, were offered the sloop of war Cyane to carry them down to San Diego and facilitate the pursuit, as he hoped by that means to intercept Castro at Pueblo de los Andelos. Then Carson, for the first time, saw the blue ocean, and the great vessels that, like white-winged birds, spread their sails above its waters. The vast prairies, whose immense green surface has been aptly likened to the sea, together with all objects ever seen upon it, were familiar to him; but it proved no preparation for actual salt water, and the pride and strength of the backwoodsmen were soon humbled by the customary

tribute to Neptune. The forces were landed, and raised the flag at San Diego, and then they proceeded jointly to the capital, Ciudad de los Angeles, where, although from the detention at sea, Castro had escaped, American authority was also established.

“From this point on the 1st of September, 1846, Carson, with fifteen men, was despatched by Fremont with an account of the progress and state of affairs in that distant conquest. Carson was to have made the journey from Puebla to Washington city and back in 140 days. He pushed ahead accordingly, not stopping even for game, but subsisting on his mules, of which they made food as the animals broke down in the rapidity of the journey. He had crossed the wilderness, as he expected, in thirty days, when, meeting with Gen. Kearney’s company, within a few days of Santa Fe, he was turned back by that officer, to whose orders he believed himself subject, and with infinite reluctance resigned his despatches to another, and returned to guide Kearney’s command into California.

“General Kearney entered California without molestation until the fight of San Pasqual; an official account of which has been published. In the charge made upon the Mexicans, Carson, as usual, was among the foremost, when, as he approached within bullet range of the enemy, who were drawn up in order of battle, his horse stumbled and fell, pitching him over his head, and breaking his rifle in twain. Seizing a knife, he advanced on foot, until he found a killed dragoon, whose rifle he took, and was pressing on, when he met the mounted men returning from the charge, the Mexicans having galloped off. At

the instance of Carson, the American party then took possession of a small rocky hill, near the scene of the battle, as the strongest position in reach. Not being in a situation to go forward, they encamped here; and the enemy collecting in force, they remained in a state of siege. There was little of grass or water, on the hill, and soon both animals and men began to suffer. The way was so thickly beset with the enemy, that the commander doubted the propriety of attempting to cut a passage through, when after a four days' siege, Carson and Passed Midshipman Beale, of the navy (who had been sent to meet Kearney, with some thirty men, as a complimentary escort to San Diego), volunteered to go to Captain Stockton, at that place, and bring a reinforcement.

"This daring enterprise these intrepid and resolute young men, accompanied by a Delaware Indian, who was attached as a spy to General Kearney's command, successfully accomplished, but not without extreme suffering and peril. The distance between the camp and San Diego was but thirty miles; but as they had to make long detours, they travelled nearer fifty. They left the camp in the night of the 9th of December, crawling in a horizontal position through the enemy's lines. Their shoes made some noise, for which cause they took them off, and during the night, unfortunately lost them. Lying by all day to avoid the enemy, they succeeded by the end of the second night in reaching their destination, and procuring the necessary reinforcement. Their feet and flesh torn and bleeding from the rocks and thorny shrubs, haggard from hunger, thirst, anxiety and sleeplessness, they were again, nevertheless, in full per-

formance of duty at the battles of the 8th and 9th of January.

“When Fremont, after meeting with, and accepting the surrender of the Mexican forces, reached Los Angeles, Carson immediately returned to his command, and in the ensuing month was again selected to cross the desert, the wilderness, the mountains, and the prairies, to bring news of those far-off operations of its agents to the government in Washington. Leaving the frontier settlements of California, on the 25th of February, Carson arrived in St. Louis, about the middle of May—making the journey, notwithstanding the inclemency of the season, and an unavoidable detention of ten days at Santa Fé, in a shorter time than it was ever before accomplished. The unsettled state of the country—the war with Mexico inciting the savage tribes to unusual license and daring—added much to the inevitable hazard and privations of the journey, rendering the most unceasing vigilance necessary, night and day; while the speed with which the party travelled debarred them from the usual resource of travellers in uninhabited regions; they were fain to resort to the unsavory subsistence of those Hippophagi of the Sierra Nevada; only converting the poor beasts to food, however, when they were travel-worn and exhausted.

“Fortunately, the journey was made in its extent without serious mishap, and Carson, with Lieutenant Beale, his comrade in the night-march to San Diego, and Lieutenant Talbot, the young gentleman who led the gallant retreat of the little party of ten through the enemy’s midst, a distance of three hundred miles from Santa Barbara to Monterey, are all now in Washington.

“Since Carson’s arrival, solely through the appreciation by the President of his merit and services, he has received a commission of lieutenant in the rifle regiment of which Mr. Fremont is the lieutenant-colonel. The appointment was unsolicited and unexpected—the suggestion entirely of the President’s own recognition of the deserts of this man of the prairies—a fact that is most honorable to the Executive, and makes the favor the more gratifying to the friends of Carson.”

VERA CRUZ.

VERA CRUZ is noted for its strong castle, its architectural beauty, the unhealthiness of its climate, and for the various sieges it has sustained. The first thing visible in Mexico, upon approaching the city from the sea, is the Peak of Orizaba, which, by an optical illusion, often appears transplanted above the clouds, and even intervening between the sun and the spectator. As the stately domes, towers, and battlements one by one heave in sight, guarded by the old grim castle of San Juan de Ulloa, the view is grand and pleasing. Perhaps the first idea that strikes the beholder, when within a proper distance of the city, is the thought of its immense strength.

The streets are mostly wide, straight, and well paved, though generally in a very filthy condition. The stones are laid out in squares, and present a handsome appearance. The houses are mostly two stories in



Landing of the American Troops at Vera Cruz.

height, though some are three, and built of a species of white stone or coral, taken from the beach. The architecture is of the Moorish style, and many of the buildings are adorned with every variety of ornament which use or fancy can devise. To an American all this seems strange and subduing, and it requires little effort to imagine himself in one of the fairy-towns of Spanish legends. On a still evening, when the moon is lighting up the antiquated piles, this feeling is irresistible; and the eye hangs with a thrilling sensation upon the balconied windows to catch a glance of some lovely being, appearing to chant a dirge of

“Love, and adventures bold,”

and broken hopes and hearts, and the tragedies of the cloister, and her own dark sorrowful love-dream, and all the other minutiae of romance.

The public buildings of Vera Cruz are numerous, and several of them elegant. Two of the most remarkable are the principal church or cathedral, a beautiful structure; and the convent of St. Augustine, noted for the massive strength of its walls. There are nine towers upon the fortifications, connected by means of a stone wall, the two largest of which are so placed as entirely to command the port. These towers can mount one hundred guns, and their fires cross each other in front of the guard-houses.

Unlike most Mexican cities, the dwellings of Vera Cruz are destitute of gardens; and this circumstance may contribute, in some measure, to its unhealthiness. This is particularly unfortunate in the dry seasons,

when not even a field of grass refreshes the sultry atmosphere. Were this addition made to the luxuries of the city, Vera Cruz might be one of the handsomest places in Mexico. The surrounding country produces almost every thing in the way of eatables required by the inhabitants. The woods abound in game; the fields in grain, vegetables, and tropical fruits; and the savannas, or plains, with cattle. Varieties of fish are found in the rivers and large lakes; while the more elevated and temperate regions produce all the fruits and vegetables natural to the northern climates. In addition to this the city is well supplied with the luxuries of other countries, by numerous vessels from Europe and the United States, which bring to her port the various wines, liquors, and delicacies, which the most refined epicure can desire.

Many changes have taken place in the site of the city since its first erection, owing in a great degree to the ravages made among the first colonists by the yellow fever or *vomita*. Unfortunately, the modern site does not at all remedy the evil; for in addition to the insalubrious nature of its warm and moist climate, other causes, equally unfavorable to health, are continually in operation. Among these may be mentioned the numerous ponds and marshes in the vicinity, whose exhalations poison the atmosphere, and the reflected heat from the sandy plains, which often raises the temperature to an extraordinary height. Added to these, is the bad quality of the water, and the abundance of that tormenting kind of musquito, called the *tancudo*, whose bite alone causes great irritation of the system.

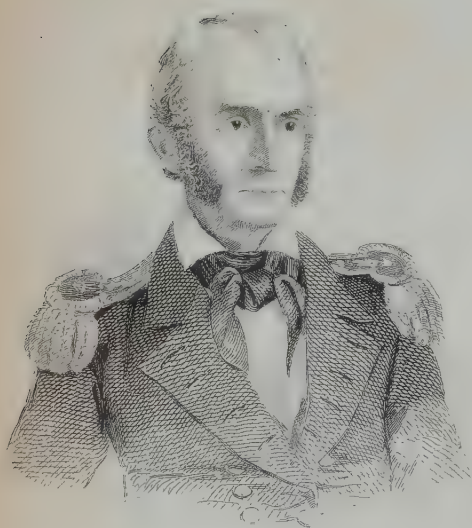
All these causes operating together, give rise to various affections, the most common of which are, to the acclimated, serious tertian fevers ; while the stranger is doomed to attacks of the terrible vomita, the very name of which is now sufficient to terrify the most enthusiastic adventurer. Years of careful observation and experience, have served to show all that can be done towards curing this awful disease ; and these have been so far successful, that within a few years its ravages have not been so great as formerly. The two following facts have likewise been ascertained respecting it—first, that foreigners who have once become acclimated, and then continue in the city, enjoy better health than do the natives ; and second, that although the climate is so unhealthy and fatal during those periods of the year when great heat and heavy rains prevail, yet as soon as the north winds (which commence in October and terminate in April) blow sufficiently strong to remove the miasmatic exhalations and mosquitoes, and to cool the atmosphere, then it becomes much more healthy than the climate of many places in the interior.

Notwithstanding these facts, however, Vera Cruz must be regarded as one of the most unhealthy cities in America ; and annually hundreds of foreigners, who are drawn thither by curiosity or prospects of wealth, meet with one visitor who blasts all their fond expectations, and assigns them a place among others who are swelling the tombs of this modern Golgotha.

The distinguished feature of Vera Cruz is its castle—the most celebrated of all American fortresses. It was commenced in 1582, upon a bar or bank in front of the

city, at the distance of 1062 varas or yards from it, and is entirely surrounded by water. The centre of the area occupied by this fortress is a small island, upon which Juan de Grijalva landed a year previous to the arrival of Cortez upon our continent, at which period it accidentally received the name that it still retains. There was a shrine erected upon it at that time, on which human victims were sacrificed to the Indian gods; and as the Spaniards were informed that these offerings were made in accordance with the commands of the kings of Acolhua, one of the provinces of the empire, they confounded or abbreviated this name into the word Ulloa, which they affixed to the island.

The whole fortress is constructed of *madrepora astrea*, a soft coral which abounds in the neighboring islands, and its walls are from four to five yards in thickness, their exterior being faced with a harder stone. The exterior polygon, which faces Vera Cruz, extends three hundred yards in length, whilst that which defends the north channel is two hundred yards. Besides this there is a low battery situated in the bastion of Santiago, which doubles the fire on that channel, and the southern channel is also commanded by the battery of San Miguel. The *madrepora* is white, soft, and porous; so that a ball striking it, instead of splitting or demolishing the wall, would quietly imbed itself, with scarcely any damage. The cost of the castle has been estimated by various writers to have amounted to forty millions of dollars; and this may be regarded as no exaggeration, if we consider the difficulty of obtaining some of the materials of which it is composed, and the fact that a large portion



S. J. M. W.
11 S. Navy

of it is built on foundations laid in the sea, whose waves it has resisted for more than two centuries.

The city and castle have sustained several sieges, and the former was at one time sacked by a horde of pirates under Lorenallo. Both are however strong by nature and art; and with an American or English garrison, and ample supplies of provisions and ammunition, they could resist the siege or assault of the most numerous navy that ever entered the Gulf.

BOMBARDMENT OF VERA CRUZ.

THE 24th of March was as beautiful a day as had ever shone in the soft climate of Mexico. A previous norther had rendered the atmosphere cool and salubrious; and the waters of the great Gulf were as smooth and glassy as the surface of a lake. Toward evening the sun beamed with a mild and softened flow, lighting up the few fantastic clouds with vivid colorings, and capping the gray distant mountains with golden splendor. But the beautiful prospect was unheeded by the armed thousands, who all that day had been preparing for the terrible encounter. Occasionally a dull sound would roll from the castle, and echo amid the mountains like the breakings of thunder; and then a headlong plunge would mark the falling of the ball; but among the Americans all was silent, save the hum of busy preparation.

As afternoon wore on, the excitement on board the

fleet became intense. Crowds thronged the decks and masts of the different vessels, until every spar, and every bow, and every rope was dense with life, each watching, with suppressed breathing, the arrangements of General Scott. At four o'clock, a loud roar from the beach told that the thrilling drama had opened; and in a few minutes thick volleys of heavy shell were raining into Vera Cruz, tearing and crushing their way through roofs, walls, and barricades. The stern castle answered with her heavy guns, and poured forth shot after shot in haughty defiance, until the space between the batteries seemed like a pathway of liquid fire. Time wore on, the sun reached the western horizon, and his last dim ray seemed to linger in sadness over the furious maddenings of the sons of earth. But the combatants knew no pause; and as the shades of evening gathered darker around, they only served to render still more stirring the work of death.

The night bombardment was a scene grand even to sublimity. The volumes of smoke had concentrated into one dense mass, which hung over the Americans like a cloud. At every moment its sides would be broken, and a fiery ball leap out, with a noise that shook every surrounding object, and after sparkling along its meteor-like track, would light among the houses and battlements of the city. Then would be heard the loud explosion, the crashing of houses, and the fall of walls and roofing, in the echoing streets. The batteries, forts, and mortars of both armies vomited forth unceasing discharges of fire, and the balls, as they crossed and re-crossed each other in long fiery streams along the dark sky-ground, pre-

sented a "sight unknown to quiet life." But there were feelings connected with that scene more powerful than even its sublimity. Crowds of helpless individuals were congregated in the houses, trembling at the horrors from which it was impossible to escape; and often a heavy bomb would bear on through roof and walls, alight in the middle of a company, and explode, throwing arms, and legs, and mangled bodies against the surrounding buildings. Women and children, the young and the decrepit, were equally exposed with the soldier;—no place was exempt from death.

In the morning a naval battery was opened by Commodore Perry, and the bombardment became more severe than ever. It was answered by four Mexican batteries, whose precision of shot was the theme of universal admiration. In the course of this day the walls and fortifications of the city began to crumble, and a large part of their buildings was in ruins. On the 27th the distress was so great that terms of capitulation were offered, and the city finally surrendered. The scene within the walls was distressing; churches and hospitals were crowded with the wounded and dying; mangled corpses were lying in the streets; and along the lanes, and within ditches, were mutilated beings, stretched on dead comrades, half suffocated with dust and blood, and moaning for water. The proud spirit of the citizens had been humbled by danger and suffering; and after the capture many could be seen timidly watching from their windows the march of the American troops. In the second day of the bombardment many were without bread or meat, and reduced to a ration of beans, eaten at midnight by the

fire issuing from showers of projectiles. By this time all the buildings from La Merced to the Parraquia were reduced to ashes, and the impassable streets filled with stones, ruins, and projectiles. The citizens had progressively removed to a side where, up to this time, less destruction had happened, taking shelter in the streets and entries in such numbers that there was only room to stand. But the third day the enemy alternately scattered their shot, and every spot became a place of danger. Who can tell the amount of suffering experienced by the desolate families, who, without hope, sleep, or food, were solely engaged in preserving their lives? Most of those whose houses had been destroyed had lost every thing—all the property remaining to them was the clothes on them; and hundreds of persons who before relied upon certain incomes, now found themselves without a bed to lie upon, without covering or clothing to shelter them, and without any victuals.

Such was the bombardment and capture of Vera Cruz, by the American army. It was a sight splendid to the eye; but to the heart it told tales of woe, of trial, and anguish, more deeply thrilling than could be eradicated by all the false and cruel pomp of war.

CAPITULATION OF VERA CRUZ.

THE field in front of the city was covered with bombs, cannon, piles of balls, and other implements of war, which, with the ridges ploughed into the ground by the shot, bore evidence of the fearful work which had just been completed. It was a glad, sunny day, and long columns of troops were moving over the plain in all directions, while the heart swelled with the rolling of drums, the galloping of cavalry, and the stirring strains of music. Young bosoms, warm with the flushings of their first victory, were gazing upon the scene with thrilling pleasure; while their veteran companions felt young again, as they caught the general enthusiasm. The beauty of the day, the cool refreshing breezes, and the dashings of the vast inland sea, as it rose and fell in multiplied heavings, were unnoticed; one absorbing idea—the pomp and circumstance of war—banished every other.

At length the Americans arranged themselves in two lines, forming a hollow square, through which the conquered army were to pass. The music now ceased, and a stillness gathered around the crowding soldiers. That pause was long and deep, for bitter remembrances of home, and earlier, happier hours, were binding the weeping exiles to their city. They had lavished their wealth and their blood to render it *invincible*, and fondly entitled it heroic; but their walls had been battered down, their dwellings ruined, and now they were called to leave friend and fortune, and seek a resting place in the distant wilderness. Can we wonder that

their tarrying was long—that they loathed to lower their flag, in mournful degradation, from the towers of the castle?

At length strains of low, sad music came floating on the air, and their columns were seen emerging from the gate in good order, and approaching the American forces. Their faces told the tale of their sufferings—pale, haggard, and emaciated, they moved with eyes on the ground to avoid the gaze of the victors. Women and children followed them; the young, the old, and the maimed, bending beneath trunks, which contained all their worldly possessions. Mothers were there, thinking of the sons, sisters of the brothers, and wives of the partners whom they left behind; and as the dying moans seemed still to echo in their ears, they forgot national pride in the stronger impulses of humanity, and poured forth a flood of uncontrollable sorrow. Many a stern heart that had rioted amid the thunderings of the bombardment was now crushed and broken; and even their enemies gazed upon them with genuine pity. Thousands of men laid down their arms that day, and marched with their families to suffer or perish in the interior.

APPLYING TO THE BOSS.

DID you ever see a collection of men that could not turn out a specimen of what is generally termed “a character?” If you ever did, you can, to make use of a

vulgarism, "beat my time" considerably, for I never did, and what is more, never expect to. The next door to my quarters a company of Virginia volunteers are stationed, and as they turn out to roll-call and drill I have a good opportunity of observing them. I had noticed among the men a short thick-set Irishman, whose head seemed to have settled down between his shoulders a trifle too far to permit him to sit as a model for a sculptor, although he will answer very well for a soldier. There was something so odd about his appearance and his manner of performing the manual, that I was convinced he was "a character," and upon expressing my belief of that fact, I discovered that I was not far wrong, the following anecdote being related of him:—

"Plaze, sir," said the soldier, touching his hat to his captain, "whin will we be paid off, sir?" "In a few days, Patrick," replied the officer. "Yis, sir," continued Pat, "and whin, sir, will we be after Santy Anny, the blackguard?" "That's more than I can tell you, Patrick; it's rather hard to tell when or where he will show himself," replied the officer. "Yis, sir, thank you kindly, sir, we'll be paid off in a few days, any ways, however," said Pat, as he touched his hat again and retired. In a few days he appeared again, and opened the conversation with—"If ye plaze, sir, devil the copper have we been paid yet, sir?" "I know it, Patrick," was the reply of the officer, "but I can't help it; they are waiting for the paymaster to arrive." "Oh, it's the paymaster we're a waiting for, is it? and what the devil's the excuse he has for not bein' here when he's wanted? What's the use of havin' a paymaster if he isn't on the

spot when he's wanted?" said Pat, beginning to wax indignant at having to wait so long for his "tin."

The circumstance caused him much uneasiness, and after cogitating the matter over and over, he was struck with a luminous idea, and announced to his comrades that he'd have his money before you could say "thread on my coat." One morning, immediately after breakfast, off posted Pat to General Taylor's camp, and, approaching his tent, inquired of a soldier standing by, where the General's "shanty" was. "That's his tent," said the sentinel, pointing out the General's quarters. "And is that the General's tent?" said Pat, taking off his hat and rubbing hand over hair, which had been cut to the degree of shortness peculiar to natives of Erin's green isle. "And where's the General's old gray horse?" inquired Pat. "There," replied the soldier, indicating the spot where the old horse stood, lazily whisking the flies away with his tail. "And is that the old horse?" again inquired the sprig of Erin, with great awe; "an' where, if you plaze, sir, is the old gentleman himself?" continued Pat. "There he sits, under that awning," answered the soldier. "What," exclaimed Pat, almost in a whisper, and in a tone amounting to reverence, "an' is that the old gentleman?" "Yes," said the soldier, walking away, "that's General Taylor." After gazing at the "war-worn veteran," in silent admiration, for a while, he at last mustered sufficient courage to approach him. "I beg your pardon, General, but you'll plaze to excuse the bit of liberty I'm taking in presuming to call on your honor, but, if you plaze, sir, I come on a little matter of business, bein' as I thought

you might be afther helpin' us out of a little bit of a scrape."

"Well," said the General kindly, "what is the trouble, and what do you wish?"

"If you plaze, sir, I'd like to know when the hands will be paid off, sir?"

"When the hands will be paid off?" repeated the General, a little puzzled.

"Yis, sir, if ye plaze to have the goodness. The hands have had divil a cint of wages since they've been in the country."

"Oh! I understand, you're a volunteer, and wish to know when you'll be paid off. Well, my good fellow, you must apply to your company officers for that information, I have nothing to do with it."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir, I did ax *the boss* about it, but he didn't give me no sort of satisfaction about it, and so I told the other hands I'd fix it; and bein' as you're the *head boss*, I thought I'd be coming over here to see if you couldn't give us some satisfaction."

The "head boss" being unable to relieve the anxiety of Pat, the latter retired to the "other hands," having the satisfaction of saying that although he had failed in the object of his mission, he had seen the "head boss," his "shanty," and "the old gray horse," which was "glory enough for one day."—*New Orleans Delta*.

GENERAL SCOTT.

WINFIELD SCOTT, the commander-in-chief of the American army, was born in Virginia, on the 13th of June, 1786. His early life was devoted to study, and he passed with honor through the High School of Richmond, and William and Mary College. After leaving the latter institution he studied law, and gave promise of becoming an eminent barrister.

During the difficulties with Great Britain, young Scott entered the service of the army, and was commissioned as a captain of light artillery on the 3d of May, 1808. Here his abilities as a disciplinarian, and his excellent general conduct, brought him into favorable notice, and he received a lieutenancy in July, 1812. In October of the same year, he assisted Lieutenant Elliot in delivering two vessels from the guns of Fort Erie; and afterwards defended them against the efforts of the British for a recapture. He was made colonel the same month.

At the battle of Queenston Heights Scott was conspicuous for his bravery, coolness, and efficiency. He did not cross the river until the heights were carried, when he arrived as a volunteer; but Colonel Van Rensselaer having been wounded, Scott was requested by General Wadsworth to take charge of the colonel's command. Meanwhile the British had been reinforced by detachments of Indians and regulars from Fort George, and a fierce struggle with Scott's command now commenced. Colonel Chrystie coming over to the Canada



Winfield Scott.

side, took the command ; the main body of the British reinforcements, 850 strong, under General Sheaffe, arrived, and the American militia could not be got across the river ; so that a force of only 300 Americans was left at the mercy of some 1300 British and Indians. They fought, however, furiously, and it was only after several hours' hard exertion that the enemy obliged them to surrender. The prisoners, including Scott, were taken to Quebec, but subsequently exchanged, and sent to Boston.

Early in the following May, Scott was appointed as adjutant-general, and joined the army of General Dearborn near Niagara. These troops had lately been reinforced by those who had captured York, and were now busily engaged in preparations for an attack on Fort George. Batteries were stationed in every effective position, strong fortifications established between them, and boats constructed for the transportation of troops. The British were equally busy on the opposite shore ; but although numerous opportunities were afforded each party to harass the other, a noble and unusual magnanimity pervaded both ; and the two nations seemed to vie with each other in this forbearance. A slight incident interrupted this voluntary truce. A few boats had been constructed above the forts, and in sailing down the river boldly ran within blank range of the British guns, where they remained for some time, as if in defiance. The enemy soon opened upon these with a scattering and ineffectual fire, which did no execution ; but their first report was the signal for the renewal of hostilities. One shot, another and another, burst from the American lines, until,

notwithstanding the efforts of the commander, the whole fort was in an incessant roar of artillery. All night, shells and red-hot shot poured into the devoted works of the enemy, until, catching fire, the flames swept along all their intrenchments, devouring the labors of weeks, and driving the troops from their posts. At daybreak the British fort was a mass of smouldering ruins.

The prematurity of this attack diminished the gratification of the Americans, as their troops could not then take advantage of the panic and confusion into which the enemy had been thrown. Accordingly, the latter had time to recover from the loss, and reconstruct his fortifications.

The Americans continued to labor upon their works with such assiduity that on the 26th of May they were able to embark for the opposite shore. The embarkation took place at sunrise, all the troops crossing in small boats, many of which passed within reach of the enemy's batteries. The advance, consisting of five full companies, and fragments of others, in all about 600 men, was led by Colonel Scott, whose movements were hidden from the enemy by a dense fog, that hung over the river until late in the morning. The river or strait of Niagara, forms a semicircle of a mile in extent, with the opening toward Canada. The British station of Fort George, is on the Canada side, about three-quarters of a mile from the lake, surrounded by a large level plain. The shores of the lake are steep and rocky, and surmounted by a large dense forest. In this forest the British had concealed themselves, mostly stretched upon the ground, and ready at the first signal to oppose the landing of the Americans.

Early in the morning all the guns commenced playing upon the British works, and some artillery and dragoons under Colonel Burn, marched up the shore, and made a feint against the Queenston road, in order to divert the attention of the enemy from the main attack. The British, however, remained perfectly quiet, until Col. Scott's command were within reach of their small-arms. Suddenly they then rose from their ambuscade, and poured toward the advancing boats thick volleys of musketry, which, however, were so ill directed as to produce little effect. As soon as the boats touched the shore the advance formed, and rushed up the steep in the very face of a heavy fire from a vastly superior enemy. They were unable to gain the height, although such was their ardor, that in ten minutes they made three separate attempts to do so. At the end of that time, they were reinforced, and succeeded in mounting the shore, on the ledge of which they formed and commenced the battle in good earnest. The skirmish which ensued was obstinate, but the enemy were finally driven from their position, and retired toward Newark village, near Fort George. At the same moment the boats of the second brigade reached the shore. The Americans then concentrated their whole force on the plain, and formed in line to await the arrival of General Lewis. That officer was soon with them, and the army commenced a pursuit of the retreating enemy. The latter, however, had gone so far that their capture was found to be impracticable. Scott lowered the standard of the fort with his own hands, and afterward continued the pursuit of the enemy. The column was afterward joined by Colonel Burn with his

dragoons ; but the pursuit was soon discontinued by order of the commander, and the troops countermarched to Fort George, where they passed the night.

In July, Scott resigned his situation as adjutant-general, and was promoted to the command of a regiment. He assisted in the capture of York, and in the unsuccessful expedition against Montreal.

But it was in the stirring events of 1814, that Scott won that reputation which has ever placed him among the highest of American officers. The hardest fought battles in the whole war took place in that year, on the Canada border ; and in all of them he acted a valuable part.

The battle of Chippewa Plains was fought on the afternoon of the 5th of July. The British had maintained a petty fire all the morning, which was not returned by their antagonists. About four in the afternoon this firing had become serious, and General Porter being sent forward to ascertain the force and position of the enemy, was soon in front of their main force. General Brown immediately ordered General Scott to advance with his brigade and Towson's artillery, and meet them upon a plain in front of the camp. This order was promptly obeyed, and soon Scott was unexpectedly in close action with a superior force of British regulars. The detachment of General Porter was now entirely routed, and their flight left the brigade of General Scott exposed to a most raking fire. But instead of retreating, he poured forward on the British with such impetuosity, that they first fell back toward a neighboring height, and afterward commenced a disorderly flight to their works. This

terminated the operations of the day, although it had been the intention of General Brown to storm the enemy's fort.

In speaking of General Scott in connection with this battle, the commander says: "He is entitled to the highest praise our country can bestow; to him more than any other man I am indebted for the victory of the 5th of July."

At Niagara it was again General Scott's fortune to commence the action. With the first brigade, Towson's artillery, and a number of dragoons, he was ordered toward the Queenston road, and came up with the enemy, posted on the opposite side of a narrow wood. He paused long enough to inform General Brown of his position, and then advanced upon the enemy. He passed the wood, and for a whole hour sustained a warm conflict, unsupported, with the whole opposing force. A great deal of manœuvring then took place, a new line was interposed between the British and General Scott in order to relieve that officer, and an important height of the enemy stormed and taken by Colonel Miller. The British were finally broken, and their defeat was complete. The Americans, however, were too exhausted to pursue, and sunk down on their arms, upon the field of conflict.

In this battle General Scott was severely wounded. For his conduct at Niagara and Chippewa, he was rewarded by congress with a gold medal, and the rank of major-general; and in 1816 the legislatures of New-York and his native state each voted him a sword, in token of their appreciation of his military services.

Scott was concerned in the Florida and Northwest wars, and in the Canada disturbances; but they afforded him no opportunities of distinguishing himself. On the death of General Macomb, he became commander-in-chief of the American army.

Upon the opening of the present war with Mexico, Scott presented a plan of operations to government, which, had it been actively followed out, would have no doubt quickly terminated hostilities. It was, however, rejected, together with the demand that he might repair immediately to the scene of action. As the war progressed, it became evident to government, that in a country like Mexico, it was necessary to act in more than one position; and accordingly, late in November President Polk communicated his plan to General Scott, to the effect that he should immediately proceed to the seat of war, and take charge of the operations on the Gulf coast. Scott sailed from New-York on the 30th, and reached the Rio Grande on the 1st of January.

The first object that engaged the attention of General Scott, was an attack upon the city of Vera Cruz. This city, with its castle, is perhaps the strongest military station in America; and commands the entrance into central Mexico. Its massive works were lined with artillery and manned by an excellent army, under the command of General Morales. Scott's army was found totally inadequate to the reduction of this place, and he was obliged to order a detachment from General Taylor. This swelled his forces to 12,000 men, and with these he landed at Anton Lizardo on the 7th of March. The landing of the troops, in full view of the enemy, was

effected by Commodore Conner ; and after some days of preparation, the bombardment commenced on the afternoon of the 22d. The defence was vigorous, but so destructive was the fire of the assailants, that early on the morning of the 26th, propositions of surrender reached the American camp. Commissioners were appointed from both armies ; and on the 29th, the Mexican army abandoned the city and castle to their antagonists.

During the whole of this terrible siege, when shells and shots were flying like hail from the ramparts of the castle, General Scott was riding from rank to rank of his army, ordering, directing, and controlling every effort of the artillery. His person seemed impervious to the shot ; and the same heroism that had crowned him with glory at Queenston and Lundy's Lane, distinguished him before the blazing lines of Vera Cruz. Very many doubted whether or not the castle of San Juan could be taken at all ; all thought the siege would be tedious and destructive : Scott captured it in four days.

On hearing of the fall of Vera Cruz, Santa Anna raised a large army, by great exertions, and marched toward the city. On the 8th, General Scott left it, and advanced into the interior. As he approached, the Mexican general retired, passing through Puebla and other places, until he reached the mountain pass of the Sierra Gordo. In this strong position he entrenched his forces, and awaited the arrival of the Americans. On the 18th, a battle was fought, in which Santa Anna was completely routed, most of his army captured, and a free passage made to Jalapa and Mexico. The American army num-

bered about six thousand, and that of the enemy twelve thousand. The latter were posted in one of the strongest positions ever occupied by an army, and their defeat will ever be regarded as a proud monument of American valor.

A striking instance of the beautiful arrangement which pervades all the operations of General Scott, is afforded by the fact, that prior to this battle he had laid down all its vicissitudes and emergencies with as much correctness as he subsequently did in his official report.

After this battle Puebla was taken by General Worth, and subsequently Jalapa fell into the hands of the Americans. Scott has continued his march to the capital, but on account of the smallness of his forces, he has not been able to operate with the promptness that characterized his former Mexican movements. Numerous reports, however, favor the opinion that he is on the eve of another battle with Santa Anna.

Such is a skeleton of the life of General Scott. So much is said and written concerning the officers of the Mexican War, that panegyric seems to be exhausted, and it were perhaps wise in us to offer no comment upon the subject of our sketch. Among all the military men of America, few have ever ranked higher than Scott in every qualification that constitutes a great general ; and the future historian will dwell with pride and profit on his personal bravery, his indomitable perseverance, his scientific combinations, and his enviable success.

REMEMBER THE ALAMO.

BY T. A. DURRIAGE.

Tune—"Bruce's Address."

WHEN on the wide spread battle-plain
The horseman's hand can scarce restrain
His pampered steed that spurns the rein,
Remember the Alamo.

When sounds the thrilling bugle blast,
And "charge" from rank to rank is past,
Then, as your sabre-strokes fall fast,
Remember the Alamo.

Heed not the Spanish battle-yell,
Let every stroke ye give them tell,
And let them fall as Crockett fell;
Remember the Alamo.

For every wound and every thrust
On pris'ners dealt by hands accurst,
A Mexican shall bite the dust:
Remember the Alamo.

The cannon's peal shall ring their knell,
Each volley sound a passing-bell,
Each cheer-Columbia's vengeance tell:
Remember the Alamo.

For it, disdaining flight, they stand,
And try the issue hand to hand:
Wo to each Mexican brigand!
Remember the Alamo.

Then boot and saddle ! draw the sword,
Unfurl your banner bright and broad,
And as ye smite the murderous horde,
Remember the Alamo.

SLAVERY IN MEXICO.

MEXICO presents the singular spectacle of a people governed by a republican constitution, and claiming republican honors, and yet in fact having its lower classes degraded to the condition of slaves. The people talk loudly of liberty and their rights as freemen ; and yet they permit their priests and political rulers to goad and trample them at pleasure. They pass from one usurper to another without seeming to have any interest in their government, or at least in the different changes which take place in it ; and an able military ruler could seize upon the government, and, like Bonaparte, make the whole subservient to his nod.

The Indians of Mexico have never been considered as entitled to equal rights with the white inhabitants. They were made slaves by Cortez, and as such they remain at the present day. They work the mines, execute the public works, and are engaged in the meanest drudgeries. Their children will be slaves after them : servitude is the hereditary legacy of the father ; and his sons know not to aspire farther. Tell the Indian that his ancestors once reigned in power and grandeur over the

whole country, and he will reply quietly that he knows it ; but the inference which you wish him to draw, the great practical motive for his own conduct, he is incapable of grasping. His native atmosphere is slavery, and he cannot thrive in any other.

Besides this transmitted slavery, there are other kinds in Mexico. The manufacturing system is one. Not only are the operatives forced to toil a great part of the day, but in some cases they are regularly sold to the proprietor, and remain in the building during life, under a system of discipline more rigorous than that of our prisons. Often the wretched laborer is separated from her friends and home, and obliged to toil in hopeless misery, every day of which is hurrying her to the tomb.

But the most common form under which slavery exists, is what may be termed in some measure *voluntary*. An individual will permit himself to get into debt, either by borrowing, or receiving goods and other articles at a store. At the moment of doing so, perhaps, he does not intend to pay ; at least not in a formal manner. He therefore engages himself to the creditor as his servant, or *peon*, to work until he can liquidate the debt. As these peons generally require all their wages for their own subsistence, the original amount still remains unpaid, and the servant continues in servitude for life. This is nothing more than perpetual slavery, although it is not so considered by the parties concerned.

Every store or business establishment has more or less of these servants connected with it, who are considered as part of the property of the concern. In the country establishments, their number often swells to such

an extent that the dwellings form a village, of which the crystallizing point is the building of the proprietors. The whole is denominated a rancho, the inhabitants being *rancheros*; and is not unlike the plantations of our southern states.

This system is one of degradation, fostering indolence and roguery in all concerned. The latter quality is so characteristic, that no *ranchero* will permit an opportunity of theft to escape him, even though it be upon the person of a fellow; hence in the civil wars which have distracted Mexico, they have ever been a source of terror to both armies, by lingering over the battle-field, and murdering all the wounded, preparatory to stripping their persons.

There are other classes and conditions of slaves in Mexico, but the above are the most important. The general features in all are the same—degradation, indolence, poverty, and consequently crime. The system is one of complete Feudalism; the few revel in luxury, the many starve; and from this condition there seems to be little prospect of amelioration.

The following song, published in several of the newspapers before the recent events on the Rio Grande, will be read or sung with a melancholy interest—a just tribute to the gallant artillerists, and to their lamented leader.

(From the Boston Daily Times.).

“FIRE AWAY.”

THE SONG OF RINGGOLD'S ARTILLERISTS.

THE Mexican bandits
Have crossed to our shore,
Our soil has been dyed
With our countrymen's gore ;
The murderers' triumph
Was theirs for a day :—
Our triumph is coming—
So fire—fire away !
Fire away !

Be steady—be ready—
And firm every hand—
Pour your shot like a storm
On the murderous band.
On their flanks, on their centre,
Our batteries play—
And we sweep them like chaff,
As we fire—fire away !
Fire away !

Lo ! the smoke-wreaths uprising !
The belching flames tear
Wide gaps through the curtain,
Revealing despair.
Torn flutters their banner—
No oriflamme gay :

They are wavering—sinking—
 So fire—fire away!
 Fire away!

'Tis over—the thunders
 Have died on the gale—
 Of the wounded and vanquished
 Hark! hark to the wail!
 Long the foreign invader
 Shall mourn for the day,
 When Ringgold was summoned
 To fire—fire away!
 Fire away!

THE BATTLE OF CERRO GORDO.

THE fight was fairly commenced on the 18th April, by General Twiggs and Colonel Harney, and it was concluded on the next day, about noon, by General Worth's and General Patterson's divisions. The enemy could not have had less than 15,000 fighting men, while our force was not over 12,000. The position of the Mexicans was one of the strongest imaginable, and our brave troops had a hard task to perform in routing them. They were entrenched upon several large heights, upon which no less than seven batteries were planted, mounting 24 guns in all. One by one they fell into our hands.

At about 10 o'clock, a charge was made at several points by the regulars, the two Tennessee, and two Pennsylvania regiments, which, for a time, was strongly op-



W. L. L. L.

posed by the Mexicans, who fought desperately; but finally their trumpet sounded a retreat, and away went Santa Anna and the larger portion of his army as if "Old Nick" himself was after them! Not so, however, with General La Vega, and 5000 of his command, including four other generals, all of whom surrendered, and are now prisoners of war in camp, with all their arms, ammunition, &c.

General Santa Anna, in his retreat, was so hotly pursued by Colonel Harney, who had command of the 7th infantry and mounted rifles, that he was forced to leave his splendid carriage, trunks, some \$70,000 in silver, and one of his cork legs! They are also in camp, and attract much attention, and cause no little merriment.

Our loss in killed and wounded is severe, while that of the enemy is very great. Among those killed and wounded on our side, may be mentioned the name of General Shields, who fell at an early hour in the day.

The Mexican forces on the height of Sierra Gordo, were the 3d and 4th light infantry, the 3d and 5th regiments of the line, and six pieces of artillery, with the requisite number of cavalry. Colonel Obando, chief of artillery, was killed, also General Vasques, general of division. Many of our officers were of opinion that this general was no other than Governor Morales.

Our forces consisted of the 2d, 3d and 7th infantry and mounted riflemen, and Steptoe's battery. Captain Mason, of the rifles, was severely wounded—having lost his left leg. Lieutenant Ewell, of the 7th infantry, was severely wounded. Captain Patten, of the 2d—left hand shot off.

On the 17th, Lieutenant Jarvis, of the 2d infantry, was wounded in ascending the first hill.

On the top of Sierra Gordo, the scene was truly horrible ;—from the Jalapa road, dead bodies of the enemy could be seen on every spot where the eye was directed, until they literally covered the ascent to the height. There is about half an acre of level ground on the top of the mountain, and here was collected together the wounded of both armies, and the dead of our own. Side by side was laying the disabled American and the Mexican, and our surgeons were busy amputating and dressing the wounds of each—lotting them in turns, unless the acute pain of some sufferer further along caused him to cry out, when he would be immediately attended to.

The pioneer parties of our men were picking up the wounded, and bringing them in from every part of the ascent to the height. From the side towards the river, where the storming party of General 'Twiggs' division made the charge, most of our men suffered, and many of the enemy also, for they made a desperate stand—but when they gave way, and started in confusion down the hill, was the time they most suffered—many of them receiving the balls of our men in their backs.

The charge on Sierra Gordo was one of those cool yet determined ones, so characteristic of the American soldier. From the time that our troops left the hill nearest that prominent height, the fire was incessant, and they had to fight their way, foot by foot, until they gained the summit, from which place the enemy gave way, after a very short resistance.

The second in command to Santa Anna is a man as

black as the ace of spades, with a name something like Stinton.

All Santa Anna's plate was taken, and his dinner, already cooked, eaten by our own officers.

The writer states that Generals Patterson and Smith were both confined to their beds by sickness, and were unable to go into the fights with their commands.

THE FRIAR JARAUTA,

DESCRIBED IN A LETTER FROM VERA CRUZ.

THE city is perfectly quiet. No guerillas have been seen in the neighborhood for several days, and I believe all the "gray friars" have left for their respective divisions in the mountains and on the roads. I have not seen one since the night on which the row was kicked up in searching for Jarauta.

This fellow has become quite a lion in Mexico—indeed he already finds himself famous; and some one in this city has attempted his life; not to take it, but to write it—and the result of this effort was, a few days since, given to the admiring world in an extra of *El Arco Iris*, which I enclose with this. From this document we learn that "Padre Pedro Caledonio Jarauta" is a native of the city of Catalayud, in Aragon, and is now from thirty-two to thirty-four years of age. At the commencement of the revolution in the Peninsula in 1834, he

ran away from the convent of San Francisco, in which he was a student, and joined the faction of Carnicer. In the action between the command of this chieftain and the forces of the Government at Mallals, in Catalonia, Jarauta was severely wounded, and, together with a number of the Carlist party, was taken prisoner, and confined in the hospital prison at Valencia. From this place he managed to escape by scaling the walls, but, together with the companions of his flight, was recaptured, and transferred to safer quarters. He was subsequently sent to Cadiz, where he and the celebrated Isidro Ejea planned an escape from the St. Helena prison, in which they were confined, but were discovered in the act. In August, 1835, he, with one hundred and thirty of his fellow-prisoners, was sent to Havana, where he arrived on the 4th of the following October. Here he was confined in the Moro Castle, until Tacon issued an order for all the friars amongst the Spanish prisoners to retire to the monasteries of their respective orders in Havana. Jarauta was, consequently, sent to that of San Francisco, where he resumed the habits and followed the religious pursuits which he had abandoned for those of the field. Here his indomitable spirit and turbulent disposition brought him into trouble, and in bad odor with his confrères, who repeatedly complained of him, until the Governor ordered him to be confined in the new prison, where he found himself in 1838. From this place he managed to escape, and made his way to Mexico. In Vera Cruz he is well known, having been for some time a curate of the church of San Francisco.

Jarauta has an extremely ready and lively genius,

possesses a warm and generous heart, while, as an enemy, he is implacable. Possessed of an enterprising and energetic character, nothing daunts him; and when he engages in an undertaking, it is with the fixed purpose of desisting only upon success or death. In the midst of his greatest misfortunes, he is never sad nor depressed, but his happy and daring genius is always found equal to the emergency of the occasion. His stubborn and powerful will has won for him the well-merited soubriquet of the "Aragonese." His figure is good—his stature five feet three or four inches, and he has but little beard.

For the benefit of those who are puzzled to pronounce Spanish names, I would say that his is pronounced Harrowtah—the *ow* sounded as in "brow."

"THE TWO POLLIES."

THE U. S. Steamers *Vixen* and *Spitfire*, originally built for the Mexican navy, were purchased by our government and despatched to the Gulf, about the close of August, 1846.

Commanders *Tatnall* and *Sands*, as intrepid, brave, and active officers as our service can boast, cheerfully accepted the command, though inferior to their grade. The *Vixen* carried three twenty-four-pounders, and the *Spitfire* one sixty-eight and two thirty-two-pounders—otherwise the little beauties were much alike, and soon, through scenes of usefulness and danger, so endeared themselves to our tars, that they were familiarly and lov-

ingly christened "THE TWO POLLIES." They had taken the lead at the first attack on Alvarado—were at the taking of Tabasco, Tampico, Laguna, and Tuspan—had assisted in covering the debarkation of our army at Vera Cruz—in fact, were present wherever activity or daring could hope to win honor; but it is some of their mad pranks at the *Siege of Vera Cruz* that we are now about to chronicle. Indeed, if for a moment the gallantry and heroic emulation of our tars could be forgotten, the narrative of some of the exploits of the "*Two Pollies*," and of their colleagues among the "*Musquito fleet*," would partake not a little of the ridiculous—thus these small steamers boldly arraying their comparative insignificance against the terrific battlements opposed to them, might appear Quixotic, and their escape hopeless. Nevertheless, they caused much destruction in the town of Vera Cruz, and annoyed the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa considerably by their shells. But we know nothing of "*the log*"—"the *Commodore's orders*"—or "*official despatches*"—all we have the run of is some of the capers of the "*Two Pollies*," and of our fellows aboard, which we guess were not served up in the "*Report to the Secretary*," but are, notwithstanding, "as true as preaching."

On the 22d, the *Spitfire* and *Vixen* had a regular blow out. All that night they lay under Punto de Hornos, within range of the batteries of both city and castle, pouring in broadsides till their ammunition was expended, and had been supplied from the fleet again and again, when, early in the morning, the gallant *Tatnall*, regardless of all odds, proposed to his friend and comrade,

Sands, closer quarters, and that they should stand out right in front of the town and castle—so as to show more of “The Two Pollies,” and of their behavior. “*Agreed! with all my heart,*” says *Sands*—and away they dashed down the middle. Tatnall had a great swaggering ensign at his fore, awfully bigger than his vessel—as if just to show who was admiral on this occasion. “*The Two Pollies*” went it strong over the waters—but with inimitable grace, though they had to puff and blow a little before they brought up “all standing”—as if their ladyships were taking their places in a quadrille “vis-a-vis” to *Fort Santiago* and to the castle. Now this was “a hot place,” especially for small fry. The ladies saluted, led off—“forward two”—*Fort Santiago*, like a gentleman, immediately returned the compliment, but the castle, surly, overgrown brute as he was, looked grim and gruff as a bear, and it was not until “*The Two Pollies*” had let out a little of the *Spitfire* and *Vixen* of their nature, that, with a tremendous roar, all sorts of missiles showered—sweet as sugar plums in Carnival—around the apparently doomed little wretches. “The poetry of their motion,” however, was undisturbed except by the acceleration of their own “music.” The jig lasted more than an hour, during which time, it is but justice to the Mexican gallants to say that they were as “bloody politeful” as they could be, unceasingly showering their favors around our *Two Pollies*. Still, it must be confessed that their civilities were awkward enough, for they took not the least effect on any of the tender sensibilities of the two ladies. “*Zounds—what shooting !!*” Poor Tatnall was in utter despair—he had waited with perfect serenity

for them to take good aim—to make one decent shot at least—but such *unscientific peppering*!—never was the like, it was entirely unbearable, he could not stand it, and strode about the deck, out of all patience, exclaiming: “*What! nothing—nobody hit yet!—Zounds—nobody killed!—not an officer killed or wounded!!—nothing hurt!!!—The-d—l take such fun!*”

Seriously, this adventure was one of the most gallant and daring events of naval warfare. We repeat that it was almost a miracle the ships were not blown “sky high,” or our “*Two Pollies*” sent prematurely to “Davy’s locker”—but it is not our province to discuss *grave* matters, nor to write by “the log.” Mr. Secretary Mason may look out for himself. *We are going it on our own hook.*

The Two Pollies, what with a regular hail-storm of round shot and of shells, and some of them of the biggest kind—fire without and fire within—boilers to burst—shoals and rocks to bilge on—powder in the ugly little magazine—powder in the wheel-houses—fire and powder every where on their crowded decks, were certainly in what “Mr. Secretary” might call “a bad fix.” Three hearty cheers from the officers of our army ashore had greeted them as they stood in, but who could say they ever would stand out? Nothing disturbed them, however. The music was being kept up, when the gallant *Lieutenant Parker* * (the same who had, a few months before, so daringly destroyed a vessel under the very walls of the castle) was taken all aback with the

* Lieutenant James L. Parker, one of the heroes of the Creole exploits, &c., fell a victim to the fever, afterwards.

Quixotism of the affair, and left his gun, for a moment, to inquire, with a most quizzical phiz, of the captain—whether he saw “*any windmills about*”—that they might tilt a lance with—“*No ! no !*” sung out Sands—“*not yet—but we will catch one by and by.*” (They were not, however, as unfortunate as the Don, for they all came off with whole bones—but it was not their fault.)

From the captain to “the captain’s darkey,” it was impossible to keep the fight down. Sands had a bridge put across from the wheel-houses, and stood high and dry thereon to superintend the fun. He had his weather eye open, we guess, when he spied that fireman playing “sodger,” with belt, cartouch-box, musket and bayonet,—every now and then chunking the furnace, and then popping up, stiff as Cuffy, to take a hand himself. The captain made him “drop that, quick,” for it would not exactly do to burst a boiler at that stage of the game.

All hands, landsmen and boys, enjoyed the frolic. The boy Tom, “*captain’s darkey*,” couldn’t stay quiet, so they made a powder-monkey of him to the long gun, and the way he kept a supply a-going “was a caution.” Tom, like the chap who pulled the bellows of the organ, seemed then to think nothing could be done without him, but “the darkey,” afterwards, let fall some expressions, which, with uncharitable and evil-disposed persons, might militate against his courage ; for he was understood to say that he thought “the harder he worked, the less he was afraid.”

The noise of the whizzing of balls, the thundering of the artillery, the queer rumbling of shells through the air—heaving and tossing the water, foam, and spray

about, as they fell around (for the enemy's shot and shell hit every where but in the right place)—was only comparable to forty congressmen "on their legs" at once, with the speaker's hammer calling to order in vain, except that things went on aboard the two Pollies as regular as clockwork, *only a little faster*. Jack Matthews, sick when he joined the Vixen, but always on duty, and ever ready for a fight, worked his gun beautifully, and with most philosophical steadiness; while with the other officers, Murray, Jeffers, Simpson, it was "Shoot, Luke, or give me the gun."—They cracked away as if they were "pigeon shooting," and were bound to hit "*nine out of ten*." Matthews, with his gun, had the last shot; he nursed it up tenderly, got the sweetest aim imaginable on him, and let fly. Sands had told Jack he would "get his answer," and sure enough, the biggest kind of a shell came screeching, whizzing, and whirling, but it was "no go."

For some time, it had, somehow or other, been intimated aboard, that there was a signal of recall flying from the commodore's ship. It is not known exactly, (and, perhaps, never will be known—at "*the Department*,") why Tatnall and Sands could not see it—mayhap Sands was looking at Tatnall, and Tatnall was looking at the enemy,—but so it was; an officer from the commodore, at last, had to bring a peremptory order recalling "*The Two Pollies*."—Perhaps the commodore thought, like mothers at a ball, that "*the young ladies had staid long enough*,"—certain it is, "*The Two Pollies*" came off, however unwillingly, in time to prevent having their good looks spoilt—making their "*congé*" so gracefully

and prettily that they were again cheered heartily from the land and sea forces around them.

Thus was wound up that "lark" of our "*Two Pollies*," and this winds up all we can tell, in this chapter, of the "*Musquito fleet*."—We had forgotten "*the Moral*,"—if our yarn ever had one;—it must be, however, something full as touching as this:—*Whenever "Two Pollies" are circumstanced as they were, and situated as they are, they must have the ——— own luck, to escape without a life lost, a wound received, or any injury whatever.*



COLONEL DONIPHAN'S MARCH,

DESCRIBED BY MR. BENTON.

ON Friday the 2d inst. Col. Doniphan and his command arrived at St. Louis. They were received in a most enthusiastic manner, by the ringing of bells, the pealing of cannon, and the shouts of a vast multitude of citizens.

Col. Benton was orator of the day, and pronounced the Address of Welcome. The address is published at length in the St. Louis New Era. We annex a few extracts.

"Your march and exploits have been among the most wonderful of the age. At the call of your country you marched a thousand miles to the conquest of New Mexico, as part of the force under Gen. Kearney, and achieved

that conquest without the loss of a man or the fire of a gun. That work finished, and New Mexico, itself so distant, and so lately the Ultima Thule—the outside boundary of speculation and enterprise—so lately a distant point to be attained, becomes itself a point of departure—a beginning point for new and far more extended expeditions. You look across the long and lofty chain—the Cordilleras of North America—which divide the Atlantic from the Pacific waters ; and you see beyond that ridge a savage tribe which had been long in the habit of depredating upon the province which had just become an American conquest. You, a part only of the subsequent Chihuahua column, under Jackson and Gilpin, march upon them—bring them to terms—and they sign a treaty with Col. Doniphan, in which they bind themselves to cease their depredations on the Mexicans, and to become the friends of the United States. A novel treaty that ! signed on the western confines of New Mexico, between parties who had hardly ever heard each other's names before, and to give peace and protection to Mexicans who were hostile to both. This was the meeting and this the parting of the Missouri volunteers, with the numerous and savage tribe of the Navaho Indians, living on the waters of the Gulf of California, and so long the terror and scourge of Sonora, Sinaloa, and New Mexico.

“ This object accomplished, and impatient of inactivity, and without orders, (Gen. Kearney having departed for California,) you cast about to carve out some new work for yourselves. Chihuahua, a rich and populous city of nearly 30,000 souls, the seat of government of the state of that name, and formerly the residence of

the captains general of the Internal Provinces under the vice-regal government of New Spain, was the captivating object which fixed your attention. It was a far distant city—about as far from St. Louis as Moscow is from Paris; and towns, and enemies, and a large river, and defiles, and mountains, and the desert whose ominous name portends death to travellers—*el jornada de los muertos*—the journey of the dead—all lay between you. It was a perilous enterprise, and a discouraging one for a thousand men, badly equipped, to contemplate. No matter. Danger and hardship lent it a charm, and the adventurous march was resolved on, and the execution commenced. First, the ominous desert was passed, its character vindicating its title to its mournful appellation—an arid plain of ninety miles, strewn with the bones of animals that had perished of hunger and thirst—little hillocks of stone, and the solitary cross, erected by pious hands, marking the spot where some Christian had fallen victim of the savage, of the robber, or of the desert itself—no water—no animal life—no sign of habitation. There the Texan prisoners, driven by the cruel Salazar, had met their direst sufferings, unrelieved, as in other parts of the country, by the compassionate ministrations (for where is it that *woman* is not compassionate?) of the pitying women. The desert was passed, and the place for crossing the river approached. A little arm of the river Bracito (in Spanish), made out from its side. There the enemy, in superior numbers, and confident in cavalry and artillery, undertook to bar the way. Vain pretension! Their discovery, attack, and rout, were about simultaneous operations. A few minutes did the

work ! And in this way our Missouri volunteers of the Chihuahua column, spent their Christmas day of the year 1846.

“The victory of Bracito opened the way to the crossing of the river Del Norte, and to admission into the beautiful little town of the Passo del Norte, where a neat cultivation, a comfortable people, fields, orchards and vineyards, and a hospitable reception, offered the rest and refreshment which toils and dangers and victory had won. You rested there till artillery was brought down from Sante Fe ; but the pretty town of the Passo del Norte, with all its enjoyments, and they were many, and the greater for the place in which they were found, was not a *Capua* to the men of Missouri. You moved forward in February, and the battle of the Sacramento, one of the military marvels of the age, cleared the route to Chihuahua, which was entered without further resistance. It had been entered once before by a detachment of American troops ; but under circumstances how different ! In the year 1807, Lieutenant Pike and his thirty brave men, taken prisoners on the head of the Rio del Norte, had been marched captives into Chihuahua : in the year 1847, Doniphan and his men entered it as conquerors. The paltry triumph of a captain-general over a lieutenant, was effaced in the triumphal entrance of a thousand Missourians into the grand and ancient capital of all the *Internal Provinces* ! and old men, still alive, could remark the grandeur of the American spirit under both events—the proud and lofty bearing of the captive thirty—the mildness and moderation of the conquering thousand.

"Chihuahua was taken, and responsible duties, more delicate than those of arms, were to be performed. Many American citizens were there, engaged in trade; much American property was there. All this was to be protected, both lives and property, and by peaceful arrangement; for the command was too small to admit of division, and of leaving a garrison. Conciliation and negotiation were resorted to, and successfully. Every American interest was provided for, and placed under the safeguard, *first*, of good will, and *next*, of guaranties not to be violated with impunity.

"Chihuahua gained, it became, like Santa Fe, not the terminating point of a long expedition, but the beginning point of a new one. Gen. Taylor was somewhere—one knew exactly where—but some seven or eight hundred miles towards the other side of Mexico. You had heard that he had been defeated—that Buena Vista had not been a *good prospect* to him. Like good Americans, you did not believe a word of it; but, like good soldiers, you thought it best to go and see. A volunteer party of fourteen, headed by Collins, of Boonville, undertook to penetrate to Saltillo, and bring you information of his condition. They set out. Amidst innumerable dangers they accomplish their purpose, and return. You march. A vanguard of one hundred men, led by Lieut. Colonel Mitchell, led the way. Then came the main body (if the name is not a burlesque on such a handful), commanded by Colonel Doniphan himself.

"The whole table-land of Mexico, in all its breadth, from west to east, was to be traversed. A numerous and hostile population in towns—treacherous Camanches

in the mountains—were to be passed. Every thing was to be self-provided—provisions, transportation, fresh horses for remounts, and even the means of victory—and all without a military chest, or even an empty box, in which government gold had ever reposed. All was accomplished. Mexican towns were passed, in order and quiet; plundering Camanches were punished; means were obtained from traders to liquidate indispensable contributions; and the wants that could not be supplied were endured like soldiers of veteran service.

“I say the Camanches were punished. And here presents itself an episode of a novel, extraordinary, and romantic kind—Americans chastising savages for plundering people who they themselves came to conquer, and forcing the restitution of captives and of plundered property. A strange story this to tell in Europe, where backwoods character, western character, is not yet completely known. But to the facts. In the muskeet forest of the Bolson de Mapimi, and in the sierras around the beautiful town and fertile district of Parras, and in all the open country for hundreds of miles round about, the savage Camanches have held dominion ever since the usurper Santa Anna disarmed the people, and sally forth from their fastnesses to slaughter men, plunder cattle, and carry off women and children. An exploit of this kind had just been performed on the line of the Missourians' march, not far from Parras, and an advanced party chanced to be in that town at the time the news of the depredation arrived there. It was only fifteen strong. Moved by gratitude for the kind attentions of the people, especially the women, to the sick of General Wool's

command, necessarily left in Parras, and unwilling to be outdone by enemies in generosity, the heroic fifteen, upon the spot, volunteered to go back, hunt out the depredators, and punish them, without regard to numbers. A grateful Mexican became their guide. On their way they fell in with fifteen more of their comrades ; and, in a short time, seventeen Camanches killed out of sixty-five, eighteen captives restored to their families, and three hundred and fifty head of cattle recovered for their owners, was the fruit of this sudden and romantic episode.

“Such noble conduct was not without its effect on the minds of the astonished Mexicans. An official document from the prefect of the place to Captain Reid, leader of this detachment, attests the verity of the fact, and the gratitude of the Mexicans ; and constitutes a trophy of a new kind in the annals of war. Here it is in the original Spanish, and I will read it off in English.

“It is officially dated from the Prefecture of the Department of Parras, signed by the prefect, Jose Ignacio Arrabe, and addressed to Captain Reid, the 18th of May, and says :

“‘At the first notice that the barbarians, after killing many, and taking captives, were returning to their haunts, you generously and bravely offered, with fifteen of your subordinates, to fight them on their crossing by the Pazo, executing this enterprise with celerity, address, and bravery, worthy of all eulogy, and worthy of the brilliant issue which all celebrate. You recovered many animals and much plundered property, and eighteen captives were restored to liberty and to social enjoyments, their souls overflowing with a lively sentiment of joy and

gratitude, which all the inhabitants of this town equally breathe, in favor of their generous deliverers and their valiant chief. The half of the Indians killed in the combat, and those which fly wounded, do not calm the pain which all feel for the wound which your excellency received defending Christians and civilized beings against the rage and brutality of savages. All desire the speedy re-establishment of your health ; and although they know that in your own noble soul will be found the best reward of your conduct, they desire also to address you the expression of their gratitude and high esteem. I am honored in being the organ of the public sentiment ; and pray you to accept it, with the assurance of my most distinguished esteem.

“‘ God and Liberty !’

“ This is a trophy of a new kind in war, won by thirty Missourians, and worthy to be held up to the admiration of Christendom.

“ The long march from Chihuahua to Monterey was made more in the character of protection and deliverance than of conquest and invasion. Armed enemies were not met, and peaceful people were not disturbed. You arrived in the month of May in General Taylor’s camp, and about in a condition to vindicate, each of you for himself, your lawful title to the double *sobriquet* of the general, with the addition to it which the colonel of the expedition has supplied—ragged—as well as rough and ready. No doubt you all showed title, at that time, to that third *sobriquet* ; but to see you now, so gayly attired, so sprucely equipped, one might suppose that you had never, for an instant, been a stranger to the virtues of

soap and water, or the magic ministrations of the *blanchisseuse*, and the elegant transformations of the fashionable tailor. Thanks, perhaps, to the difference between pay in the lump at the end of service, and dribblets in the course of it.

"You arrived in General Taylor's camp ragged and rough, as we can well conceive, and ready, as I can quickly show. You reported for duty! you asked for service!—such as a march upon San Luis de Potosi, Zacatecas, or the "halls of the Montezumas," or any thing in that way that the general should have a mind to. If he was going upon any excursion of that kind, all right. No matter about fatigues that were passed, or expirations of service that might accrue; you came to go, and only asked the privilege.

"That is what I call ready. Unhappily the conqueror of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and Buena Vista, was not in exactly the condition that the lieutenant-general, that might have been, intended him to be. He was not at the head of 20,000 men! he was not at the head of any thousands that would enable him to march! and had to decline the proffered service. Thus the long-marched and well-fought volunteers—the rough, the ready, and the ragged, had to turn their faces towards home, still more than two thousand miles distant. But this being mostly by water, you hardly count it in the recital of your march. But this is an unjust omission, and against the precedents as well as unjust. "The Ten Thousand" counted the voyage on the Black Sea as well as the march from Babylon; and twenty centuries admit the validity of the count. The present age, and

posterity, will include in 'the going out and coming in' of the Missouri Chihuahua volunteers, the water voyage as well as the land march; and then the expedition of the One Thousand will exceed that of the Ten by some two thousand miles.

"The last nine hundred miles of your land march, from Chihuahua to Matamoras, you made in forty-five days, bringing seventeen pieces of artillery, eleven of which were taken from the Sacramento and Bracito. Your horses, travelling the whole distance without United States provender, were astonished to find themselves regaled on their arrival on the Rio Grande frontier, with hay, corn, and oats from the States. You marched further than the farthest, fought as well as the best, left order and quiet in your train, and cost less money than any.

"You arrive here to-day, absent one year, marching and fighting all the time, bringing trophies of cannon and standards from fields whose names were unknown to you before you set out, and only grieving that you could not have gone further. Ten pieces of cannon, rolled out of Chihuahua to arrest your march, now roll through the streets of St. Louis, to grace your triumphal return. Many standards, all pierced with bullets, while waving over the heads of the enemy at the Sacramento, now wave at the head of your column. The black flag, brought to the Bracito, to indicate the refusal of that quarter which its bearers so soon needed and received, now takes its place among your trophies, and hangs drooping in their nobler presence. To crown the whole—to make public and private happiness go together—to spare the cypress where the laurel hangs in clusters—

this long and perilous march, with all its accidents of field and camp, presents an incredibly small list of comrades lost. Almost all return ! and the joy of families resounds, intermingled with the applauses of the state."

Colonel Doniphan responded in eloquent terms, and admitted that Colonel Benton's speech gave a glowing, eloquent, and faithful account of the expedition. He said that, if peace is to be secured to Mexico, it must be the result of a vigorous prosecution of the war. The armies must be immediately reinforced, and not kept paralyzed on a field where their presence counted for nothing upon the termination of the war.

(From Park Benjamin's *Western Continent*.)

THE RIO GRANDE.

THERE are sounds of mighty conflict by a peaceful river's shore,
 And the tranquil air is shaken by the deaf'ning cannon's roar ;
 By the deaf'ning roar of cannon, like the rolling thunder peal,
 And the rattling sharp of musketry, the clash and clang of steel,
 And the shouts of conquering squadrons, the groans of dying
 men,
 And the neighing of affrighted steeds, swift scouring o'er the
 plain ;
 For the sons of young Columbia are battling hand to hand,
 With the legions of proud Mexico, beside the Rio Grande.

Amid the thickest of the fray a gallant chief flies fast ;
 His swarthy foes before him bend, like reeds before the blast ;

On right and left, on left and right, he wields a trusty sword,
And blood upon the trampled turf, like ruddy wine is pour'd.
His clarion voice rings loudly, his arm is stout and strong,
And none are readier to avenge his slighted country's wrong ;
But ah ! the death-shot, lightning-winged, has struck amid his
band,
And the gallant chief lies bleeding, beside the Rio Grande.

Dismay and consternation on that little squadron fell,
For there were none but loved him right faithfully and well ;
They fly with swift alacrity, to aid him, and to cheer,
And the eyes of lion-hearted men shed many a briny tear.
But while, with sad solicitude, his mangled form they rais'd,
His proud eye flashed unearthly light, as o'er the field he gaz'd—
“ Rush on, my men, ye've work to do,” he cried in loud com-
mand,
And bade them to the fight again, beside the Rio Grande.

They are speeding like the hurricane, they've left him, they are
gone,
And pillowed on the verdant turf, the soldier lies alone ;
The battle's tide has rolled away and none are near him now,
To soothe his agony, or wipe the cold drops from his brow ;
But from his breast escapes no sigh, no murmur from his lips,
And while his sight grows dim beneath the gath'ring death
eclipse—
As in a dream, the soldier's heart is with his native land,
And little recks he of the strife beside the Rio Grande.

He is sitting now, her darling boy, beside his mother's knee,
The wild fawn 'mid the free blue hills not happier than he ;
Or roaming through the meadow grass to pluck the early flow-
ers,
Whose perfume lingers round us e'en to life's remotest hours.

A bright-eyed girl, more beautiful than morn's first rosy beam,
His fond enraptured spirit stirs with love's enchanting dream ;
She chides his warm caresses not—he clasps her gentle hand—
Ah ! thrill'd with pain, he wakes again, beside the Rio Grande.

And now returning lustre for a moment lights his eye—
Oh ! is it not a glorious thing thus on the field to die ?
For well he knows that after years shall venerate his name,
And crown his deathless mem'ry with the laurel wreath of fame ;
And youth, and sober manhood, and hoary-headed age,
Shall dwell with rapture o'er his deeds upon the historic page,
And patriot mothers tell their babes how well his valiant hand
Did battle in its country's cause, beside the Rio Grande.

The film is spreading o'er his eye—the ashen hue of death
Steals swiftly o'er his features now, and fainter grows his
breath.

Hark ! hark ! the cry of victory the dying man has reach'd :
He raised his head exultingly and wide his arms outstretch'd ;
A smile played round his pallid lips, then sank he on the sod,
And freed from its frail tenement, the spirit sought its God.
And now the green grass o'er him, by the southern breeze is
fann'd,
And the gallant hero slumbering lies beside the Rio Grande.

THE PRISONERS OF ENCARNACION.

DEEPLY INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF THE CAPTURE, ADVENTURES, SUFFERINGS, ETC., OF MAJORS GAINES AND BORLAND'S PARTY IN MEXICO.

From the New-Orleans Delta, July 16.

THERE arrived yesterday in our city, by the schooner Home, from Tampico, John Swigert, John Scott, W. Holeman, of Captain Milam's company of Kentucky cavalry; P. Tunk, of Captain Pennington's, and W. P. Denowitz, of Captain Heady's company, all of whom belonged to the command of Major Gaines, which was captured last February, near Encarnacion, by a large Mexican force under General Miñón.

These gallant fellows, who are very young men, escaped from their guard at the town of Huequétla, about forty leagues from Tampico; and reaching the latter place in safety, after a most perilous and trying march, embarked for this port in the schooner Home.

In a very gratifying interview with Mr. Swigert, one of these young men, we have learned many interesting particulars of the capture, sufferings, trials, and adventures of Major Gaines's party. To relate all the interesting and romantic incidents, so modestly and forcibly detailed to us by this brave young Kentuckian, would swell our narrative quite beyond the compass of our paper. We trust that the task of snatching from oblivion and handing down to posterity a faithful record of the stirring incidents connected with the capture and march of this party, will be assumed and discharged by

some of the very capable officers or soldiers who participated in these eventful scenes. The genius of Cassius M. Clay would, no doubt, do full justice to the subject; and we ardently hope he may soon be in a situation to fulfil the hopes of his countrymen in that regard.

The principal events of the capture of Majors Gaines and Borland's parties are well known to our readers.—These officers, with three companies of Kentucky and Arkansas cavalry, were out on a scouting party. It was thought that there were small bodies of the enemy's cavalry prowling about the country; but no one had the slightest apprehension, that a large force could be so near General Wool's camp.

Major Gaines having joined Major Borland at a rancho near Encarnacion, the two commands went into quarters for the night, after posting sentinels some distance in advance and on the top of the house in which they were encamped. That night the officers, who, tired by a very long march, had laid down to sleep, were several times aroused by the alarms of the sentinel, who declared that he saw an armed Mexican approaching the rancho. But the sentinels on the top of the house declared that they could see nothing; and the man who gave the alarm, was treated as rather a nervous and dreaming individual. The officers thereupon retired again to their blankets, but had scarcely fallen asleep when they were aroused by another alarm from the sentinel, who declared that he had again seen an armed Mexican and had pulled trigger on him, but, his gun being wet, the cap did not explode. Other alarms were also given by other sentinels picketed some distance from

the rancho. The night was now waning fast. It was very dark and misty. The officers bestirred themselves, and arousing the men, prepared to meet an attack, thinking that the enemy consisted of a force of four or five hundred, which Major Gaines had already been in pursuit of, and which he considered a force about equal to his own.

Our men were all collected on the top of that rancho, with their guns ready for action, full of courage and zeal, and warmly desirous of a handsome brush with the enemy. The morn broke slowly. The mist hung heavily around them; and although they could hear very plainly the approach of horsemen, they could see nothing. At last the light began to break through the mist immediately in their front, and the faint outline of a strong body of armed horsemen was perceptible in the distance. And as the mist rolled and gathered up into huge clouds, and gently ascended toward the neighboring heights, it revealed, with most painful distinctness, a whole regiment of splendidly equipped Mexican lancers drawn up in line of battle, and occupying a commanding position within three hundred yards of the rancho occupied by Major Gaines's party.

Undauntedly surveying and counting this strong force before them, our men prepared for action, crying out, "Oh, there are only six hundred of them—it's a fair fight, and we will see it out!" But stop! Look on the right as the mists leave that side of the rancho, there is another regiment, just as strong as that in front.

"Well," cried a stalwart Kentuckian, who kept all the while a bright eye on his long rifle, "this is coming

it rather strong; the thing looks serious, most decidedly, but I reckon we can lick a thousand Greasers, and throw in two hundred for good measure." "Can't we?" was the unanimous cry of the party.

"But, oh cranky," cried the tall sergeant, "here's more of the varmints." And there, sure enough, on their left was another regiment about six hundred strong, whose bright helmets, flaming pennons, and showy uniforms, loomed out conspicuously in the dark horizon. And there, too, just a few hundred yards in their rear, was still another regiment. Thus was this small party of one hundred and twenty Americans entirely surrounded by a Mexican force of about three thousand cavalry, the finest in the country, and commanded by one of their best officers.

Undisnayed, our men prepared for action, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible. Never did men go more calmly and coolly to work than this little Spartan band, as with many a careless jest and the most imperturbable *sang froid*, they re-loaded and re-capped their rifles, looked to their cartouch-boxes, felt the edge of their bowie-knives, and glanced a proud defiance at their legion foe.

In the mean time the enemy preserved the most perfect military order, and presented a display of martial magnificence, such as our men had never before witnessed. Their officers, covered with gold and splendidly mounted and caparisoned, rode in front, while their buglers blew the Mexican charge, and made the hills around resound with their loud and exulting blasts.

Major Gaines ordered his bugler to respond to their

threatening flourish, by blowing, with all his might, the American charge, and directed the men to follow up the blast with three loud cheers. The order was cheerfully and heartily obeyed. The Mexicans, who were advancing upon the rancho, were so awed by the loud yells and terrific huzzas of our boys, that they halted, and looked at our little band in mute terror and astonishment that so small a party could make such a tremendous noise. "Give them three times three," cried out Capt. Cassius M. Clay, and the huzzas were prolonged to the full complement until they made the welkin ring for miles around, and so frightened the Mexicans, that their general, to prevent his men from running away, had to order his fine brass band to stike up the Polka, and to wheel his men into column and put them on the march. In open order, and with military precision, the Mexicans marched around the rancho to the tune of the Cracovienne; and seemed, like the cat with its little victim, to be sporting with their captive before they destroyed him.

An officer with an interpreter and white flag was sent to Major Gaines to demand his unconditional surrender. "Never," replied the gallant American. "Then no quarters will be given," remarked the Mexican. "Very well," exclaimed Captain Clay, "remember the Alamo; before we surrender on such terms, more than five hundred of your yellow-belly scoundrels shall be left to bleach on yonder plains." This remark, the interpreter did not think he could do full justice to in the translation, and he left the officer to guess at its meaning, which, however, was no difficult task, as the captain accompa-

nied his declaration with very emphatic and expressive gesticulation.

It was finally agreed that Major Gaines should have an interview with General Miñon. From him the Major received very courteous treatment, and was assured that in surrendering himself and his party they would be treated with all the consideration of prisoners of war.

Major Gaines, on communicating the result of his interview with General Miñon to his officers, took a vote whether they should fight or surrender, and Captains Clay and Danby, and Lieutenant Davidson, were for fighting, and Majors Gaines and Borland were for surrendering. While they were parleying with the Mexicans, Major Gaines observed that their men were approaching near the rancho. He immediately ordered his men to fire upon the Mexicans if they approached a foot nearer, and told their officers he should not continue the parley until their men fell back to their original position, which they did in very quick order when a few rifles were levelled in their direction. They finally, Captain Clay giving in to Majors Gaines and Borland, agreed to surrender on the most honorable terms as prisoners of war, the officers to retain their private property and side-arms. They delayed the surrender, however, as long as possible, with the expectation of being reinforced from General Wool's camp. It was an express condition in the capitulation that the Mexican guide, who had been forced by Major Gaines to act in that capacity, should have a fair trial, and if he was acquitted, he should be released. The Mexicans at first objected to this, but Captain Clay said he would die before he would surrender the unfortunate

guide without assurances of his safety. As soon as he was surrendered, the faithless Mexicans immediately murdered the poor fellow. The prisoners were then marched, without food or water, for thirty or forty miles on the road to San Luis, under an escort of eighty lancers. Major Gaines, having been allowed to ride, selected, in preference to his own charger, a blooded mare belonging to Sergeant Payne.

Captain Henrie, whose name is familiar to all who have read the stirring history of Texan warfare and adventure, and who accompanied Major Gaines as an interpreter, had rendered himself extremely useful on the occasion of their capture, by his coolness, sagacity, and knowledge of the Mexican language and character. Captain Henrie was very anxious for a fight, and strongly dissuaded Major Gaines from surrendering. He told the men to count their bullets, and if they had one for every two Mexicans, it was a fair game, and he would go it. He also cautioned them to hit the Mexicans below their beards, that they might frighten off the others by their groans, and to give them as much misery as possible. One of the Mexican officers, recognizing him, cried out in Spanish, "I shall have the pleasure of your company to the city of Mexico, Captain Henrie!" "Excuse me, señor, I generally choose my own company;" replied the cool and courtly captain.

It was the second day after their capture, and near the town of Salado, famous in Texan history as the place of the decimation of the Mier prisoners, that Major Gaines's high-spirited mare showing considerable restlessness, the major requested Captain Henrie, who is a

famous rider of the Jack Hays school, to "mount her and take off the wire-edge of her spirit." The captain did so; and riding up to Captain Clay, carelessly remarked, "Clay, I am going to make a burst." The Mexican commander, half suspecting his design, placed additional forces at the head and rear of the column of lancers within which the prisoners were placed, and rode himself by the side of Henrie, who would pace up and down the line, cracking jokes with the boys, and firing up the spirit of the mare by various ingenious manœuvres. At last, Henrie, seeing a favorable opportunity, plunged his spurs deep into the sides of the noble blood, and rushing against and knocking down three or four of the mustangs with their lancers, started off in full view of the whole party, at a rate of speed equal to the best time that Boston or Fashion ever made. After him rushed a dozen well mounted lancers, who, firing their escopetas at him, started off in close pursuit. But it was no race at all—the Kentucky blood was too much for the mustang. The lancers were soon distanced, and the last view they got of Henrie, he was flying up a steep mountain, waving his white handkerchief, and crying out in a voice which echoed afar off through the valley, "Adios, señores—adios, señores!"

Our readers may fancy the intense excitement which this scene produced among the prisoners, and will, no doubt, excuse them for so far forgetting their situation as to give three loud cheers as they saw the gallant Henrie leaving his pursuers far behind, and safely placed beyond their reach. The subsequent adventures and sufferings of Henrie are well known to our readers.

After many narrow escapes from the enemy and starvation, and after losing his noble mare, Henrie arrived safely at our camp, and gave the first authentic intelligence of the capture of Majors Gaines and Borland's party.

CAPTURE OF TABASCO.

FROM THE GRAPHIC PEN OF AN "OFFICER OF THE NAVY."

Off Tabasco, June 22, 1847.

LONG ere this, you have no doubt received my letter giving an account of the Tuspan affair. Since then, this ship has been constantly on the move; in fact, nearly the whole squadron has been very actively employed since Commodore Perry took the command; he is at present *certainly the man for the navy*; in many respects, he is an astonishing man—the most industrious, hard-working, energetic, zealous, persevering officer, of his rank, in our navy; he does not spare himself, or *any one* under him. *This I like.* His great powers of endurance astonish every one. All know he is by no means a brilliant man; but his good common sense and judgment, his sociable manner to his officers—no *humbuggery*, no *mystery*—make him respected and esteemed.

When here a few weeks since with his squadron, for the purpose of filling up our water, he understood the Mexicans were making great preparations to *receive him*

at Tabasco, should he visit them. He could not then do so, as *I know* he was *obliged* to be at Vera Cruz with his squadron at a certain time on important business. He sent them word, however, that he would return in a few days and visit them; that his delay would give them more time to prepare for him. This notice they took advantage of to sink obstructions in the river, about five miles from the city, opposite which (the obstructions) they threw up a strong breastwork, concealed by the bushes and chapparal. Their fort near the city was also much improved, and mounted three 32-pounders and four field-pieces; it was built on a high hill, commanding completely the channel to the city as far as the guns could range. On the 12th and 13th inst., as if by magic, nearly all the squadron assembled here from various points on the coast. Where dull-sailing vessels were stationed, and had *bars* to cross on coming out of the rivers, steamers were sent to tow them. In this way the commodore concentrated his squadron with astonishing rapidity.

The commodore arrived in the "Mississippi" on the 13th, having stopped at the river Guasacualcos to despatch this ship and the Stromboli. I will give you some details, by way of showing the rapidity of his movements.

The day he arrived we were ordered by telegraphic signal to "report the number of officers, seamen, and marines prepared to land to-morrow." You must know that every ship had a brass *field-piece* on board, with a portion of the crew regularly trained to them, and the rest of the crew drilled as infantry, always ready for service, boats prepared, and *haversacks* for each man's

provisions, &c., &c. Orders were given to prepare a week's provisions. The next morning all were on the alert, and breakfasted as soon as the hammocks were stowed—not knowing at what moment the signal would be made to “disembark the troops.” As we expected, the steamers were soon ordered to tow over the bar the bomb-vessels Stromboli and Vesuvius, the brig Washington, gun-boat Boneta, and the schooner Spitfire, with Taylor's apparatus for lifting vessels over shoals, &c. When the steamers returned from this duty, the signal was made, “disembark the troops.” In a few minutes, nearly one thousand officers, seamen, and marines were in their boats astern of the different steamers—the Scorpion, Vixen, and Spitfire—the commodore leading in the Scorpion.

A more animated and lively scene, you cannot well imagine. Each ship had, in addition to her own boats, a large surf-boat, borrowed from the army at Vera Cruz, in which we built platforms, and placed on them our field-pieces. All the boats were provided with awnings; and officers and men, except the marines, lived in them. The marines were on board the steamers. After all had crossed the bar, each steamer, the Scourge included, (she was lying in the river, *not good for much*,) took certain vessels and boats in tow, and the expedition moved up the river against a strong current of four or five knots. It took us until the afternoon of the 15th to reach a point near which were the obstructions in the river.

At two points on our passage up, the enemy opened with musketry on the leading steamer (the Scorpion, with the commodore) and boats. The guns of all the large

vessels and the field-pieces were trained on the two shores as we advanced, and ready for service at a moment's warning. At these two points the commodore was informed the enemy would give him a volley; and at *their flash* our "great guns," with canister and grape, poured it into them, which silenced them effectually. None on our side were hurt—several of the enemy killed and wounded, as we were told in Tabasco. The expedition arrived at the "Palms" about 5 o'clock in the afternoon. This is a point about five miles below Tabasco—a short distance from the obstructions in the river, and near which was the concealed breastwork. As it was too late to land, arrangements were made to land the army at daylight the next morning. About dark a volley of musketry was fired into one of the vessels, and a man's leg was broken—the only damage. Grape and canister silenced them also. At this time the vessels were lying within ten and twenty yards of a high bank covered with chapparal, bushes, &c., and the river at this point not more than 70 or 80 yards wide. So you may judge of our situation if the enemy had thought proper to annoy us; but the grape and canister from the "big guns" they could not stand. Several were killed by our shot at this point, although they could not be seen at the time. The next morning at early daylight the scene was again an animating one—one never to be forgotten by those who witnessed and participated in it. About 5 or 6 o'clock the commodore had two boats sounding for the obstructions, in charge of Lieutenants Alden and May. Just at this time a steamer had in tow the "Bonita," towing her to a position above the *Palms*

—a point upon which there are seven beautiful palm trees—to assist in covering our landing, as it was supposed we would meet with resistance there. The steamer grounded, and the fact was reported to the commodore, who immediately remarked, “that gun-boat must be placed off the Palms.” The Germantown’s boats were ordered to perform this duty, and at the same time one of her boats landed to ascertain the best point for disembarking. The boats towing the gun-boat had proceeded very little above the Palms when they were joined by the boats sounding for the obstructions, as well as one or two other boats, when a volley of musketry was poured into them, wounding Lieutenant May very seriously in the right arm, breaking it below the elbow, and wounding also one or two of the Germantown’s slightly. The fire was instantly returned by the mortars, Rolando’s howitzer on the launch, and from the Bonita and Scourge. We heard no more of them, as they put off on horses “with despatch,” having several wounded. All the officers in the boats say it was a miracle that not more of our men were hurt, as the balls flew very thick. May, in a whale-boat, was nearest them, and thought there were about a hundred muskets fired. About this time our gallant leader gave the order “prepare to land;” and the marines and all hands being ready, he led the way in his barge, with his broad pennant flying. All eyes watched his movements as he pulled up the river. When opposite the Palms, he steered for the shore, and in his loud, clear voice, which was heard fore and aft the whole line, gave the order, “Land!—three cheers!” and three such cheers never before were heard—each boat striving

to be first to obey the order. Such spirit, such enthusiasm, I am confident, never was surpassed. The commodore's boat was the first to strike the beach, and, I believe, he was the first to land. The shore was bold—close-to—and the bank from ten to twenty feet high. Imagine the *apparent* confusion of upwards of fifty boats, of all sizes, containing a thousand men, and ten pieces of artillery—all exerting themselves to be first on shore; and in less than ten minutes from the moment the order was given, *all* were on shore, and drawn up in order of battle. None who did not witness the exertions of the officers and men that day, in dragging those field-pieces out of the boats and up perpendicular banks ten or twenty feet high, can credit it. The banks giving way under them, large logs in their way, chapparal bushes, &c., were trifles to contend against, where such a spirit of perseverance prevailed. And now came “the tug of war.” Here we were, nearly eighty miles in the interior of an enemy's country, on our way to capture a city containing from eight to ten thousand inhabitants; and, as report informed us, from two thousand to two thousand five hundred men under arms to oppose us, with strong entrenchments to pass, and a strong fort to take, before we could reach the city; the country unknown to us—through which we had to cut a road with our pioneers—no guide could be found to direct us. Such was our situation when the army was ready to move. Every officer and man knew that, before the *sun set*, a decisive blow would be struck; but no one doubted the result. We expected many lives would be lost, as a matter of course; but we *felt* and *knew* that, with Perry's deter-

mined perseverance to conquer, defeat was out of the question. The order to march was given about 8 o'clock, and at 4 in the afternoon we entered the city of Tabasco, in a full run up some of the steep streets, with the artillery. That you may form some idea of the difficulties we had to encounter on the march, I will mention that we marched less than *ten miles*; to do this, we were eight hours on the road, which had to be cut and made by our pioneers under charge of Lieutenant Maynard, and the advance column of marines, under Captain Edson—through chapparal and high grass and reeds, frequently above their heads—the ground very uneven and full of holes—a vertical sun, and, in consequence of the grass being so high on either side of the road, we could not get a breath of air. It was distressing to witness so many gallant spirits, who, from the excessive heat, want of water, and over-exertion at the artillery, drop to the earth without a murmur. Such suffering never was witnessed. There were but two places on the route where we could get water from the river, which was then so muddy that you swallowed almost as much mud as water, and of course very warm. After a few hours' march, the road was strewn with the sick—gallant, noble fellows, falling completely exhausted. The medical corps, which was well organized, had their hands full; and their kindness and attention to the sick was just what the navy has always experienced at their hands. They were well provided with men with litters, to carry the wounded and sick—tents, medicines, &c.; but, before the march ended, additional men had to be detailed to assist them. Many of the officers carried canteens with liquor, and the mo-

ment they saw a poor fellow fall, they would give him a "drop of comfort," which had an astonishing effect on him. Two or three times on the route there was some skirmishing, but none of our men were hurt, but several of the enemy killed and wounded.

"As the steamers had orders to proceed up the river if they could pass the obstructions, they soon did so; and when we were within two or three miles of the city, we heard their 'great guns,' and knew they had passed the obstructions, and were engaged with the fort and city. Three cheers were given to the steamers, and our pace was increased. The firing was very rapid, and continued for some time. We thought they must have some hot work, and all were anxious to push on; but over such roads our speed could not be much increased. When the firing ceased, we were all anxious to hear the result. We did not wait long, however; the news soon reached us 'that the fort and city were taken.' Just at this time the advanced guard saw the stars and stripes flying on the fort. Cheers, hearty cheers, passed along the line; but the *disappointment* of all hands you may imagine. *The field-pieces became a thousand pounds heavier at once.* You would have been amused to have heard the abuse heaped upon the 'bloody Mexicanos' by Jack: 'The bloody, cowardly rascals are not worth fighting, any how; they won't stand and be *licked like men*;' and various other remarks. Jack is certainly a queer compound.

"It appears that Smith Lee, commanding the Spitfire, was the first to pass the obstructions. He struck on them; but *a good head of steam and a determined will* to

pass, soon put him over them. He had in tow at the time the gun-boat Bonita and several boats. After he had opened the way, the Scorpion, Scourge, and Vixen followed.* Soon the Scorpion came up, fired, and passed on to the city. Porter (Lee's first lieutenant) landed, by Lee's order, took possession of the fort, and spiked the guns. He brought off two handsome field-pieces of brass. The Mexicans ran about the time Porter was pulling on shore: they took but one prisoner—a *fifer boy*. The city is still in our possession; and I believe it is the commodore's intention to hold it. The whole number of wounded on our side does not exceed a dozen—none killed. The foreigners in Tabasco say there were 1,800 men under arms. The fort could easily have destroyed our gallant little steamers. One shot passed through the Spitfire's wheel-house—no other damage. We have taken a large quantity of arms, ammunition, &c., &c. Van Brunt (with his bomb-vessel, Etna, with 70 marines) will be left as governor of Tabasco. The Spitfire also remains. The commodore is still in Tabasco, but is expected daily.

“Thus has ended an enterprise that must always reflect great credit on Commodore Perry. He is certainly the only man of his age and rank in the navy who would have undertaken it; no difficulties prevent his “going ahead.” During that march, he attended in person to all the arrangements; all orders emanated from him; and no man underwent more fatigue than himself; and

* The Scorpion having the advantage of superior speed, (from having no boats in tow,) passed ahead gallantly, and received and returned the opening fire of the forts. The Spitfire was next engaged.

after we entered the city, all the necessary precautions for holding it were made by him personally. You would not have supposed, from his appearance, that he had been taking more than an ordinary walk. The next morning he was quite fresh, and assured me he could take just such another walk that day. The *responsibilities* of the command of this squadron would kill one-half, at least, of our *old officers*. I do not know one of his rank who would have ordered four brigs to cross a bar where there is not water enough to *float* them. He ordered the Washington, Etna, Stromboli, and Vesuvius to 'anchor inside the bar of Tabasco river.' He knew what water *they* drew, and what water was on the *bar*; but it was the place of their commanders to get their vessels there. Of course they had to take every thing out of them but their guns and a little ammunition; after doing this, they were *forced over by steam*, striking quite hard on getting in and coming out. These are *trifles* with Perry, when there is an object to gain.

"I have spun you out quite a long yarn, something in a sailor's strain, because I thought a few details would amuse you. I have written in haste, as the Raritan may sail to-morrow, and I send this by her. The Albany also sails for home soon.

"The vessels of the squadron now here are, the Mississippi, Raritan, Albany, John Adams, Germantown, Decatur, brigs Etna, Vesuvius, Stromboli, Washington, schooner Bonita, and steamers Spitfire, Scorpion, Vixen, and Scourge."

WAR.

Ho ! ho !—fling out our starry flag unto the sunny sky !
 Let sound the bugle and the drum with stirring notes and high !
 Grasp now the slumbering musket, and harness on the sword,
 And stand erect and ready, for our country's voice is heard !

She calls unto her honest sons to claim redress for wrong ;
 To wipe away the insults deep, which they have borne too
 long :—
 She asks them in the name of Right, to hasten at her call,
 And for the cause of Justice, to conquer or to fall !

The Mexican hath pressed our soil—his hand hath shed the
 blood
 Of brave and gallant bosoms—and fiend-like he hath stood,
 Gloating with all a murderer's joy, as his poor victims lay
 Unburied on the desert shore—the loathsome vulture's prey !

The MEXICAN !—where is the heart so dead to pride and shame,
 As not to feel a patriot's scorn at mention of that name ?
 A name that wakes the memory of wrongs too long endur'd—
 Of countless crimes, which call aloud for the avenging sword.

Then, ho ! shout out the battle-cry !—draw forth the glittering
 brand !

And from the soil of freemen expel the invading band !—
 Our cause is just and righteous—meet it with dauntless brow—
 And may there be no recreant soul to fail or falter now.

Washington, May, 1846.

THE BATTLE OF HUAJUTLA.

Tampico, Mexico, July 18, 1847.

“CONSIDERABLE excitement has existed in this city for the past two weeks, in relation to the detention, by General Garay, at the town of Guautla, (pronounced Wahoutla,) 140 miles from here, of one hundred and eighty Americans, who were recently liberated in the city of Mexico, and sent toward this city with a small escort. They are those who were taken last February at Encarnacion. The renowned General Garay, in true Mexican style, pretended that their passports were not correct, and that he would be under the necessity of detaining them at Guautla, until he could hear from his government.

“Six of them made their escape, and arrived in safety in this city, and immediately communicated the above facts to our governor, Col. Gates.

“An expedition was fitted out on the 8th inst., by order of Col. Gates, and the command of it given to Col. De Russy, of the Louisiana regiment. The expedition consisted of one hundred and twenty men, and one six-pound field-piece; forty men, third artillery, commanded by Capt. Wyse; forty dragoons, mounted on untrained mustang horses, and commanded by Captain Boyd and Lieutenant Tonnehill, late of the Baltimore battalion; and forty mounted men from the Louisiana regiment, commanded by Captains Mace and Seguire. Lieutenants Lindenburger, Campbell, and Heimberger, of the Louisiana regiment, accompanied the expedition, to act in such capacities as might be required.

“ Their march for four days was uninterrupted, passing through the towns of Puebla-Viejs, Tampico-Alto Ozuama, and Tantayoca, in all of which the people made professions of friendship, and had got within seven miles of Guautla, eight miles beyond the last-mentioned town, and one mile from Rio Calabasa. Here the colonel met an Indian, who informed him that a large force of Mexicans, under the command of Garay, had heard of his approach, and was in ambush on both sides of the river. Col. De Russy immediately despatched Lieut. Lindenburger, acting adjutant, with an order to halt the column (advanced guard) under command of Capt. Boyd. The captain had halted at the river for the purpose of watering his horses, and while in that act, he received a destructive fire from an unseen enemy. As I said before, the horses were all mustangs, and at the report of the musketry they became unmanageable, threw most of the riders, and created great confusion. Capt. Boyd dashed across the river, followed by his lieutenant and six men. In crossing, the captain was shot in the head, and died on reaching the opposite shore. Three of the men were also killed. All this took place before Lieut. Lindenburger reached him. The remainder succeeded in crossing the river, and joined the main body. Thus fell one of the bravest and finest men that ever lived.

“ On hearing the report of musketry from the opposite bank of the river, the Mexicans concealed on this side commenced firing on the main body of the expedition from every side, when Capt. Wyse came gallantly into action with his field-piece, and opened a destructive fire on the enemy with grape and canister. At the same

time Capts. Mace and Seguire charged the enemy on the right and left in the most spirited manner. The battle now raged with great fury on both sides for an hour, when the Mexicans sounded a retreat, at least that portion of them in front.

"The colonel now discovered a large body of lancers approaching him in the rear, but before he succeeded in getting within reach of them, they captured a portion of the pack mules, and then took to their heels.

"During the engagement Lieut. Tonnehill was mortally wounded, a ball passing through his thigh and breaking the bone. The six men at the cannon were all severely wounded. Three bullets passed through Col. De Russy's coat, and as many through Capt. Wyse's. Capt. Mace was struck twice with spent balls, but not hurt.

"After the engagement, to the astonishment of all, only one round shot and one charge of canister was left for the gun, when, our troops having fired away the greater part of their ammunition, it was deemed prudent to fall back on Tantayoca, which was accordingly done.

"The road from the river to Tantayoca lay through a narrow defile, the summits of the mountains nearly hanging over the heads of the men as they passed through it. The deep and precipitous sides were covered with a dense chapparal from base to top. Here the enemy rallied, and, concealing themselves from view, poured a destructive fire down upon our gallant little band, which, from the nature of the ground, they were unable to return.

“ On approaching Tantayoca, in which they had encamped the previous night, and from which they had started peaceably that morning, our men found, to their surprise, that the plaza, church, and streets, were crowded with lancers and other troops. They marched up boldly to the enemy, until they got within a few hundred yards of the plaza, when they opened to the right and left, and gave Captain Wyse an opportunity to discharge his last round shot. It did some execution, killing and wounding some three or four, and also making a tremendous hole in the walls of the church. Colonel De Russey, with Captain Seguire, at the same time made a charge up the street, when the Mexicans, for the second time, took to their heels, returning only a few scattering shots. The lowest estimate I have heard made of the number of Mexicans engaged in this affair was 1000. Some say as many as 2000 or 3000. Our troops now took possession of the town, and encamped on the same ground they had occupied the previous night, (Sunday the 11th inst.)

“ A detachment was now sent through the town to search for ammunition ; and they succeeded in finding enough to make five rounds of canister, which at this time was an invaluable prize.

“ A number of the men, contrary to orders, broke open both stores and houses, and helped themselves to every thing valuable they could lay their hands on ; and foremost among them, were the Mexican muleteers who accompanied the colonel. They appeared to be old hands at the business.

“ After our troops encamped, they could see large

bodies of the enemy moving to the rear of them, for the purpose of cutting off their farther retreat; but both men and horses were so exhausted, that it was determined to remain in their present position for a short time to rest.

“Near dark, General Garay’s aid-de-camp and a major of the staff, came near Colonel De Russey’s camp, with a flag of truce. The colonel did not allow them to enter his camp, but met them a short distance outside of it. The colonel was accompanied by Captain Wyse. The aid handed the colonel a letter. The colonel told him, in substance, ‘that it was too dark to read it, and that he had no candles or light, probably he, the aid, could tell him the purport of it.’ The aid (who spoke English fluently) replied, ‘that it was a summons for an unconditional surrender, as General Garay had sufficient men and means to conquer him, and he wished to spare an effusion of blood.’ Colonel De Russey immediately returned the letter, unopened, to the aid; and he told him to ‘tell General Garay that the idea of surrender had never entered his mind, and he therefore declined any correspondence on that subject’—when the aid and major, after the usual compliments, retired.

“Col. De Russey now ordered camp-fires to be made, and all the horses to be unsaddled; and every thing had the appearance, to the Mexicans, of his remaining there all night. In this, however, they were deceived; for the colonel took up his line of march at 2 o’clock, A. M., during one of the heaviest rain storms ever experienced, and passed silently through the city. They took the road for Penuca, passing in a contrary direction to the

one he had come by, and on which Garay was encamped, and was ten miles from Tantayoca when daylight overtook him.

“ At 10 o'clock, A. M., the lancers and guerillas again came in sight, and hung in the rear of the detachment all day, spearing and shooting down, without mercy, such unfortunate persons as straggled off from the main body. On one occasion, a large body of lancers collected in a group, when Captain Wyse gave them a salute with a charge of canister, and made great havoc among both horses and riders, killing and wounding about thirty men; and from that time they kept at a respectful distance.

“ The Mexicans followed our little detachment for two days, occasionally exchanging a few shots. Lieutenant Heimberger was shot in the arm during the retreat the first day. When Colonel De Russy got within fifteen miles of Penuca, he despatched Mr. George Lefler, an old citizen of this place, to Colonel Gates, giving him an account of his position, and informing him of their being entirely out of ammunition, and a large body of the enemy in his rear.

“ Colonel Gates immediately despatched Lieutenant-Colonel Marks to his relief with 160 men, two pieces of cannon, and plenty of ammunition. Lieutenant-Colonel Marks went to Penuca with his command per steamboat, where he met Colonel De Russy and his command, completely tired out, and almost without a cartridge. As there was an attack anticipated the following night on this place, both parties returned.

“ Thus ended one of the most brilliant affairs, for the

numbers engaged in it, (terminating with a masterly retreat,) which have taken place during this war.

"Our loss on the occasion was about thirty killed, wounded, and missing; while that of the Mexicans is set down at 150 killed and wounded."

A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

Engineer Camp, near Vera Cruz, April 2d, 1847.

I FIND, my dear mother, that there is more truth than poetry in the old saying, "there's no rest for the wicked," for I have had about as much as I could attend to on my hands, ever since this kennel capitulated. On the morning after I wrote the letter to father, the garrison marched out, with music playing and colors flying—they then stacked their arms and colors, and "vamossed the ranch."—On the southern side of the city, there is a long narrow lagoon, running nearly north and south; around this, and between it and the city, is a large level meadow. It was here that the ceremony took place. They issued from the gate of Mercy to the tune of that infernal old "che-wang-a-wang, che-wang-a-wang," which may well be called "the tune the old cow died of,"—halted on this meadow, between our troops, who were drawn up in two lines, one on each side of the meadow, and about 400 yards apart. At a signal, they laid down their arms and accoutrements, filed out, and marched on towards Alvarado, our troops presenting arms as they marched by. I took such a position that they passed within ten

feet of me as they marched on. First came a company of sappers, clothed in white ; then a gayly-dressed band, followed by its regiment (one of the line), &c. They were nearly 4000 in all—some dressed entirely in white—some with white jackets and pants, and scarlet caps—some in blue—in short, dressed off in all kinds of colors. Their uniforms were coarse and cheap. The men looked like mere barbarians. Some of the officers were fine looking men ; the majority of them very poor specimens of humanity. I observed some few—very few—officers, who were evidently very much affected by their humiliating position ; but the great mass of officers and men appeared too brutish to have any feeling in the matter. I could not help feeling that we were fighting a nation far, very far beneath us. They are not “worthy of our steel,” although I must confess that the rascals can send their confounded shot and shells as thickly about one’s ears as it is desirable to have them. Altogether it was a motley procession—rancheros, officers, soldiers, women, children, mustangs, burros, burristos, parrots, dogs, monkeys, and heaven knows what else, for I don’t. It was a proud moment for us when we saw our noble old stars and stripes rise slowly over San Juan and the city. The next instant we were fairly deafened by the sound of artillery firing salutes to it. From the castle, the works around the town, our light batteries, breast batteries, from our own and the foreign vessels in harbor, pealed forth one great salvo of artillery in honor of our beautiful flag. I know not which was the most magnificent, the beginning or the end.

I landed with the first, in Worth’s brigade ; about

3000 were landed in the surf-boats at the same time. We were first collected in two long lines, in tow of the Princeton, and when all was ready were cast off and pulled steadily in four lines to the shore. Just as we cast off from the Princeton, a round shot whistled over our heads, and we all thought, "Now for it—they are going to pitch into us!" but it was a shot from one of our own gun-boats at some Mexicans on a sand hill. Oh, if the fools had had sense enough to have placed a dozen out of their 256 pieces of artillery in battery on the sand hills, but few of us would ever have reached that shore; the destruction would have been awful. Every moment, from the instant we left the Princeton, did we expect to hear and feel their shot crashing amongst us, but we rowed on and on, every ear strung to its utmost tension—every eye straining to see the expected flash. Not a word was said amongst us, or those we left behind us in the fleet—for they were more anxious for us than we were for ourselves; we had the intense excitement to carry us through. But when the first boat struck the shore, there arose a shout from the fleet, which was taken up by us, and carried on from boat to boat, from ship to ship—a sound so cheerful, so full of life, so indicative of confidence, of joy, and strength, I never expect to hear again, unless in battle. It was a stirring sound, and followed by a splendid sight, in which fine discipline appeared (for we were all regulars). As the boats struck, the color-bearers ran to their places, and the men formed upon them; in an instant there were formed in line of battle along the beach, two regiments of artillery and four of infantry; in another we advanced over the sand

hills, and found that the most dangerous part of our work was over, without the loss of a man. Six regiments of regulars were established on the shore, and we knew that nothing in Mexico could drive us back. We landed with four days' provisions in our haversacks (hard bread and ham), and our overcoats. We bivouacked in the sand that night, but were aroused about one o'clock by musket balls singing around us. It turned out to be a little skirmish between some riflemen and the piquet, a short distance from us. The investment was commenced on the next morning. We took our position with the 3d artillery on the right of the army on a most interesting bare sand hill, where we were almost burned to death. The Mexicans in the Castle and Santiago amused themselves by firing at us with their heaviest pieces, but could not reach us by 200 yards or so; the men were cracking their jokes at them continually. About 1 o'clock, we (Company "A") were ordered over towards Malibran, where there was some skirmishing. We cut a road to that place, or as far as the railroad. Here we had quite a lively little skirmish, between about twenty of our men and a party of Mexicans. We "ran them off," however. I took a shot at one fellow, but don't think I touched him.—We then went back to Malibran, and bivouacked there, wet to our waists—hard bread and ham for supper (water of course). Malibran is a ruined convent at or near the head of the lagoon I spoke of. It must be at least three hundred years old, and is a curious old place. The walls are made up in a great measure of earthen pots filled with sand. It abounds with queer cells, &c. The next morning we cut a road up to some

bare sand hills, which had been occupied the evening before by the Pennsylvania troops without opposition. It was very troublesome and hard work, for the chapparal was very thick, and the round shot, shells, and escopette balls, intended for other parties, fell in, around and amongst us, all the time. It was on this day that Capt. Alburtis was killed, and on this very road—the shot which killed him taking off the leg of a soldier near by. On this same morning, near the same place, one of the mounted rifles was killed, and several volunteers wounded, among them the lieutenant-colonel of the South Carolina regiment. Late in the afternoon we returned to our old place on the right, and bivouacked again in the sand.

I will write another letter to-morrow, if I have time, and try to give you some idea of the siege.—We are now encamped on the sea beach. Every exertion is being made to leave these diggins as soon as possible. Our next move is on Jalapa. We expect some opposition at Puerte del Rey, but will probably “turn it” by means of our ponton train. I think we must have peace in a month or so—if not then, I don’t think the war will be over in less than four or five years. I should think that they were now sufficiently well thrashed to convince them that they have not gained the victory. M’C.

GENERAL LANE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE
BATTLE OF BUENA VISTA.

Buena Vista, Mexico, May 10, 1847.

FROM the comments of the press, the numerous letters that have been written and published, the many false and ridiculous statements uttered by different persons at sundry places concerning the battle at this place on the 22d and 23d February last, and more particularly in consequence of the erroneous statements invented and circulated in reference to the Indiana brigade in connexion with that memorable day, I feel myself constrained, in discharge of an imperious duty, to give to the public a succinct account of facts which may enable every candid reader to arrive at correct conclusions, and that the public mind may be disabused of a studied and systematic attempt at misrepresentation and detraction.

The disposition of the troops seems to have been confided to General Wool, and were posted in the following order—viz., the 2d regiment of Indiana volunteers, commanded by Colonel Bowles, with three pieces of artillery under Captain O'Brien, were posted on the extreme left. The 3d regiment of Indiana volunteers, commanded by Colonel Lane, occupied a height in rear of Washington's battery ; the 1st Illinois regiment, commanded by Colonel Hardin, was stationed on a high hill near, and a short distance to the left and front of the same battery ; the 2d Kentucky volunteers, under Colonel McKee, were on the 22d posted on the right of a deep ravine, at a distance of half a mile on the right of the battery, but on the morn-

ing of the 23d were ordered to cross the ravine, and took position near Colonel Hardin, and to his left. The 2d regiment Illinois volunteers, under Colonel Bissell, were posted further to the left, and in the rear, and to the right, at a distance of about half a mile from where the 2d Indiana regiment were placed—which regiment, as before remarked, occupied the extreme left of the field, near the base of the mountain. The four rifle companies of my command, under Major Gorman, were at early dawn of day ordered to move up the side of the mountain to engage the enemy, some three thousand strong, who were endeavoring to cross the points of the mountain, and to turn our left flank. These riflemen were directed to check their advance, if possible. Three rifle companies of the 2d Illinois regiment, and three companies of Colonel Marshall's mounted regiment, were dismounted and sent up the mountain to the assistance of Major Gorman, who had now been for some time hotly engaged with the enemy. The contest on the mountain brow raged with fury for about the space of three hours, when I was informed by Colonel Churchill that the enemy in great force were advancing under cover of a deep ravine, about four hundred yards in my front, and to the right. I immediately put my small command in motion to meet them. It should be borne in mind, that my whole force was the eight battalion companies of the 2d Indiana regiment, and Captain O'Brien's battery of three guns—in all, about four hundred men. On arriving on a narrow ridge, between two deep and rugged ravines, I found the Mexican infantry, from four to six thousand strong, supported by a body of lancers; the infantry were

coming up out of the ravine on my left, and forming in beautiful order across the ridge, leaving the lancers in the ravine ; I immediately directed Captain O'Brien to halt his battery, and get ready for the fray. The column was halted when the first company was up with, and on the left of the battery, and formed forward into line of battle. I rode in front of the column, and continued in front, as the companies were forming into line, and was much delighted to see the officers and men move forward in good order. Coolness and courage were depicted on every countenance. By the time that half the companies were in line, and while I was yet in front, the Mexicans opened their fire from their entire line. In a moment, the left companies were in line. I passed to the rear, and the fire was returned with promptness and good effect. Thus commenced the battle on the plain of Buena Vista. The distance between the enemy's line and my own was about one hundred and twenty yards. About the time the action commenced, the enemy opened a tremendous fire from their battery of three heavy guns posted on my left, and a little to the rear, which nearly enfiladed my line. In this manner the battle continued to rage for near twenty-five minutes, the firing being very severe on both sides—the lines of the Mexican infantry presenting one continued sheet of flame. I observed the Mexican line to break and fall back several times ; but their successive formations across the ridge enabled them at once to force the men back to their position, and keep them steady. I then formed the determination to take position nearer the enemy, with the hope of routing and driving them from that

part of the field, and for the purpose of placing the line out of the range of the enemy's guns, which had succeeded in getting the range, so as to be doing some execution nearly every fire. For that purpose I sent my aid to direct Captain O'Brien to advance his battery some fifty or sixty yards to the front, and to return to me to assist in passing an order to the line to advance to the same point. He went with the battery to its advanced position. I was at that moment near the left of my line. Before my aid returned to me, I was much surprised to see my line begin to give way on the right, and continuing to give way to the extreme left, not knowing at that time that Colonel Bowles had given an order to retreat; and it was several days after the battle (and not until after I had made my official report) before I was satisfied that the regiment had retreated in obedience to an order given by Colonel Bowles. This order was not obeyed until it had been twice repeated, as has since been proven in a court of inquiry appointed to inquire into the conduct of the colonel. Lieutenant-Colonel Haddon and twelve other good witnesses have testified to his having twice or thrice given the order before the line broke, so unwilling were they to abandon their position. The 2d regiment occupied an important position—it was the key to that part of the field—and were unsupported by any other troops.

An evidence of their being in a very hot place is, that about ninety of them were killed and wounded before they retreated. They had stood firmly, doing their duty as well as ever did veteran troops, until they had discharged over twenty rounds of cartridges at the enemy,

killing and wounding some five hundred of them ; and I have no hesitation in saying, that if it had not been for that unnecessary, unauthorized, and cowardly order to retreat, they would not have left their position. I hesitate not to express my belief, that if my order to advance had been carried out, and we had taken the advanced position, as intended, we would have driven the enemy from the ridge.

Although the men retired in some confusion, the most of them were soon rallied—say to the number of two hundred and fifty—and they continued to fight like veterans throughout the day. Lieutenant Robinson (my aid-de-camp) and Lieutenant-Colonel Haddon were very active in rallying the men. Major Cravens was ordered to proceed to the *ranch*e and bring back such of our men as had gone in that direction ; which was promptly done. Captains Davis, Kimball, McRca, Briggs, Lieutenant Spicely (then in command of his company in consequence of the fall of the gallant and lamented Kinder), Lieutenants Shanks, Hoggatt, Burwell, Lewis, Foster, Benafiel, Kunkle, Lowdermilk, Roach, Rice, and Zenor, with the most of the company officers, were also very active in rallying their men. Captain Sanderson and Lieutenants Davis, Hogan, and Cayce (and several other officers), were wounded, and had to leave the field, as also Captain Dennis ; who had fought like a hero, with gun in hand, until he found himself unable, from fatigue and indisposition, to remain longer on the field.

Paymaster Major Dix, having arrived on the field at this moment, was very active in assisting to rally our broken and scattered forces. . He seized the colors from

their bearer, who was unable to carry them longer, and handed them to Lieutenant Kunkle, who carried them triumphantly throughout the day.

These colors, now in the possession of Captain Sanderson, were well riddled with balls; one 24-pound shot, one 6-pound shot, and many musket-balls passed through them while they were in the hands of this meritorious young officer; and they could at all times be seen high above the heads of the Indiana brigade, moving to and fro, wherever it was necessary to meet and repulse the enemy. Lieutenant (now Captain) Peck, of the rifle battalion, who had been compelled to retire from the mountain to the plain, and after the fall of his gallant old captain (Walker) succeeded in rallying about twenty men and joining the 2d Indiana regiment, continued to fight gallantly throughout the day. The severe loss in killed and wounded which the 2d Indiana regiment sustained in the action, will convey some idea of the danger they faced, and the tenacity with which they struggled. One hundred and seven of their number were killed and wounded.

At or about the time of the retreat of my small command under that ill-fated order, the riflemen were compelled, by superior numbers to abandon their position: on the mountain side, and retreat to the plain below. The cavalry, which had been posted some distance in my rear, and out of range of the enemy's battery, to act as circumstances might require—either to advance upon the enemy, and cut them off, in case they should retreat; or to succor my small force if they should be compelled to fall back—instead of affording me the least assistance,

left their position without receiving one fire from the enemy, and made a precipitate retreat to the rear, along the foot of the mountain, pursued by a large body of lancers, who succeeded in cutting off and slaughtering quite a number of our forces—most of them riflemen. If they had made a bold stand, and allowed the riflemen and the 2d Indiana regiment to rally on them, all together would have been a force sufficient to check the enemy before he had gained any considerable advantage. After these successive and almost simultaneous retreats of the different forces on the left, it remained wholly undefended; and the enemy—numbering several thousands—came pouring down from the mountain and from the front, and formed in good order along the foot of the mountain, in the rear of the position at first occupied by our forces. Soon after the retreat of the 2d, and while I was rallying them, the Mississippi regiment arrived on the field, and in a most gallant manner engaged the enemy, but were compelled, by vastly superior numbers, to fall back. At this time the 3d Indiana regiment, under Colonel Lane, was ordered into the fight, and, joined with the 2d Indiana and Mississippi regiments, composed a force about one-fifth as large as the enemy, but sufficient to engage them with success. Captain Sherman, with one gun of his battery, at this time joined us, and the whole moved towards the foot of the mountain, and engaged the enemy. Here the artillery proved very effective. This portion of the enemy's force became at length so closely pressed, and our artillery continuing to waste them away with its destructive fire, and they being separated from the enemy's main force, would in a short time have been com-

pelled to surrender, when a white flag was seen on the field, and we were ordered to cease firing. We did so; but the Mexicans continued to fire from their battery, thus covering the retreat of their forces. This flag was sent to the left wing from General Taylor, in consequence of Santa Anna's having sent to him a flag, which the general naturally supposed conveyed propositions either of truce or surrender. Hence the white flag on our part of the battle-field. This flag proved to be nothing more than a stratagem of the Mexican general to extricate that portion of his troops which he saw was absolutely in our power. During the delay caused by this interchange of flags, this portion of his army, so completely within our power, moved off, and made good their retreat to where the enemy's main force was posted. We now moved some distance, and took position to meet a large body of lancers, supported by about 2000 infantry. The Mississippi and a portion of the 2d Indiana were formed across a narrow ridge between two deep ravines, supported by one gun from Captain Sherman's battery; and the other part of the 2d Indiana and all of the 3d Indiana regiment, were on the brow of one of the ravines, and parallel to the same, the line being nearly in the shape of an L, and faced by the rear rank. The charge was made on the left flank of the 3d Indiana—now right, as they were faced. This charge, it is due the enemy to say, was made most gallantly, and was beautifully received by our forces, delivering our fire when they were within a short distance. It proved most destructive to the enemy, felling many a horse and his rider, breaking their columns, and putting them to flight, leaving many of their companions dead on the field. Soon after this

successful repulse of the enemy, the field on the left was completely cleared of the enemy's forces ; and hearing a sharp and continued firing on our right, and to the left of Washington's battery, I put my command in motion at double quick time, for the purpose of taking part in the conflict. This fire proved to be a severe action between the entire Mexican infantry, and the 1st and 2d Illinois, and 2d Kentucky volunteers ; which was Santa Anna's last and great effort. These forces had been repulsed by overwhelming numbers, and were retreating in confusion, hotly pursued by thousands of Mexicans, who were loading and firing on our men at every jump ; when my command, consisting of the 2d and 3d Indiana and Mississippi regiments, arrived within musket-shot, which we did by coming up suddenly out of a deep ravine, and opened a destructive fire upon them. Finding themselves thus suddenly attacked from an unexpected quarter, they quit the pursuit, formed promptly into line, and returned our fire with considerable effect ; but they in turn were compelled to retreat, under our well-directed fire, to the position they had occupied in the morning.

This was the last firing between the infantry of the opposing forces on that memorable day, although the cannon continued to play at intervals until dark.

The battle on the plain was opened, as has been shown, by the 2d Indiana regiment ; and the last musketry fired, were fired by the 2d and 3d Indiana and Mississippi regiments.

It should also be stated that our forces had been under arms since the morning of the 22d, and remained upon the field of battle till the morning of the 24th.

I have here given a brief and faithful account of the

operations of the Indiana brigade on the 23d February, as came under my observations ; and there was not one minute, from the time the battle commenced until the last gun fired, that I was not with them.

Captain O'Brien, who commanded the battery of light-artillery posted on my right, at the commencement of the battle, as well as Captain Sherman, who acted with us a part of the day, are deserving of particular praise for their gallantry and good conduct, moving and discharging their pieces with all the coolness and precision of a day of ordinary parade.

The intrepid and honorable conduct of the 2d Kentucky, and 1st and 2d Illinois volunteers, could not have been exceeded ; and no commendation of mine could add lustre to the glory which should, and will be theirs. There is enough of honor and glory for each man who did his duty at Buena Vista. And he must be an uncharitable and selfish American citizen, who would, knowingly, wish to detract from any portion of that glorious little army, with a desire to augment that of any one corps, at the expense of another. The many gallant officers and men, who did their duty on that day, should not suffer by invidious comparison.

If I have neglected to particularize the conduct of the Arkansas and Kentucky cavalry, or to define their position on the field, it is not because I deemed them of little moment or importance ; but for the reason, that from the time of their retreat, I had no opportunity of seeing any thing of their movements. They participated in the ranche fight, where the gallant Yell nobly fell at the head of his column : he, with the noble souls

who fell on that day, should never be forgotten. The ambition of distinction should never prompt us to deface any portion of the tablet of fame, which our country will erect to the honor of the actors in that battle; and the regular and volunteer army should be proud of it, as one of the greatest epochs in our country's history.

It is due to the commanders of the different batteries of *light* artillery to state, that their efforts were most powerful and efficient towards gaining the almost unparalleled victory of Buena Vista. Ready at all times to meet the enemy at fearful odds, their guns wasted them away with their fire in a handsome manner, compelling them to retreat whenever coming within their range.

Generals Taylor and Wool were present as commanders (the former as commander-in-chief). They were exposed to dangers almost every instant of the day, watching the movements of the enemy, and ordering and disposing of our forces in the best manner to meet and repel them. By their coolness and courage in gaining this victory, they have won laurels and a fame, that shall endure as long as traces of American history shall exist.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH LANE, Brig. Gen.

AFFECTING INCIDENT.

Pico, brother to the Governor of California, had been dismissed by the Americans on parole, and was re-captured in the very act of breaking it. He was leading an insurrection cruel to the army, and devastating to the country, and the soldiers now clamored for his death. The haughty chieftain was brought before Colonel Fremont, identified, and subsequently condemned by court martial to death. Through all the examination and delivery of the sentence he remained cool and composed, and learned that he must die, with the solemn dignity of a Spaniard.

The hour of twelve was fixed for the execution, and the intervening time was solemn, even to the American commander. He had faced death amid the hurry of the battle-field with impunity ; but something so repulsive seemed to lie in the idea of coolly executing a prisoner of war, that the brave heart shrunk from it with apprehension. As the time approached, the colonel retired to his room, and remained almost alone. Suddenly, about eleven o'clock, a noise was heard without, and before any one had time to ascertain its cause, a company of ladies and children rushed into the room, threw themselves on their knees, and with all the eloquence of passion begged that the *husband* and *father* might be spared. Young lips, which had often pressed those of the prisoner in pride and happiness, now quivered as they pleaded in agony for his life. The stern officer turned from the scene, while thoughts of other beings, far away, crowded

upon him. His noble heart was unprepared for such an event, and humanity obtained the victory over discipline. Raising the mother, he exclaimed solemnly, "He is pardoned!" Then, what a change! Blessings, loud and many, were showered upon the commander, and his gratified attendants; and tears of despair were changed to those of joy and ecstasy.

The thought now occurred to Colonel Fremont to send for the prisoner, and permit him to hear of his reprieve in the presence of those most dear to him. It was done. There was no room for explanations. The countenances of all present told him of his good fortune; and when it was confirmed by the word of the colonel, the effect was overpowering. He had borne misfortune and disgrace, but he could not bear the news of pardon. With impetuous emotion he flung himself before Colonel Fremont, clasped his knees, swore eternal fidelity, and begged the privilege of fighting and dying for him.

The country is now restored to peace and order; and there is no firmer friend to Colonel Fremont in it, than his former inveterate antagonist, Pico.

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